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M7
1908

Comic Opera

Written & Composed
By

EMIL BREITENFELD

With Additional Numbers by

WALTER E KELLEY
THEODORE R. MURRAY
GEORGE S. PARSONS
W. B. DAVIDSON
A. M. SWANSTROM
G. C. TURNER

Price $1.00 net

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UNIVERSITY PLAYERS

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THE COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY PLAYERS

present the COMIC OPERA in Two Acts entitled

"Mr. KING"

by

Emil Breitenfeld, '09.

Produced under the stage direction of

Mr. LEWIS HOOPER

Cast of Characters

AENEAS KING,	WALTER E. KELLEY, 1910 L
GASTON DE MARSAC, *A Gentleman of France,*	RICHARD G. CONRIED, 1908,
JOHN SMITH, *A Colonist,*	E. NILES WELCH, 1911,
TIM FITZHOOLEY, *A Janitor,*	W. J. Mc CORMICK, 1910 L
GENERAL BRADDOCK, *In Command of British Forces,*	N. O. ROCKWOOD, 1910,
SERGEANT BLUFF, *Of Braddock's Forces,*	RUDOLF H. WEBER, 1910 F. A.
JAMES THORNDIKE, *A Villain,*	J. ODELL HAUSER, 1908,
PAW PAW, *An Indian Runner,*	JOSEPH T. BLABER, 1910,
MARJORIE KING,	VINCENT F. SULLIVAN, 1910,
MAGGIE FITZHOOLEY,	GEORGE HUMES REANEY, 1908,
MAMIE JONES, *A Soubrette,*	R. S. ADLER, 1910 F. A.
RAFFLES, *A Lady Detective,*	R. L. ROEDER, 1910,
POCAHONTAS, *An Indian Girl,*	ALLEN T. HOPPING, 1910 L

CHORUS

Pony Ballet	T. M. Alexander, '08	A. Hershenstein, '09	F. C. Smith, (P. & S.)
	H. Bijur, '09	E. H. Phillips, '11	W. B. Eddison, '11
	A. Ford, '11 S	C. H. Valentine, '10 S	V. B. Murray, '10.

COLONISTS

Soldiers	Girls	Men
E. Klepetko, '10	D. Durant, '09	H. R. Kniffen, '10
W. S. Riley, '11 S	G. M. Williams, '11 S	D. D. Streeter, '09
R. Paddock, '10	I. E. Goldsmith, '11	C. F. Hinck, '09
L. Paddock, '10	R. B. Seymour, '10	A. Broe, '10
W. J. Mc Kenney, '10	I. Wheeler, '10	F. C. Griffen, '10 S
S. P. Taylor, '11 S	H. G. Gulliver, '11	E. Van Kleeck, '10
W. J. Sexton, '10	W. C. Dice, (Ph.)	L. Schultz, '11
J. J. Carson, (Ph.)	A. T. Matthews, (Ph.)	F. S. Cooper, '10
		J. F. Prince, '08

SCENERY

Act I. Stockade at Morningside Heights, May, 1754.
The Founding of the College.

Act II. Riverside Drive, Next Day.
Great Boat Race.

Mr. KING

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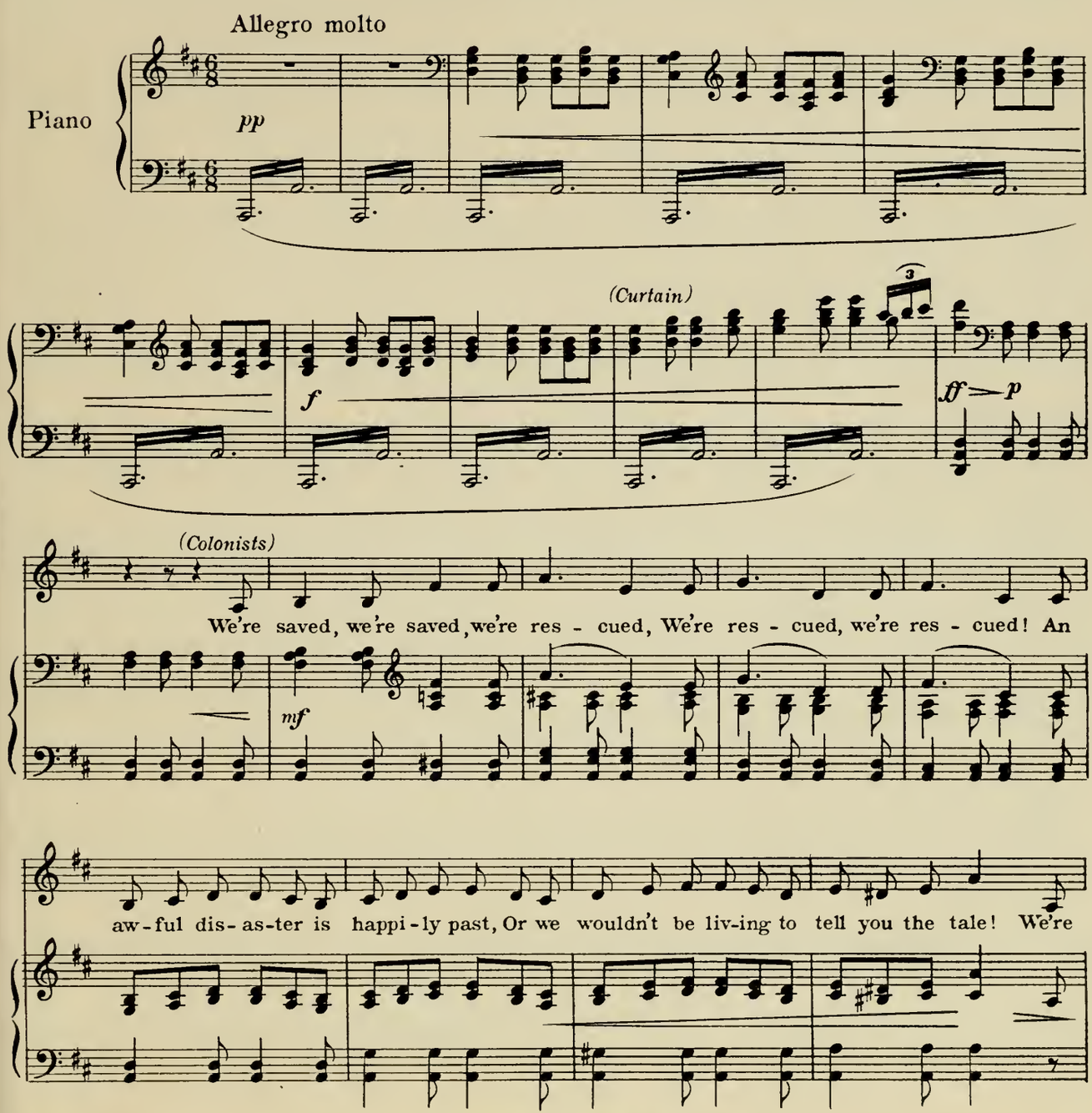
Mr. KING.

Act I.

OPENING CHORUS

Words and Music by EMIL BREITENFELD

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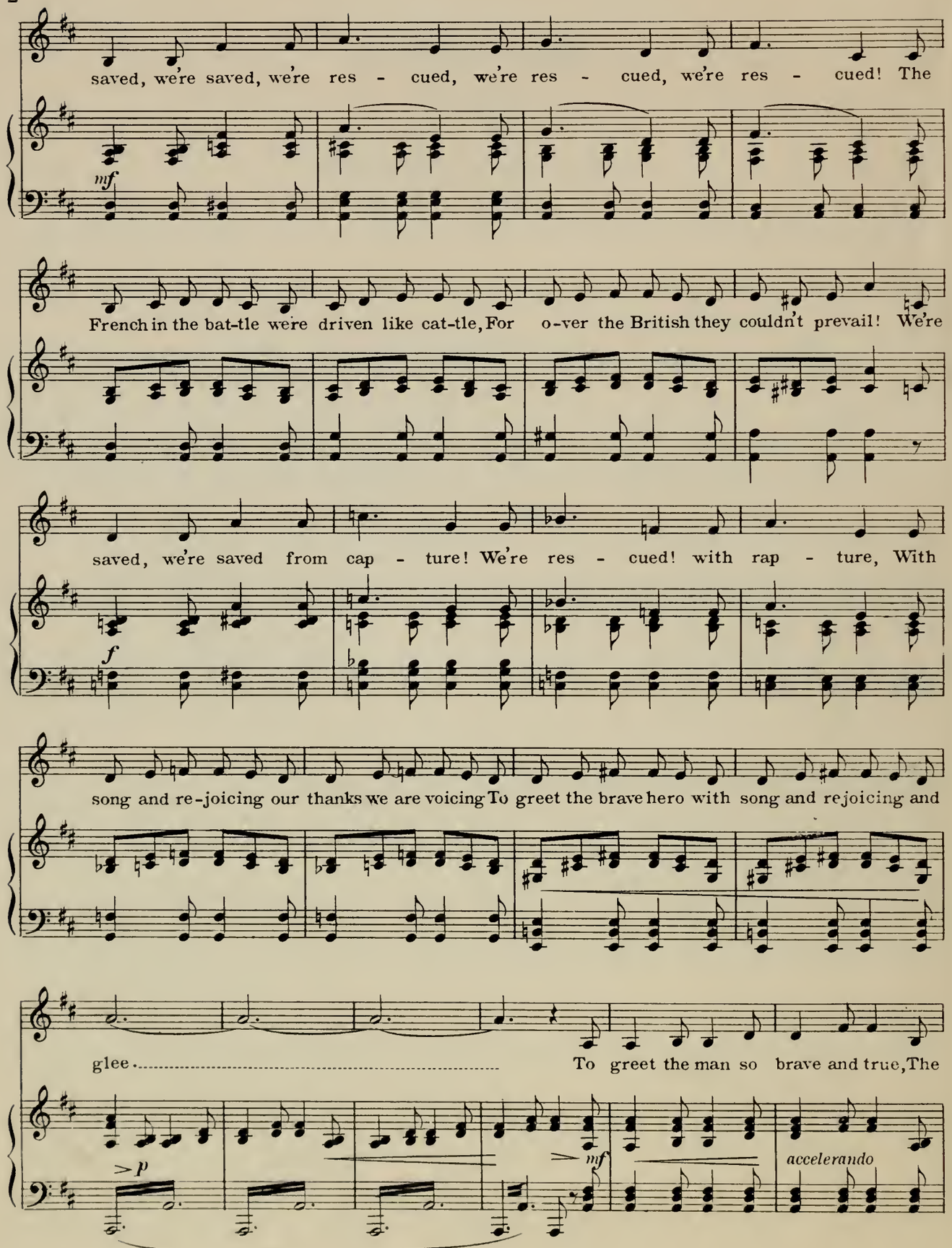
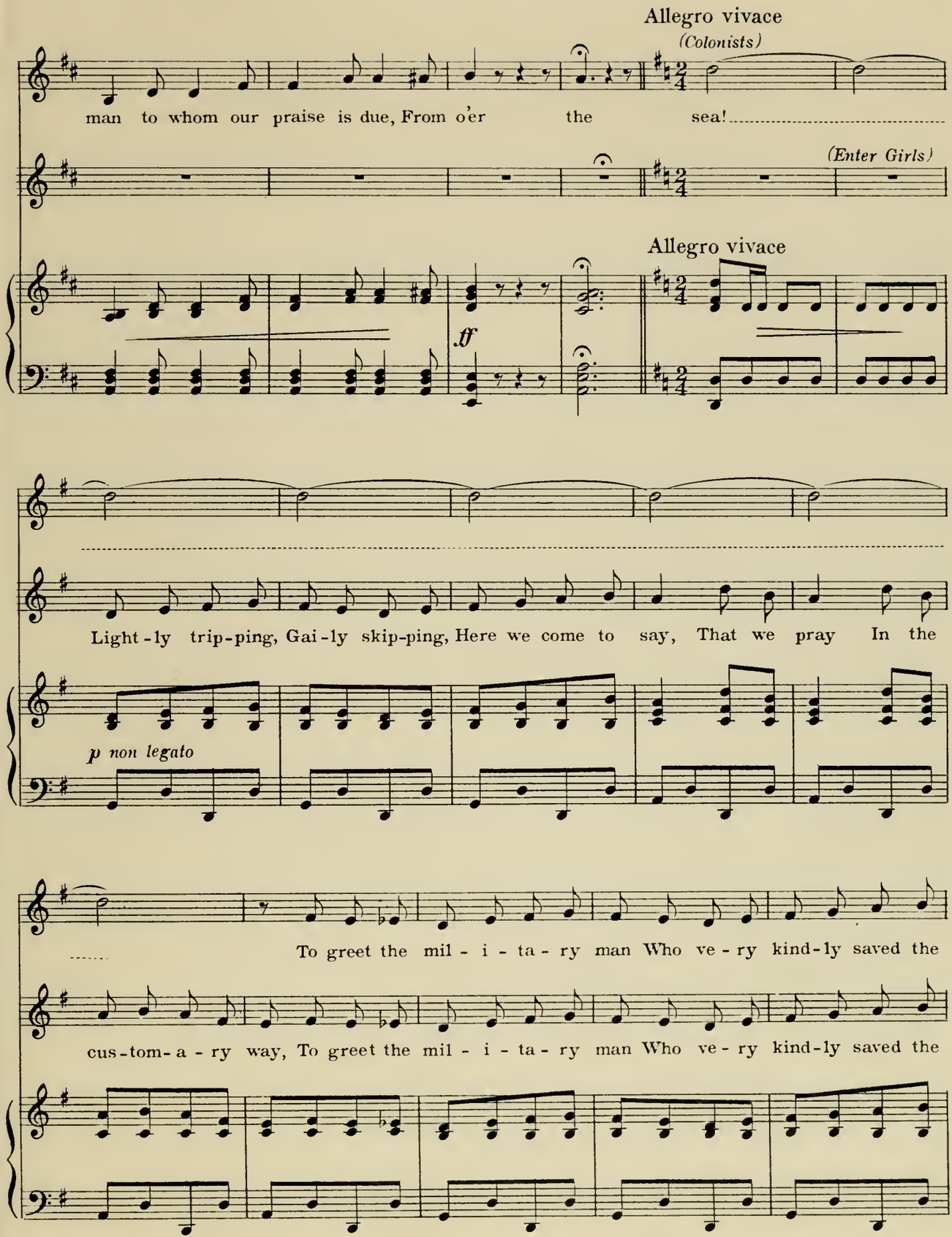
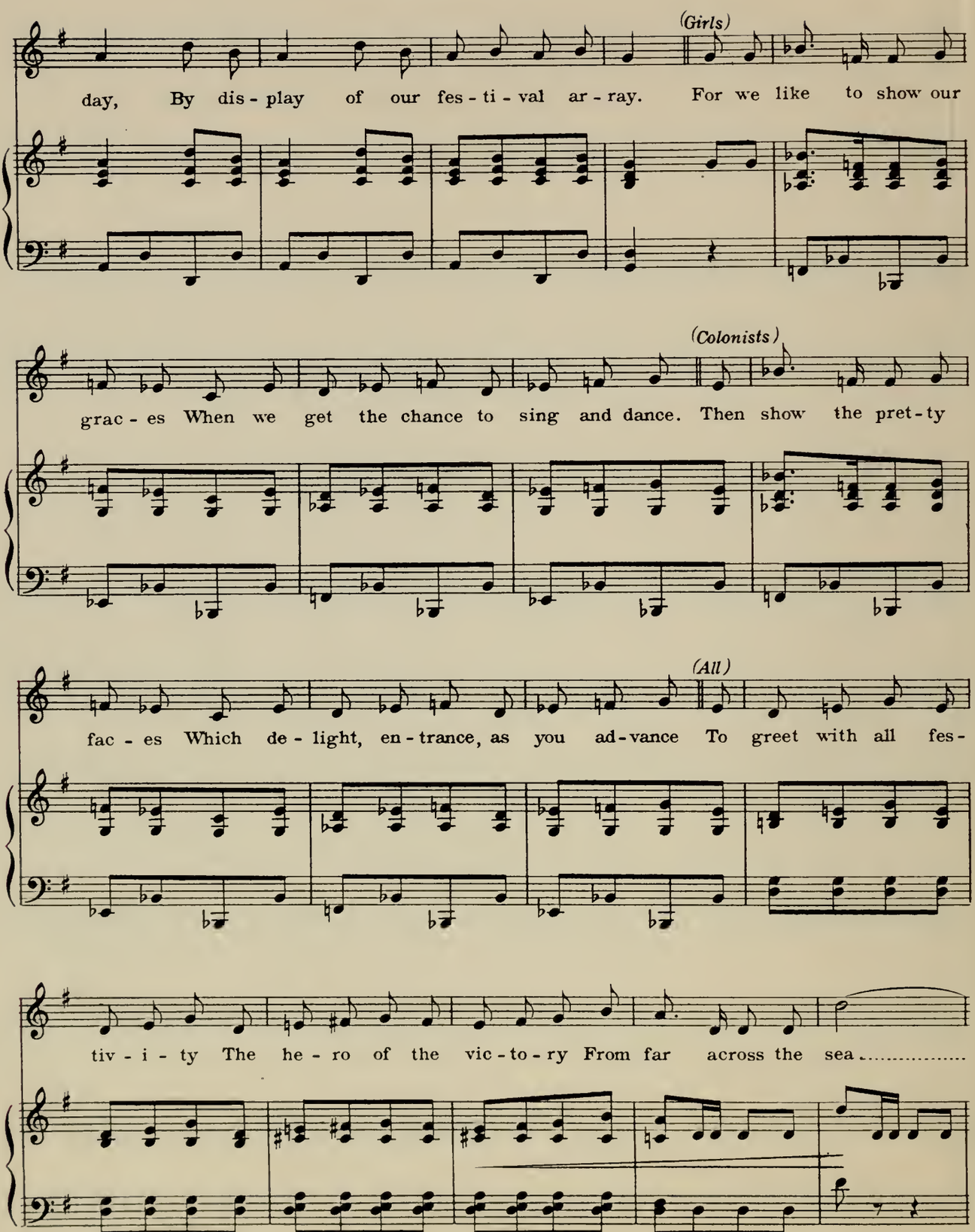
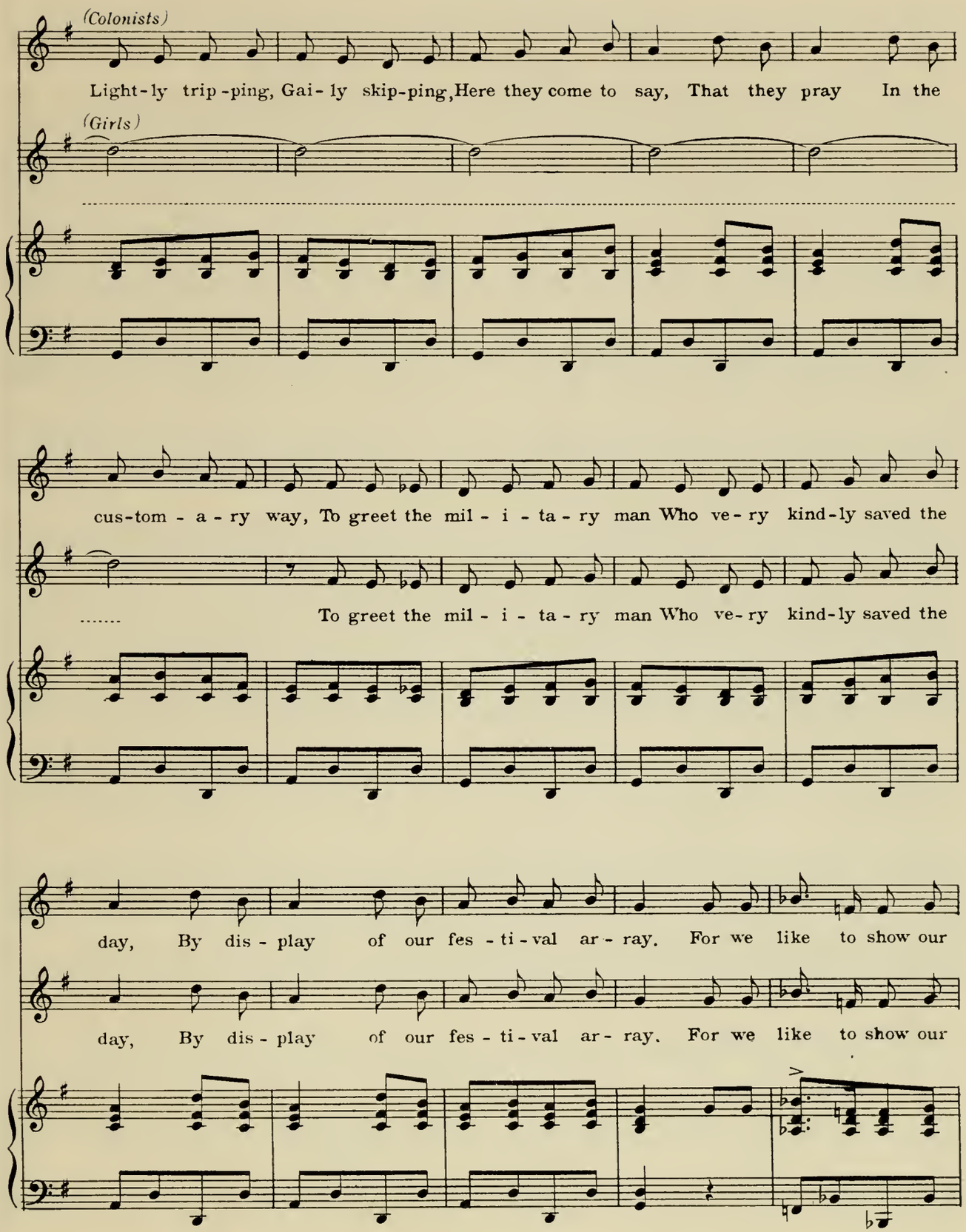
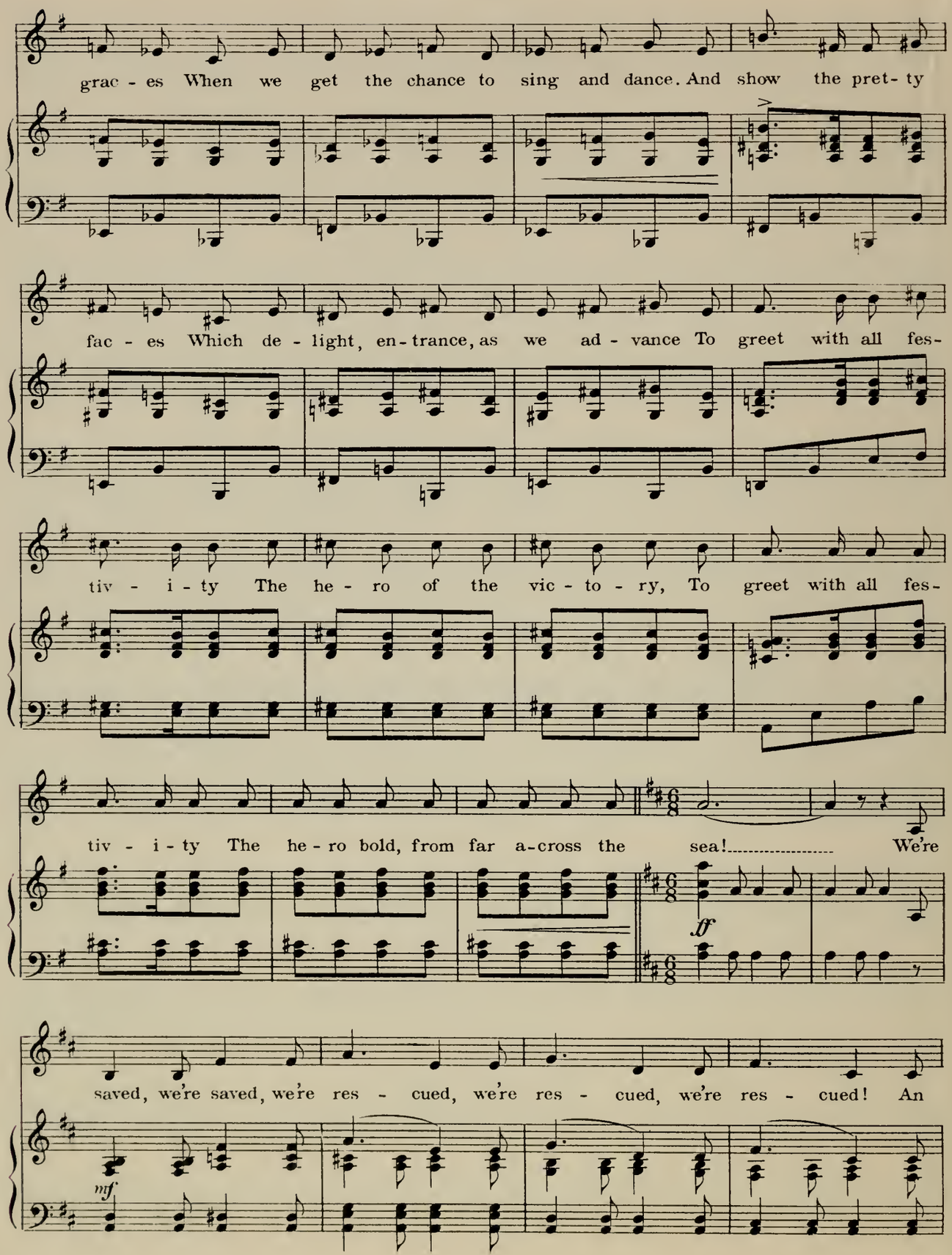
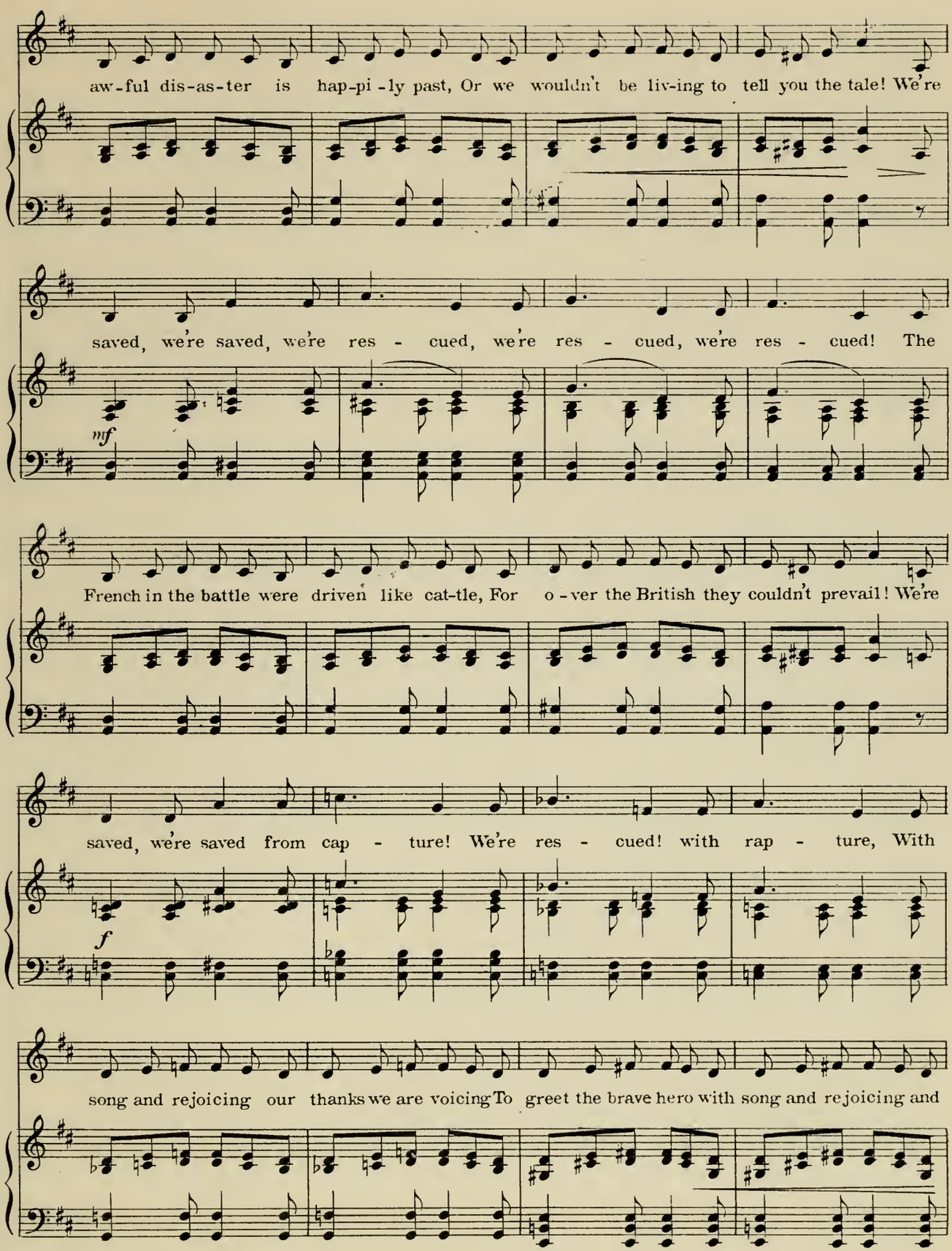

saved, we're saved, we're res - cued, we're res - cued, we're res - cued! The
mf
French in the bat-tle were driven like cat-tle, For o-ver the British they couldn't prevail! We're
saved, we're saved from cap - ture! We're res - cued! with rap - ture, With
f
song and re-joicing our thanks we are voicing To greet the brave hero with song and rejoicing and
glee
To greet the man so brave and true, The
> p
> mf
accelerando

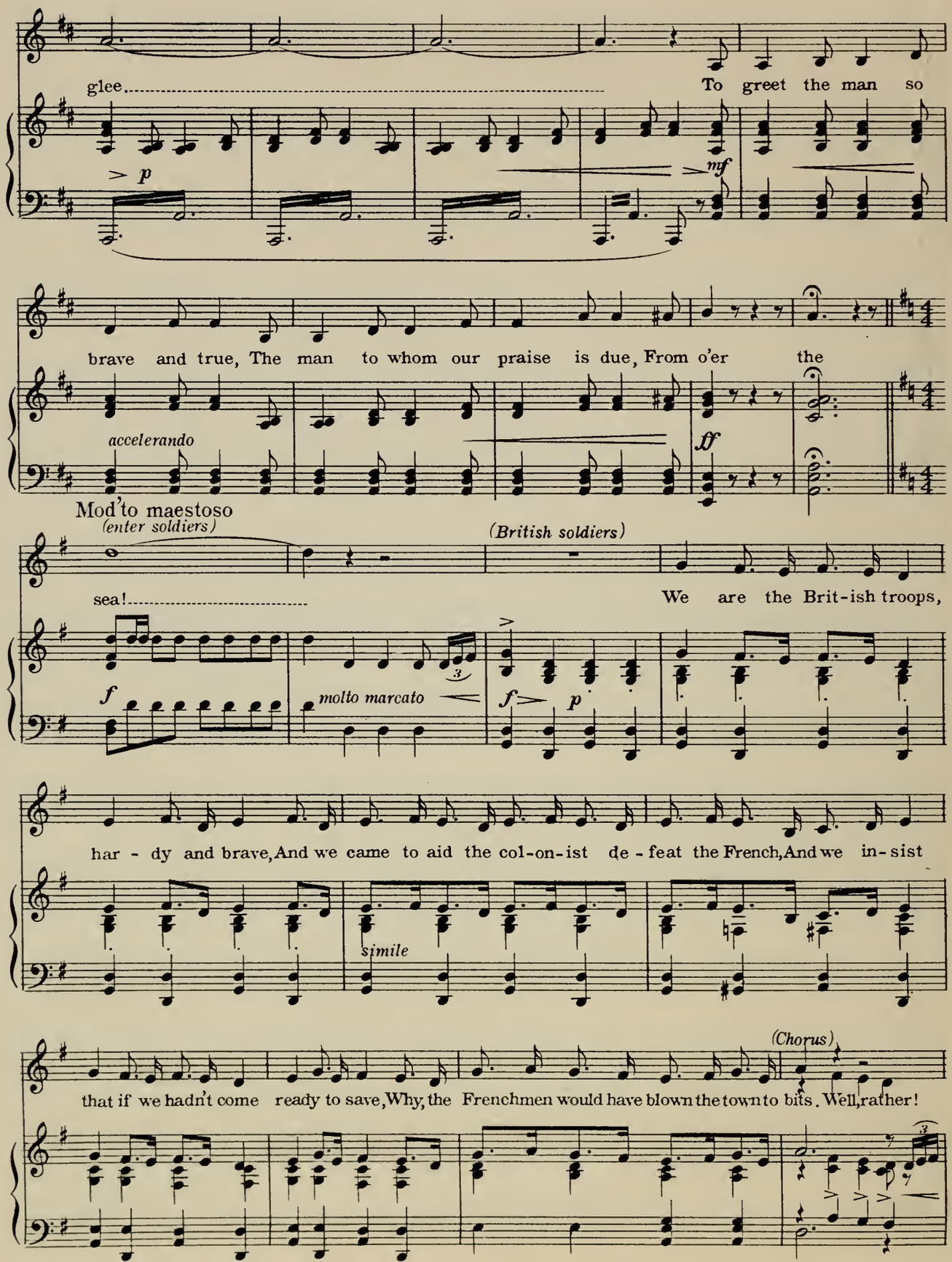

Allegro vivace
(Colonists)
man to whom our praise is due, From o'er the sea!
(Enter Girls)
Allegro vivace
ff
Light-ly trip-ping, Gai-ly skip-ping, Here we come to say, That we pray In the
p non legato
To greet the mil - i - ta - ry man Who ve - ry kind-ly saved the
cus-tom-a - ry way, To greet the mil - i - ta - ry man Who ve - ry kind-ly saved the

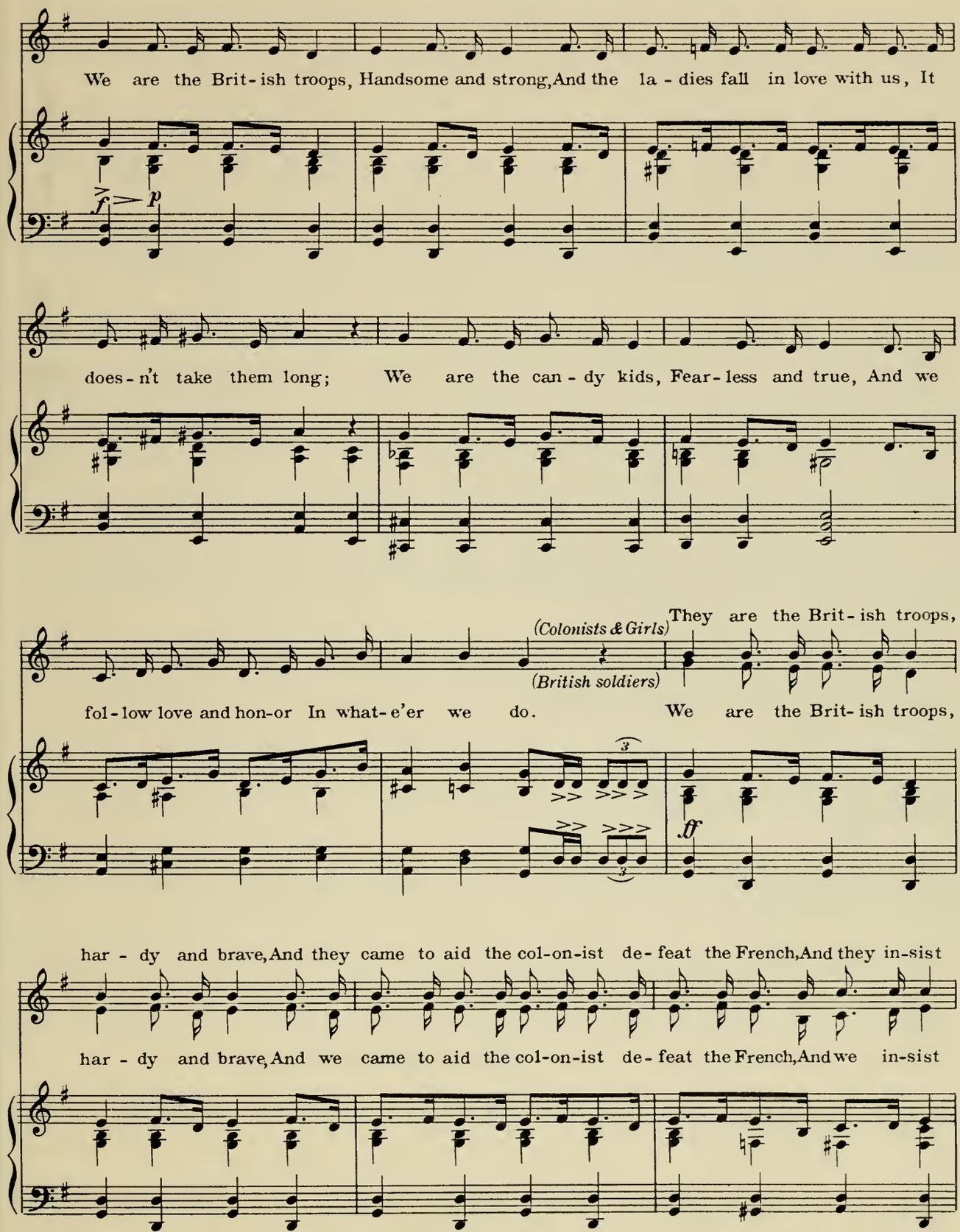

(Girls)
day, By dis - play of our fes - ti - val ar - ray. For we like to show our
(Colonists)
grac - es When we get the chance to sing and dance. Then show the pret - ty
(All)
fac - es Which de - light, en - trance, as you ad - vance To greet with all fes -
tiv - i - ty The he - ro of the vic - to - ry From far across the sea.....

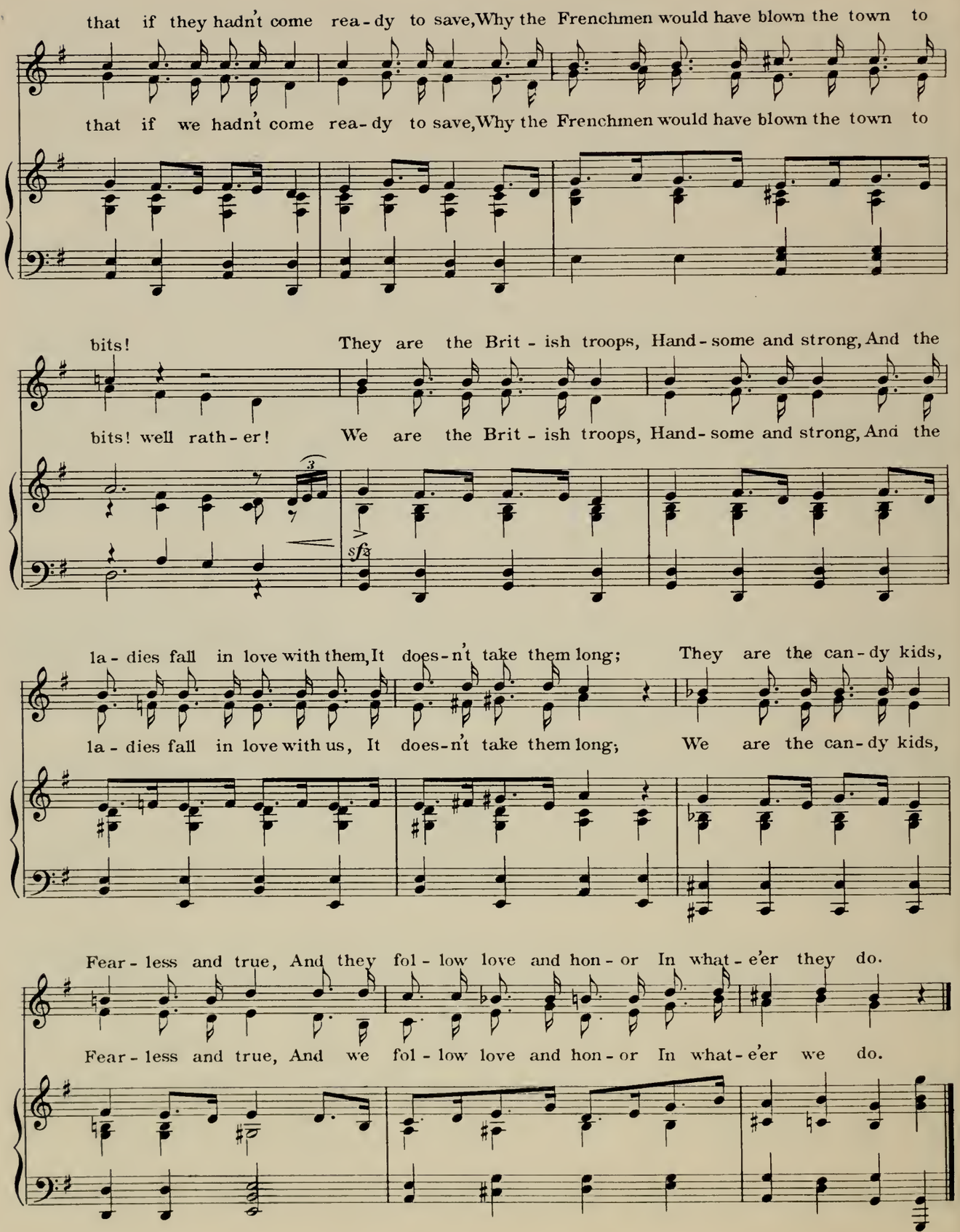

(Colonists)
Light-ly trip-ping, Gai-ly skip-ping, Here they come to say, That they pray In the
(Girls)
cus-tom-a-ry way, To greet the mil-i-ta-ry man Who ve-ry kind-ly saved the
To greet the mil-i-ta-ry man Who ve-ry kind-ly saved the
day, By dis-play of our fes-ti-val ar-ray. For we like to show our
day, By dis-play of our fes-ti-val ar-ray. For we like to show our


grac - es When we get the chance to sing and dance. And show the pret- ty
fac - es Which de - light, en - trance, as we ad - vance To greet with all fes-
tiv - i - ty The he - ro of the vic - to - ry, To greet with all fes-
tiv - i - ty The he - ro bold, from far a-cross the sea! We're
ff
saved, we're saved, we're res - cued, we're res - cued, we're res - cued! An
mf


aw-ful dis-as-ter is hap-pi-ly past, Or we wouldn't be liv-ing to tell you the tale! We're
saved, we're saved, we're res - cued, we're res - cued, we're res - cued! The
mf
French in the battle were driven like cat-tle, For o-ver the British they couldn't prevail! We're
saved, we're saved from cap - ture! We're res - cued! with rap - ture, With
f
song and rejoicing our thanks we are voicing To greet the brave hero with song and rejoicing and


glee
To greet the man so
p
mf
brave and true, The man to whom our praise is due, From o'er the
accelerando
ff
Mod'to maestoso
(enter soldiers)
(British soldiers)
sea!
We are the Brit-ish troops,
f
molto marcato
f
p
har - dy and brave, And we came to aid the col-on-ist de - feat the French, And we in-sist
simile
(Chorus)
that if we hadn't come ready to save, Why, the Frenchmen would have blown the town to bits. Well, rather!


We are the Brit-ish troops, Handsome and strong, And the la-dies fall in love with us, It
does-n't take them long; We are the can-dy kids, Fear-less and true, And we
(Colonists & Girls)
(British soldiers)
They are the Brit-ish troops,
fol-low love and hon-or In what-e'er we do.
We are the Brit-ish troops,
har-dy and brave, And they came to aid the col-on-ist de-feat the French, And they in-sist
har-dy and brave, And we came to aid the col-on-ist de-feat the French, And we in-sist


that if they hadn't come rea-dy to save, Why the Frenchmen would have blown the town to
that if we hadn't come rea-dy to save, Why the Frenchmen would have blown the town to
bits! They are the Brit-ish troops, Hand-some and strong, And the
bits! well rath-er! We are the Brit-ish troops, Hand-some and strong, And the
sfz
la-dies fall in love with them, It does-n't take them long; They are the can-dy kids,
la-dies fall in love with us, It does-n't take them long; We are the can-dy kids,
Fear-less and true, And they fol-low love and hon-or In what-e'er they do.
Fear-less and true, And we fol-low love and hon-or In what-e'er we do.

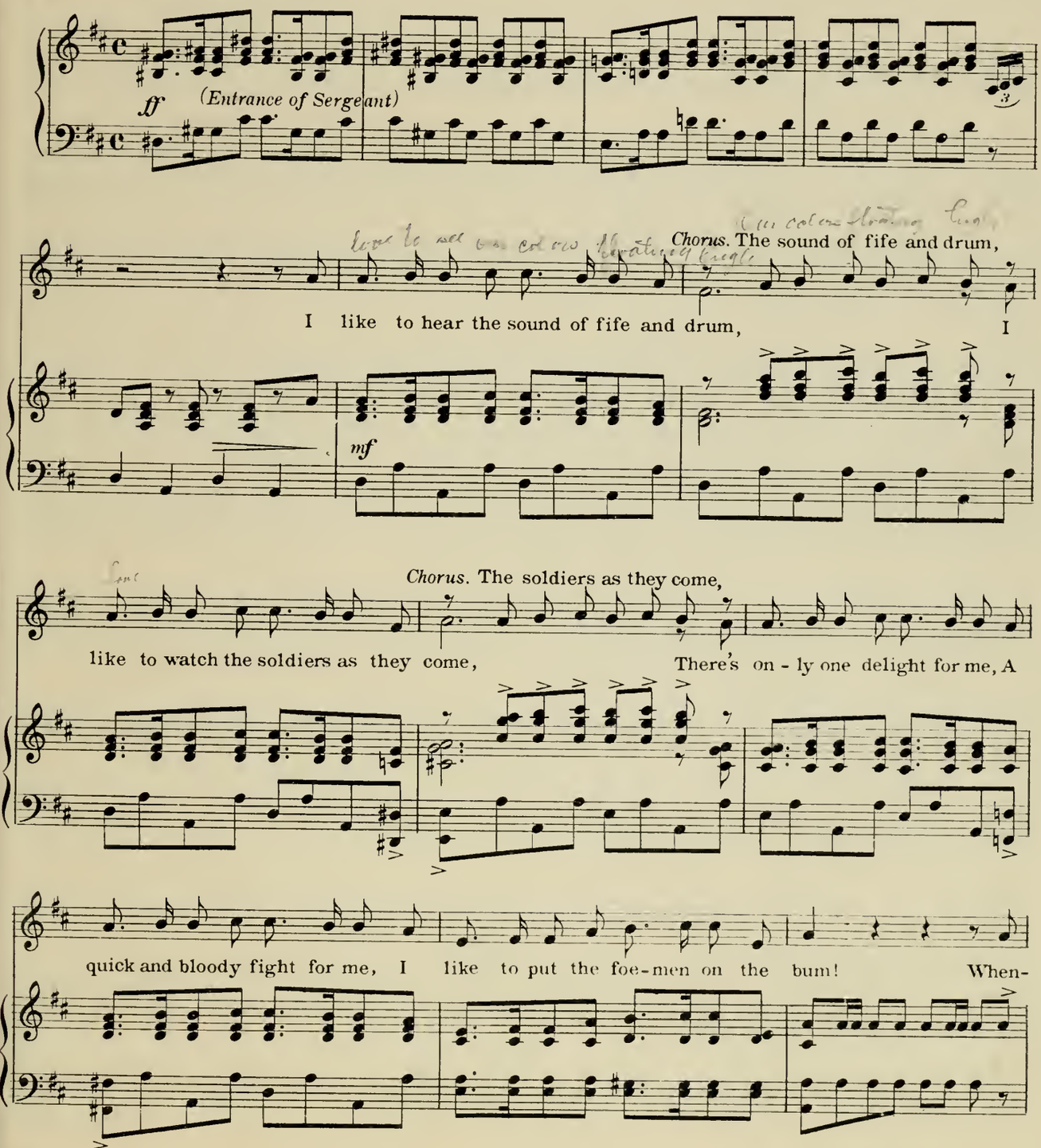
THE SOUND OF FIFE AND DRUM

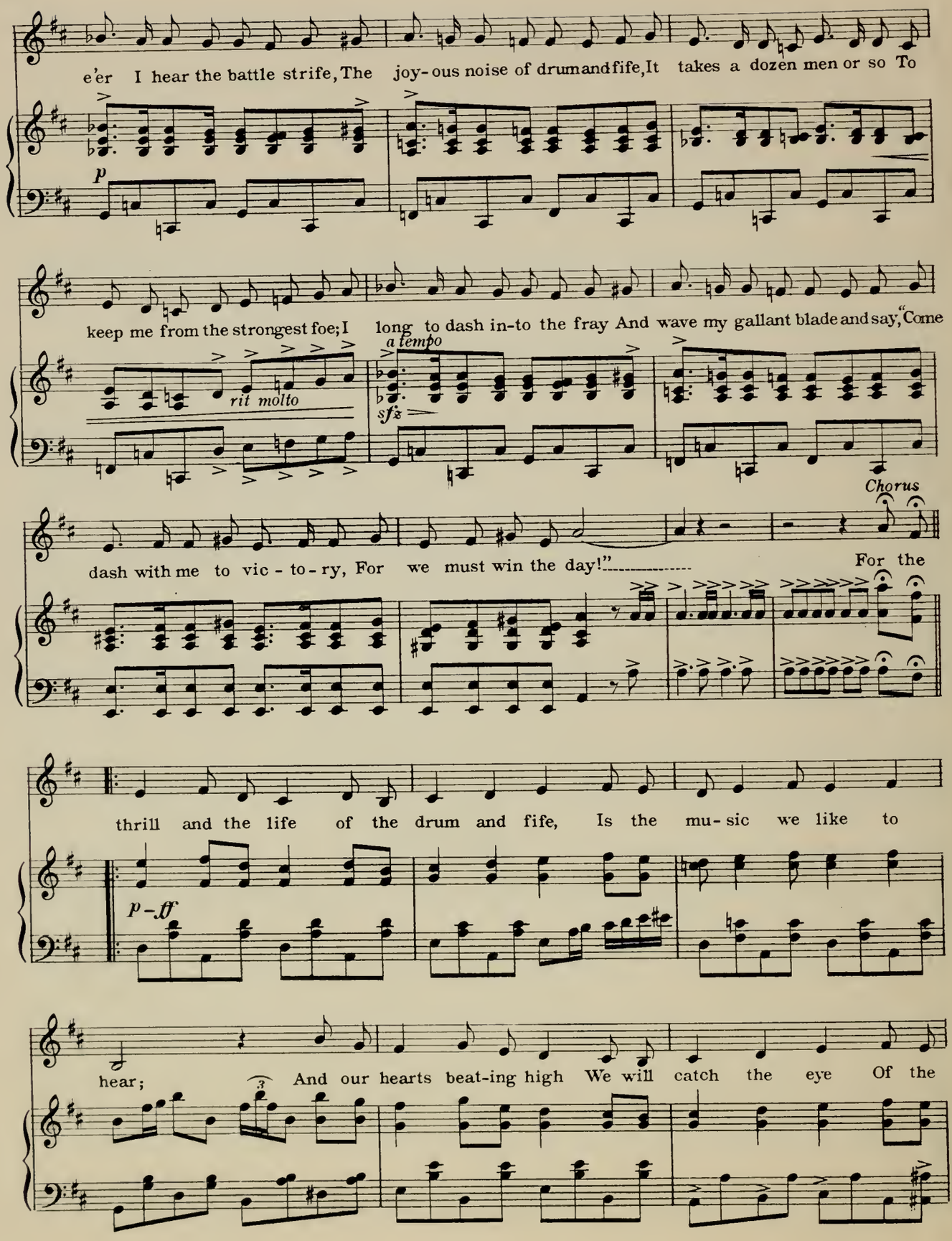
Sergeant and Chorus

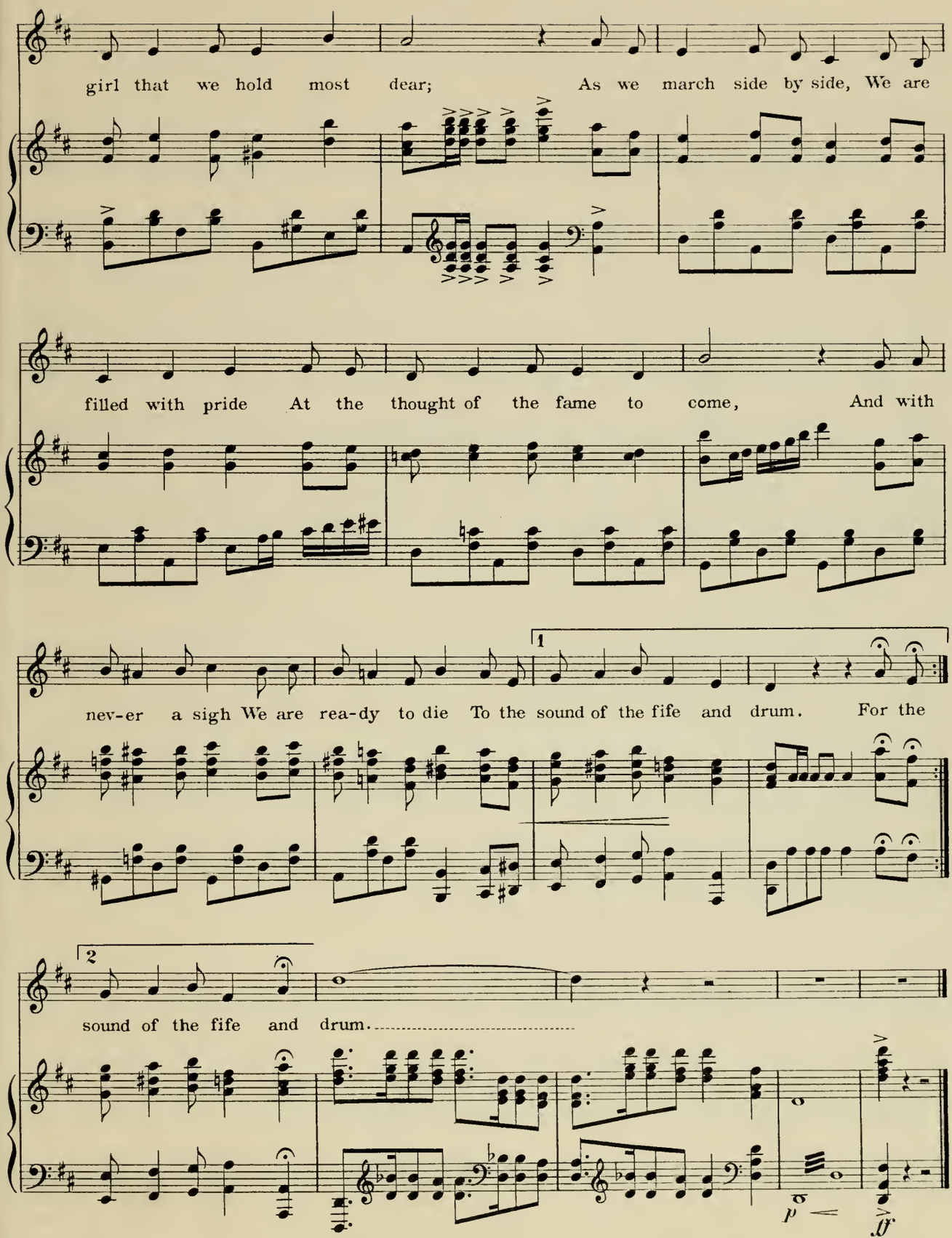
Words and Music by

EMIL BREITENFELD

Brisk march tempo

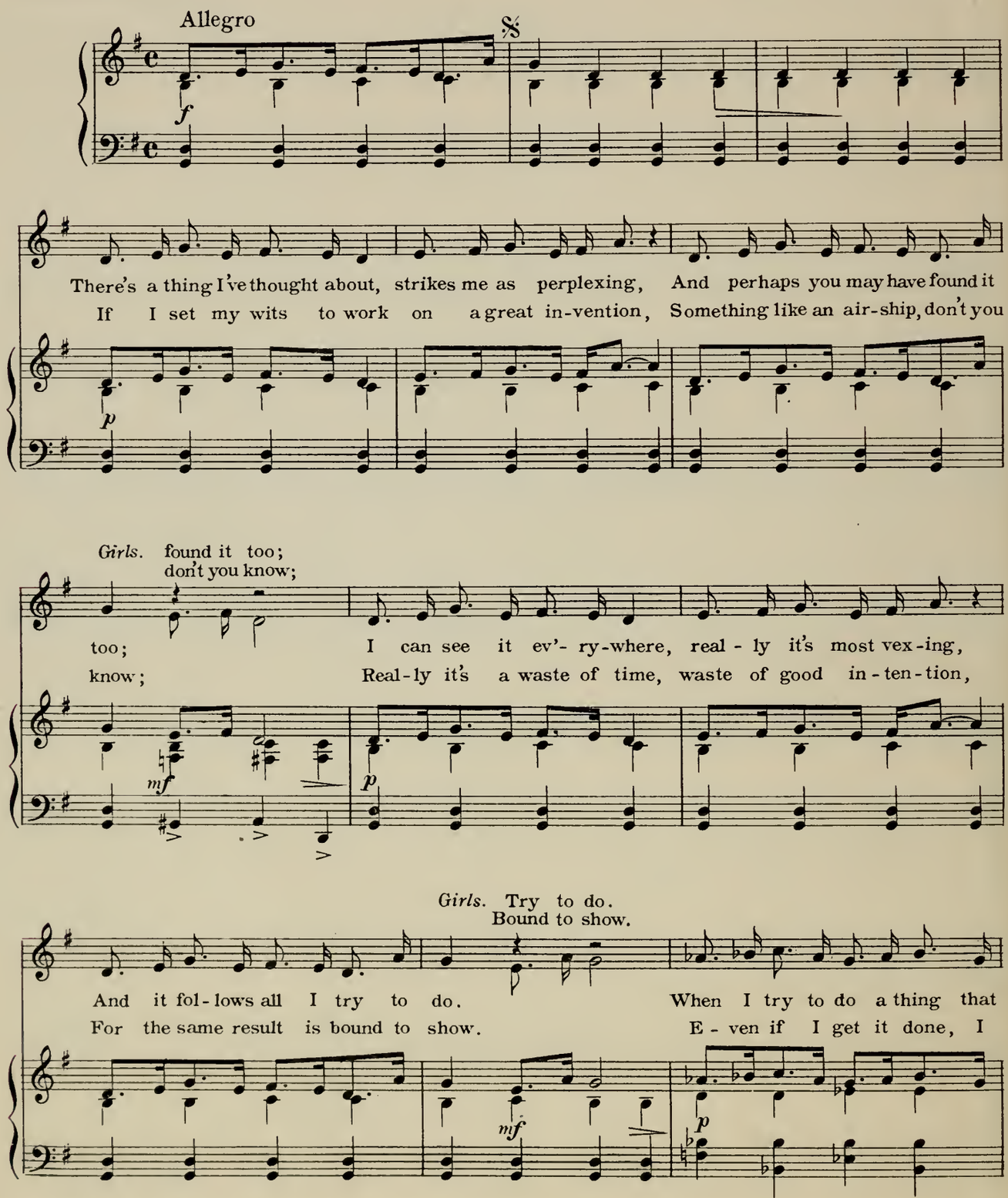

ff
(Entrance of Sergeant)
3
Chorus. The sound of fife and drum,
I like to hear the sound of fife and drum, I
mf
Chorus. The soldiers as they come,
like to watch the soldiers as they come, There's on - ly one delight for me, A
quick and bloody fight for me, I like to put the foe-men on the bum! When-

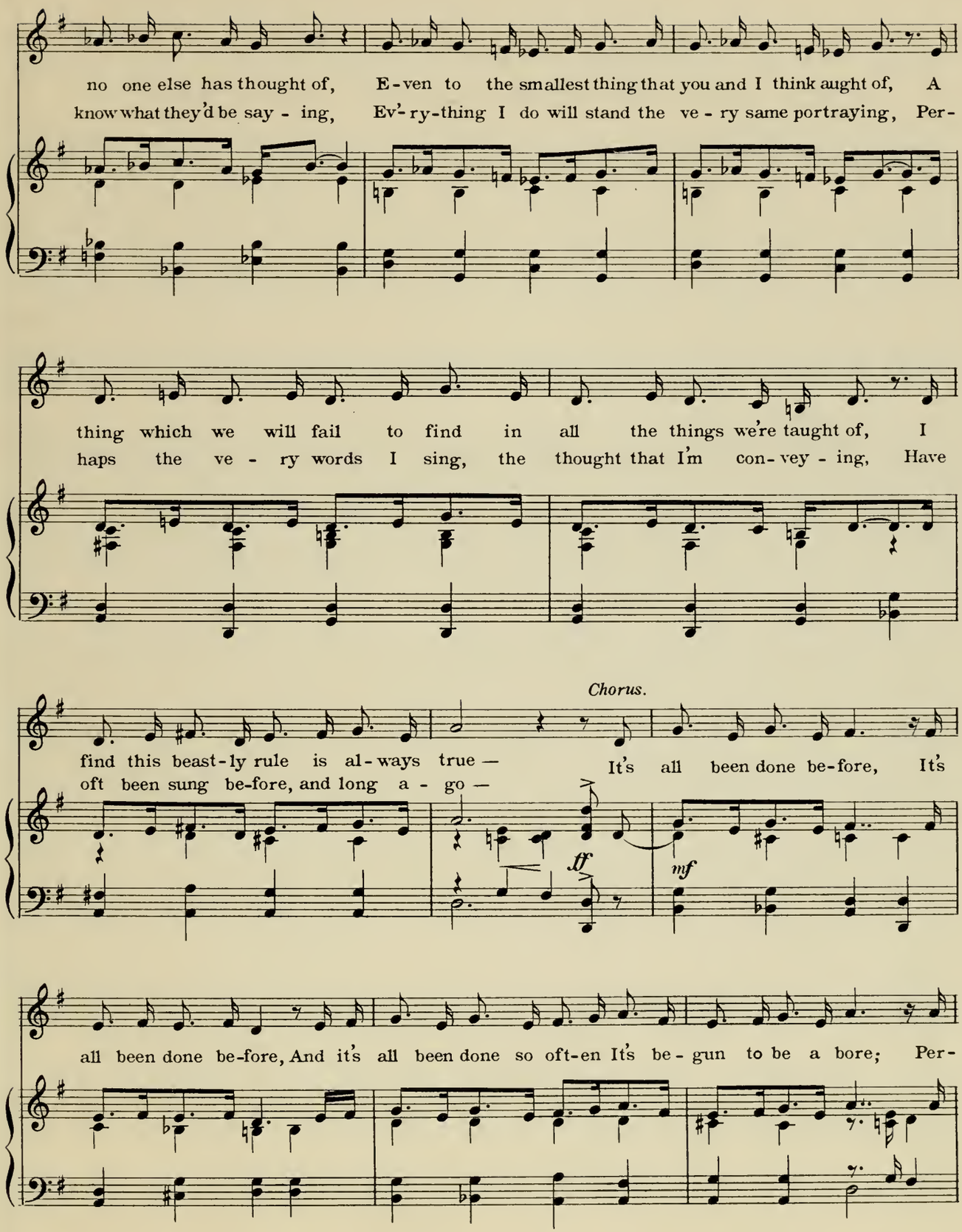

e'er I hear the battle strife, The joy-ous noise of drum and fife, It takes a dozen men or so To
p
keep me from the strongest foe; I long to dash in-to the fray And wave my gallant blade and say, "Come
rit molto
a tempo
sfz
Chorus
dash with me to vic-to-ry, For we must win the day!"
For the
thrill and the life of the drum and fife, Is the mu-sic we like to
p - ff
hear;
3
And our hearts beat-ing high We will catch the eye Of the

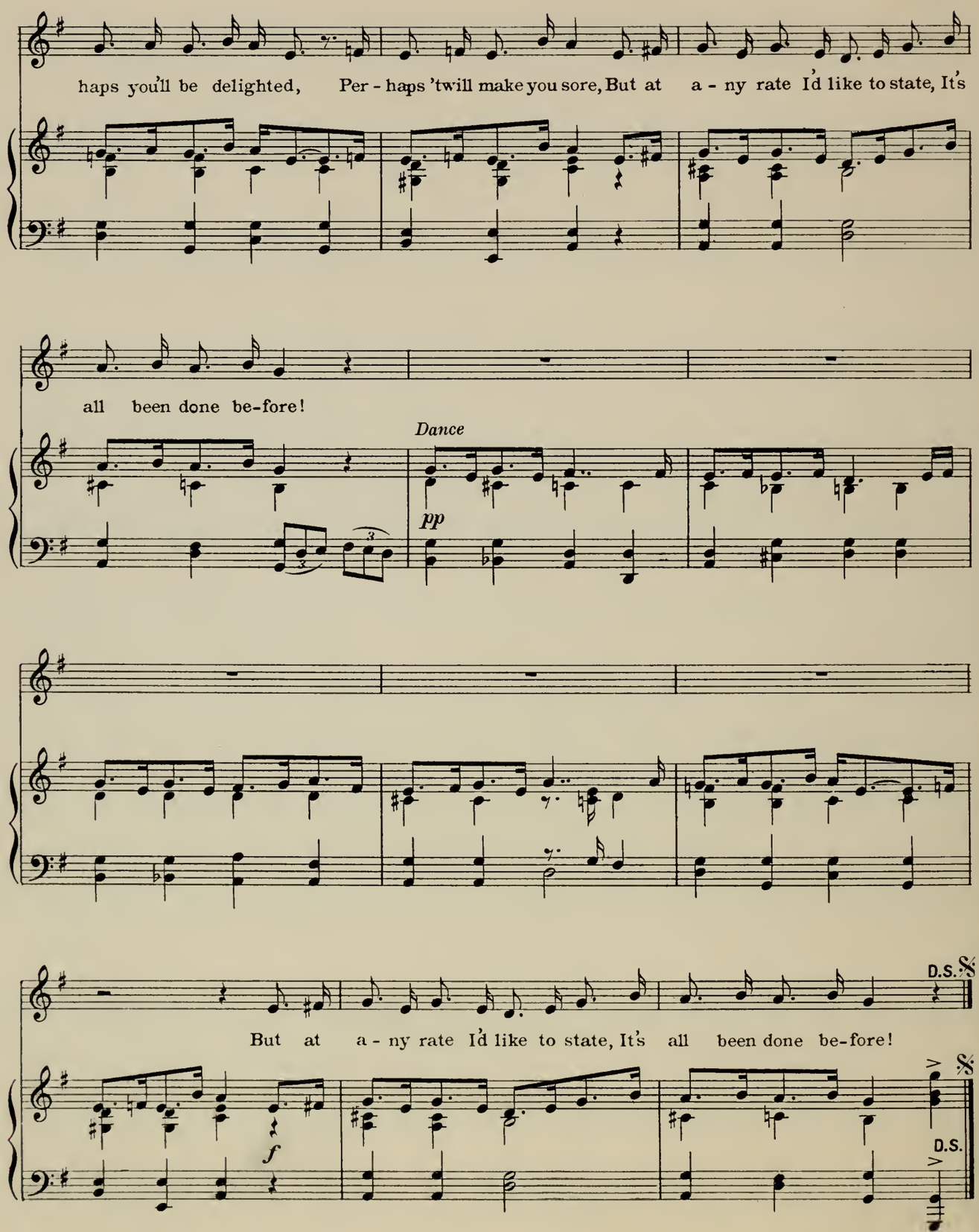

girl that we hold most dear; As we march side by side, We are
filled with pride At the thought of the fame to come, And with
nev-er a sigh We are rea-dy to die To the sound of the fife and drum. For the
1
2
sound of the fife and drum.
p
ff

IT'S ALL BEEN DONE BEFORE

Words and Music by EMIL BREITENFELD

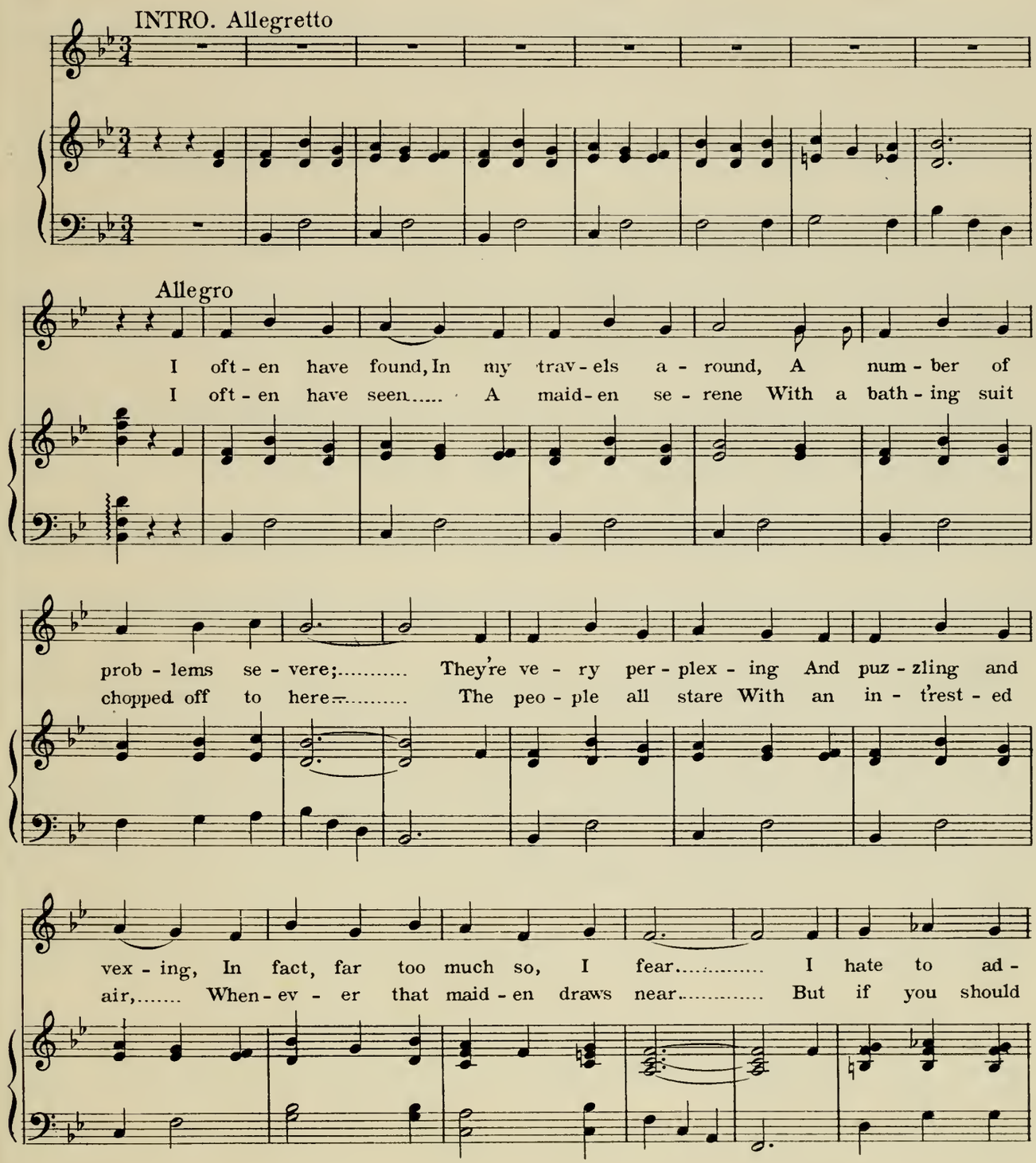

Allegro
There's a thing I've thought about, strikes me as perplexing, And perhaps you may have found it
If I set my wits to work on a great in-vention, Something like an air-ship, don't you
Girls. found it too;
don't you know;
too;
know;
I can see it ev'- ry-where, real - ly it's most vex-ing,
Real-ly it's a waste of time, waste of good in-ten-tion,
Girls. Try to do.
Bound to show.
And it fol-lows all I try to do.
For the same result is bound to show.
When I try to do a thing that
E - ven if I get it done, I

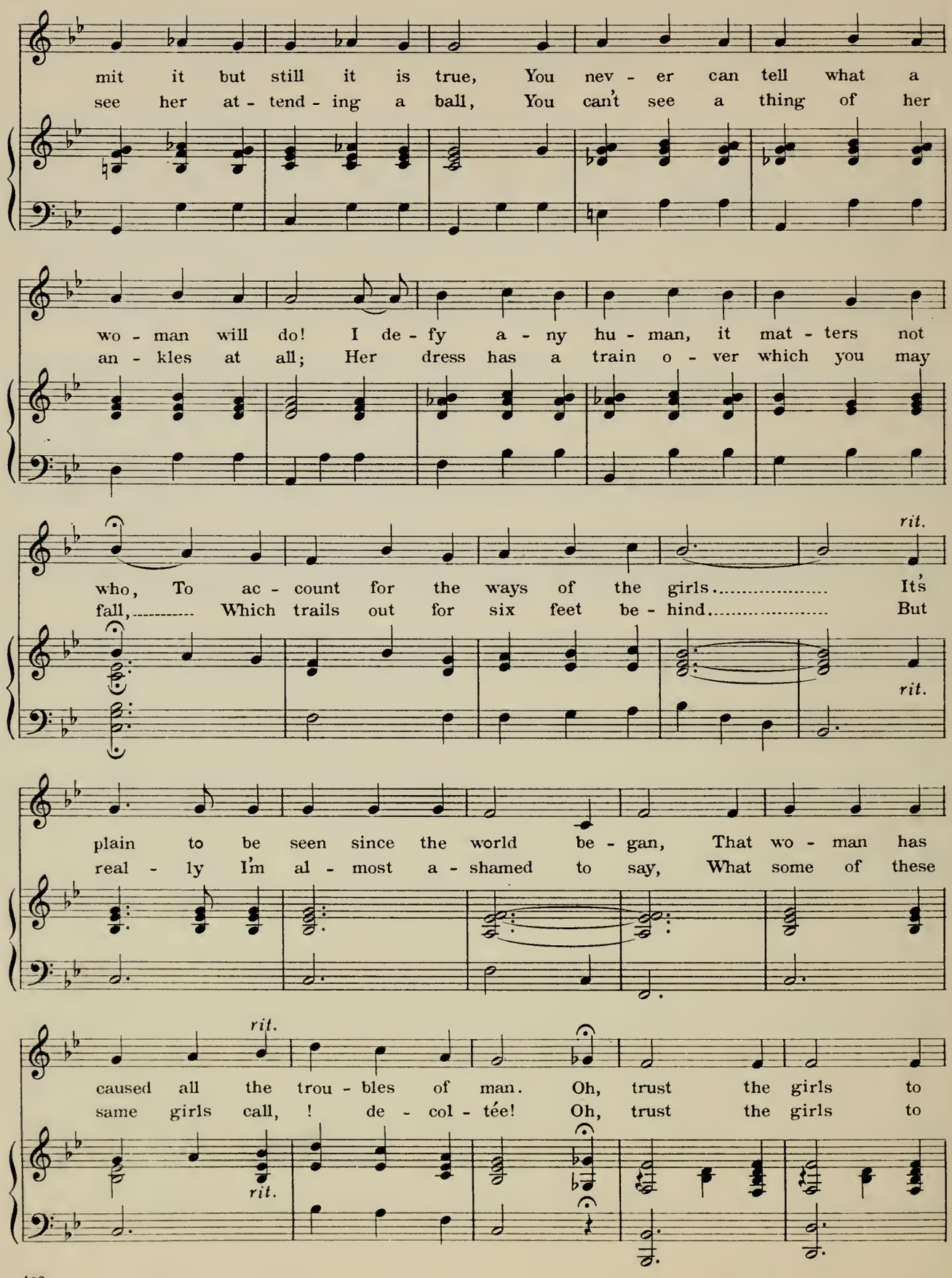
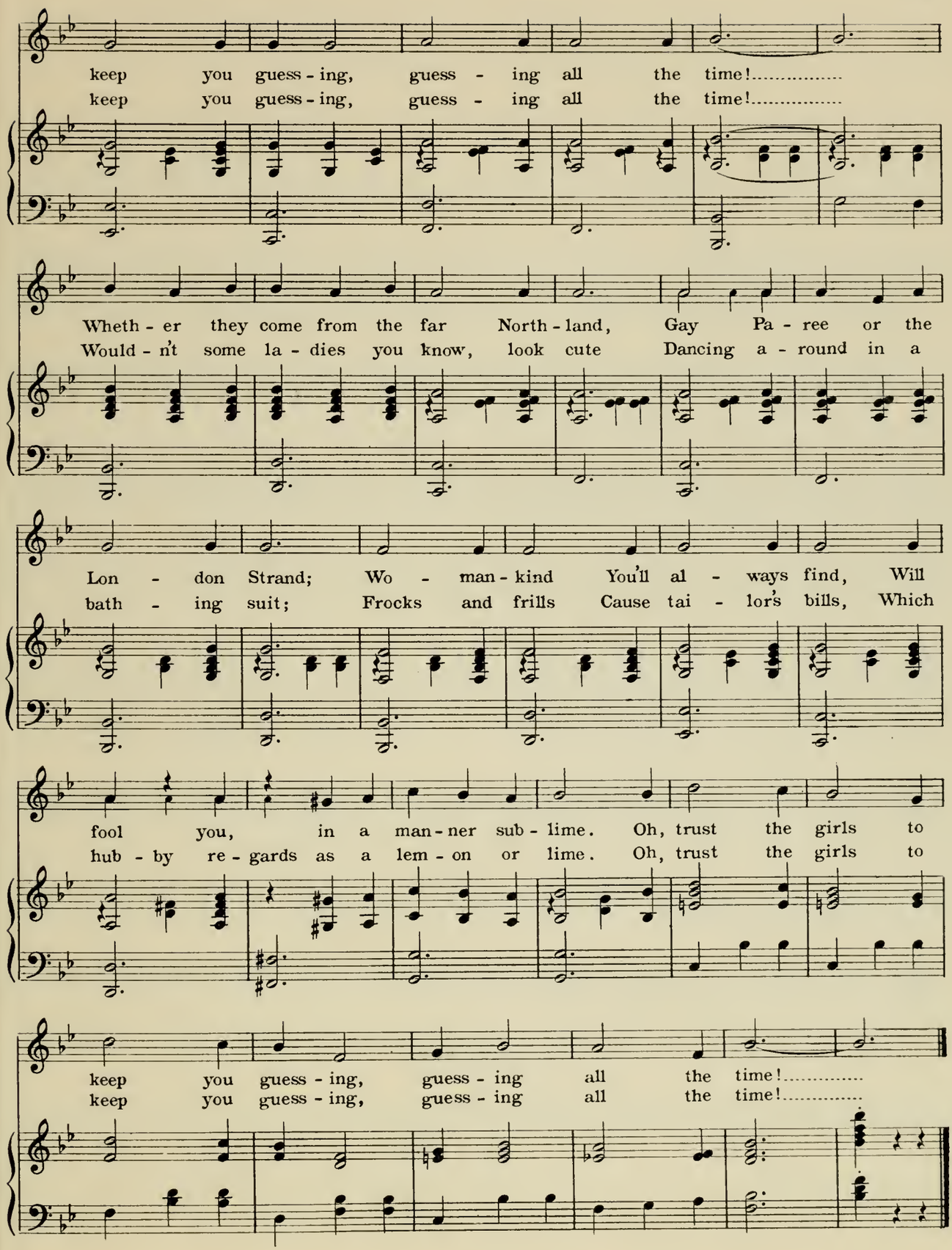

no one else has thought of, E-ven to the smallest thing that you and I think aught of, A
know what they'd be say - ing, Ev'-ry-thing I do will stand the ve - ry same portraying, Per-
thing which we will fail to find in all the things we're taught of, I
haps the ve - ry words I sing, the thought that I'm con-vey - ing, Have
Chorus.
find this beast-ly rule is al-ways true — It's all been done be-fore, It's
oft been sung be-fore, and long a - go —
ff
mf
all been done be-fore, And it's all been done so oft-en It's be - gun to be a bore; Per-


haps you'll be delighted, Per - haps 'twill make you sore, But at a - ny rate I'd like to state, It's
all been done be-fore!
Dance
pp
D.S.
But at a - ny rate I'd like to state, It's all been done be-fore!
f
D.S.

TRUST THE GIRLS TO KEEP YOU GUESSING

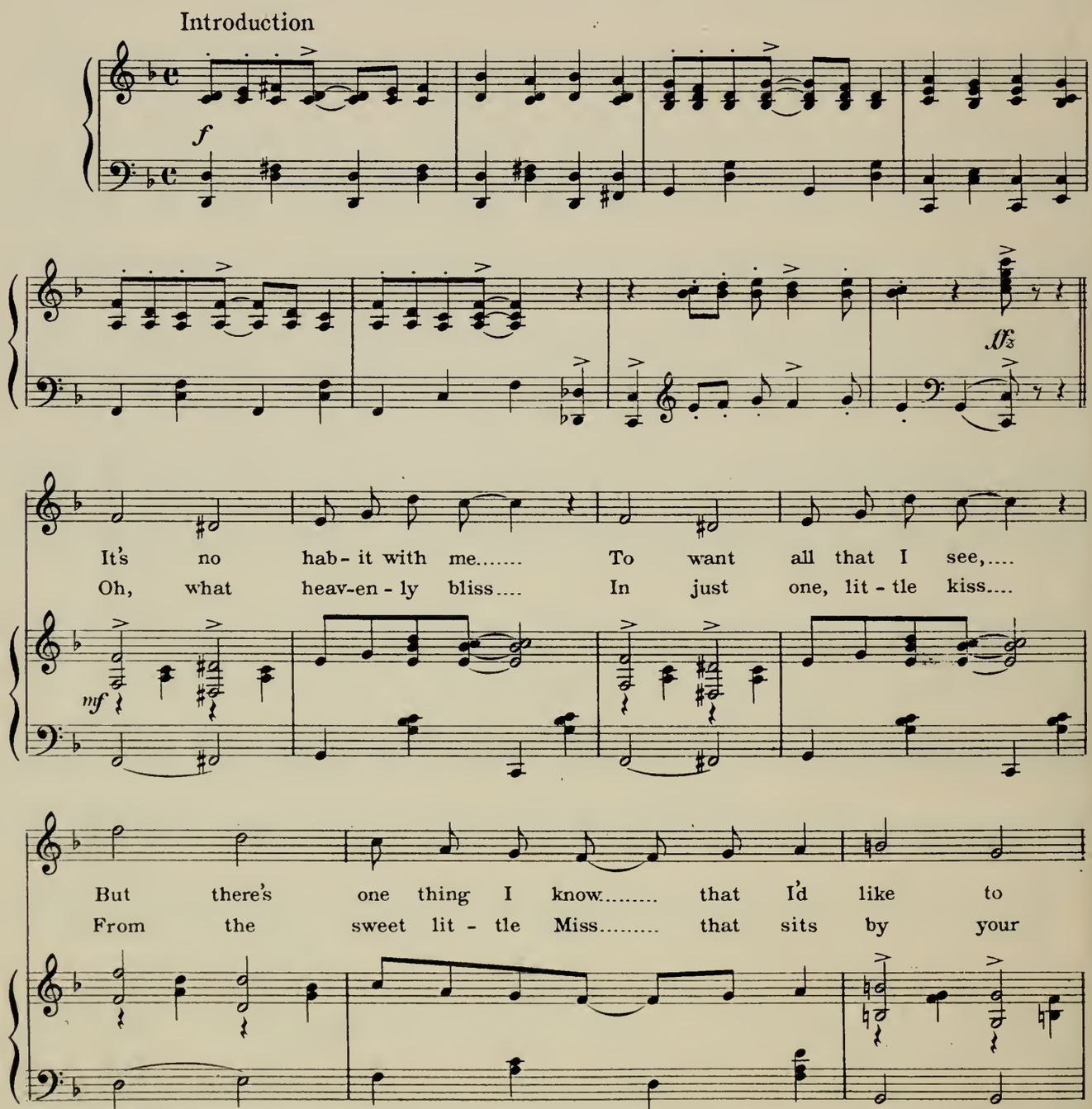
WALTER E. KELLEY.

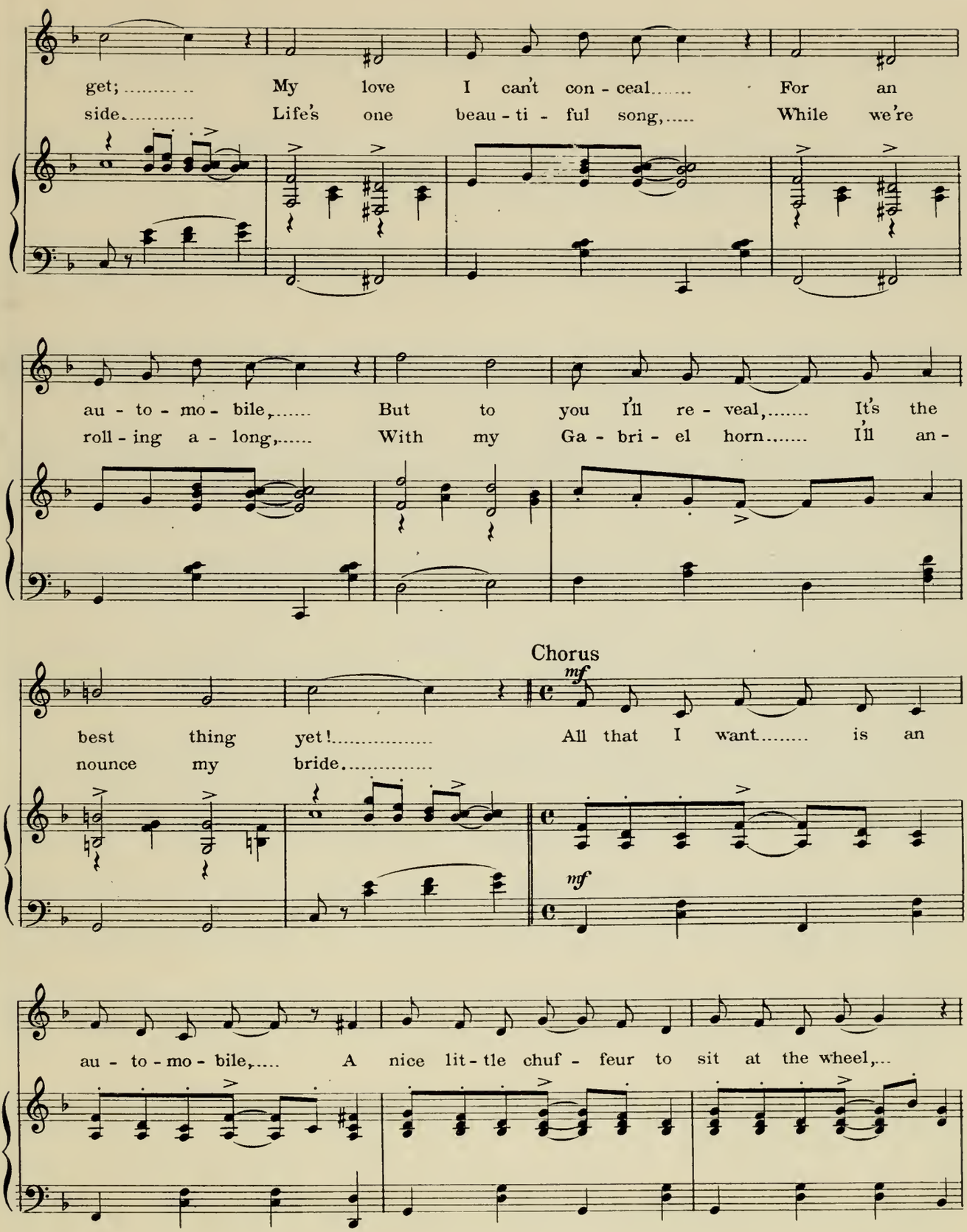

INTRO. Allegretto
Allegro
I oft - en have found, In my trav - els a - round, A num - ber of
I oft - en have seen..... A maid - en se - rene With a bath - ing suit
prob - lems se - vere;..... They're ve - ry per - plex - ing And puz - zling and
chopped off to here..... The peo - ple all stare With an in - trest - ed
vex - ing, In fact, far too much so, I fear..... I hate to ad -
air,..... When - ev - er that maid - en draws near..... But if you should

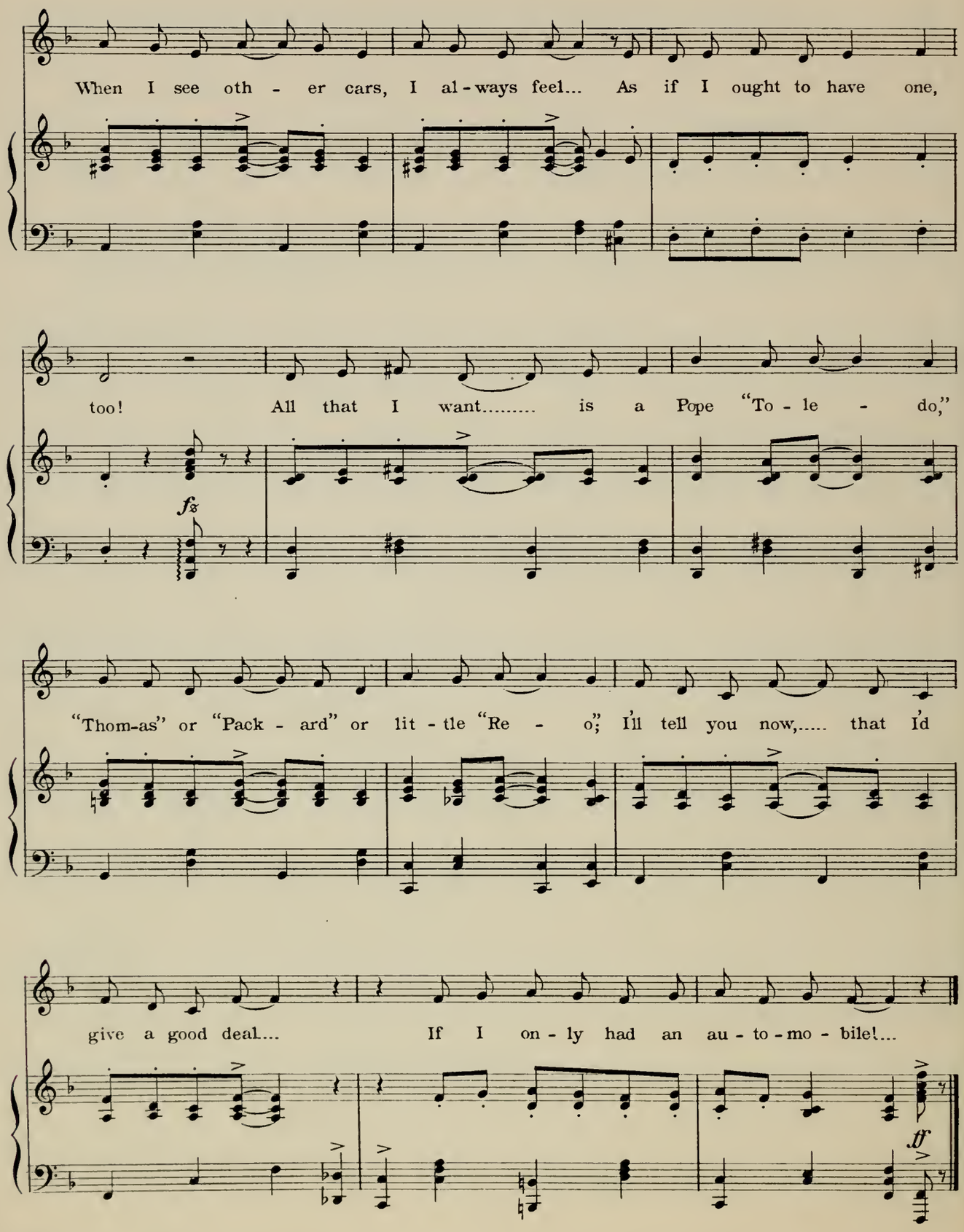

mit it but still it is true, You nev - er can tell what a
see her at - tend - ing a ball, You can't see a thing of her
wo - man will do! I de - fy a - ny hu - man, it mat - ters not
an - kles at all; Her dress has a train o - ver which you may
rit.
who, To ac - count for the ways of the girls..... It's
fall,..... Which trails out for six feet be - hind..... But
rit.
plain to be seen since the world be - gan, That wo - man has
real - ly I'm al - most a - shamed to say, What some of these
rit.
caused all the trou - bles of man. Oh, trust the girls to
same girls call, ! de - col - tée! Oh, trust the girls to
rit.

keep you guess - ing, guess - ing all the time!.....
keep you guess - ing, guess - ing all the time!.....
Wheth - er they come from the far North - land, Gay Pa - ree or the
Would - n't some la - dies you know, look cute Dancing a - round in a
Lon - don Strand; Wo - man - kind You'll al - ways find, Will
bath - ing suit; Frocks and frills Cause tai - lor's bills, Which
fool you, in a man - ner sub - lime. Oh, trust the girls to
hub - by re - gards as a lem - on or lime. Oh, trust the girls to
keep you guess - ing, guess - ing all the time!.....
keep you guess - ing, guess - ing all the time!.....

ALL I WANT IS AN AUTOMOBILE

Words and Music by THEODORE R. MURRAY.


Introduction
f
ff
It's no hab- it with me..... To want all that I see,....
Oh, what heav-en - ly bliss.... In just one, lit - tle kiss....
mf
But there's one thing I know..... that I'd like to
From the sweet lit - tle Miss..... that sits by your

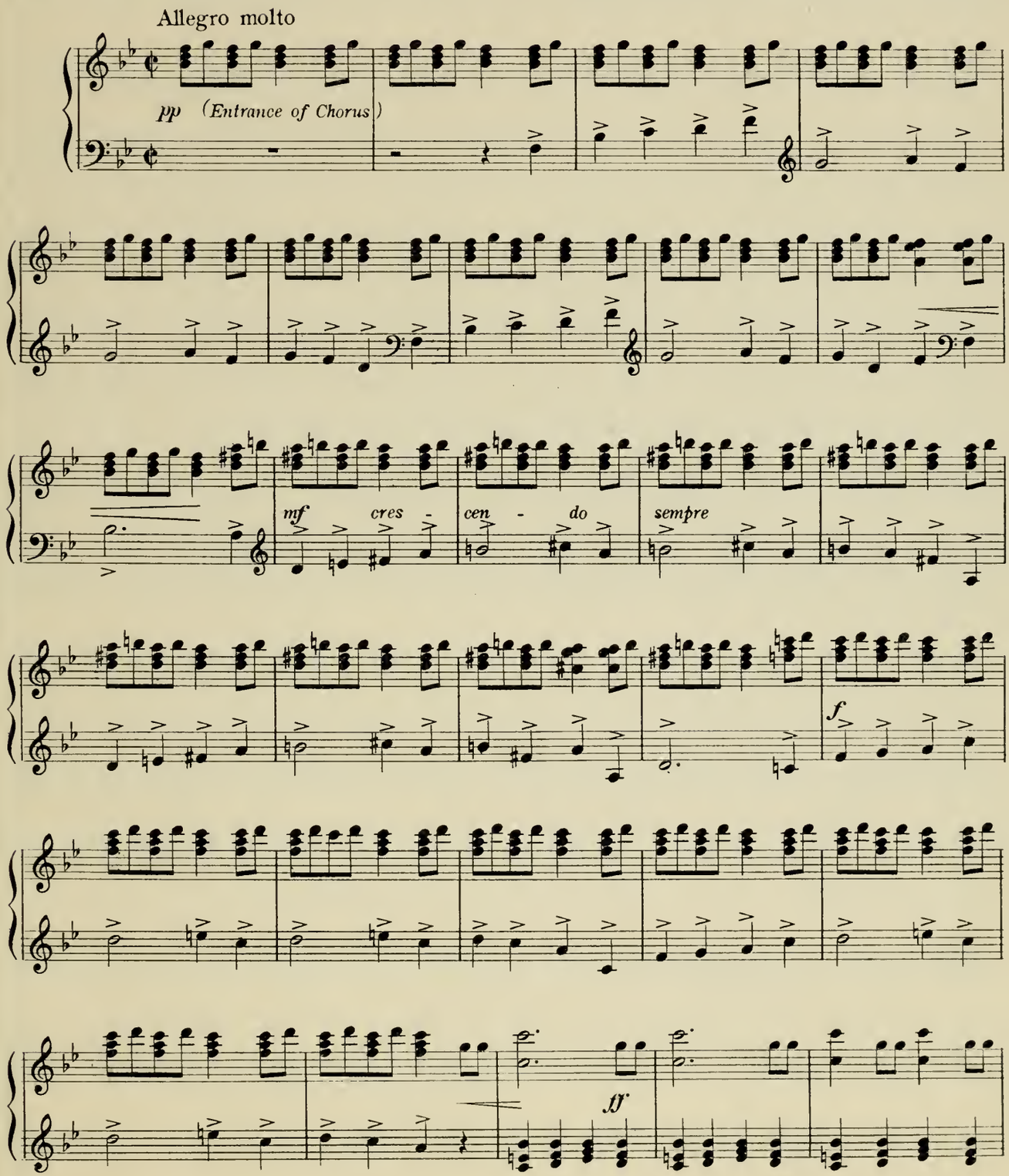

get; ..... My love I can't con - ceal..... For an
side..... Life's one beau - ti - ful song,..... While we're
au - to - mo - bile,..... But to you I'll re - veal,..... It's the
roll - ing a - long,..... With my Ga - bri - el horn..... I'll an -
Chorus
mf
best thing yet!..... All that I want..... is an
nounce my bride.....
mf
au - to - mo - bile,..... A nice lit - tle chuf - feur to sit at the wheel,...

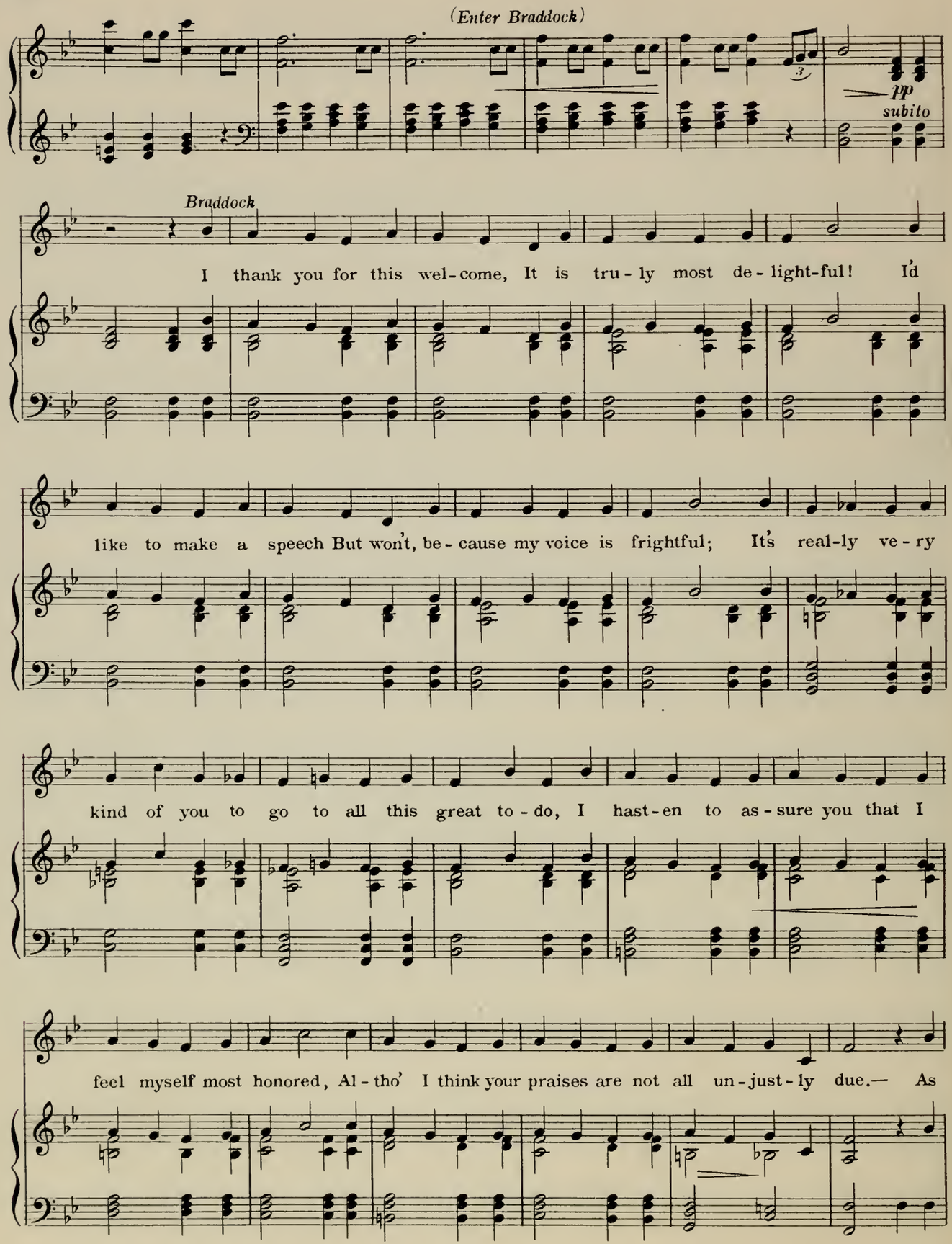

When I see oth - er cars, I al - ways feel... As if I ought to have one,
too! All that I want..... is a Pope "To - le - do,"
fz
"Thom-as" or "Pack - ard" or lit - tle "Re - o"; I'll tell you now,..... that I'd
give a good deal.... If I on - ly had an au - to - mo - bile!...
ff

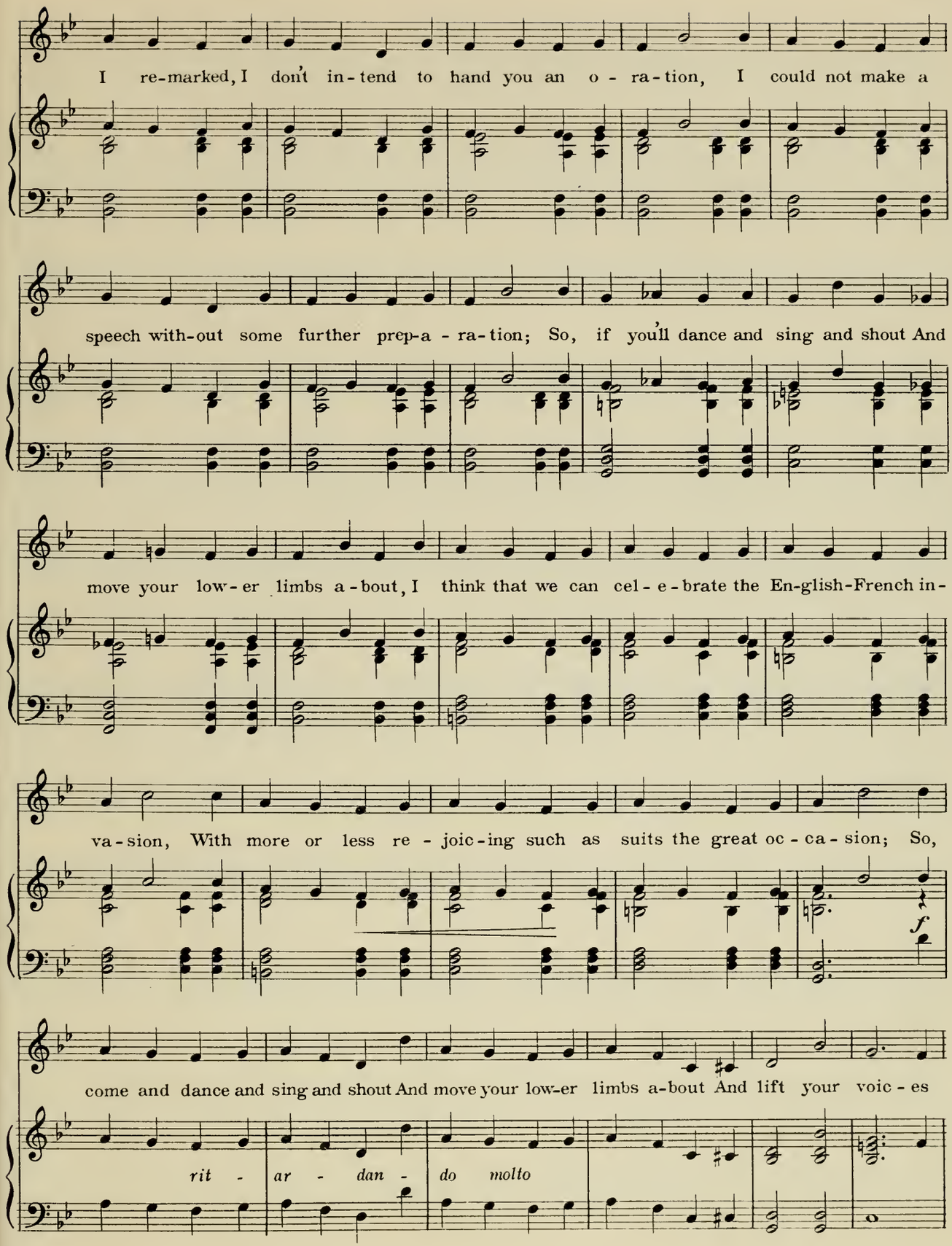
ENTRANCE OF BRADDOCK

Braddock and Chorus

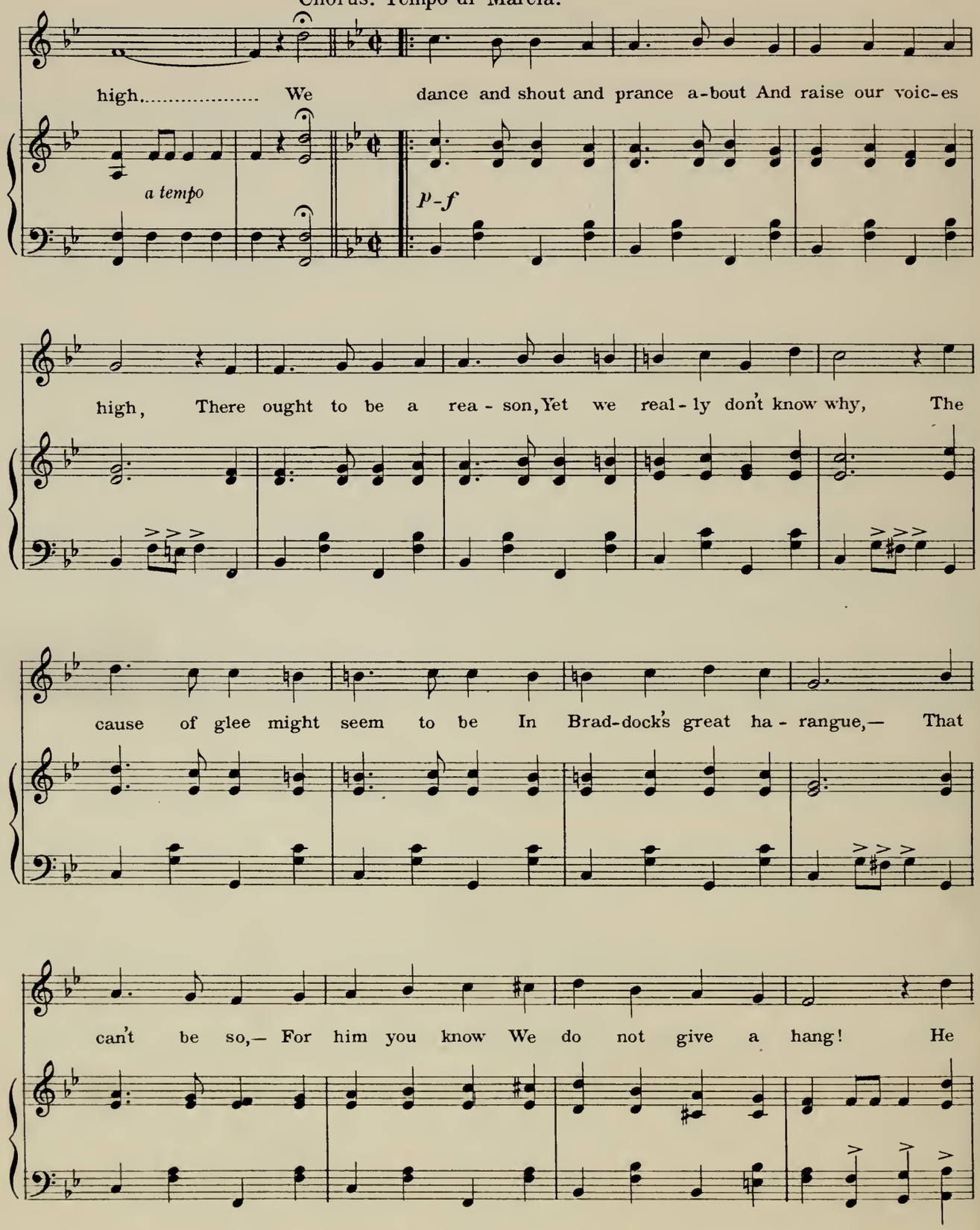
Words and Music by EMIL BREITENFELD

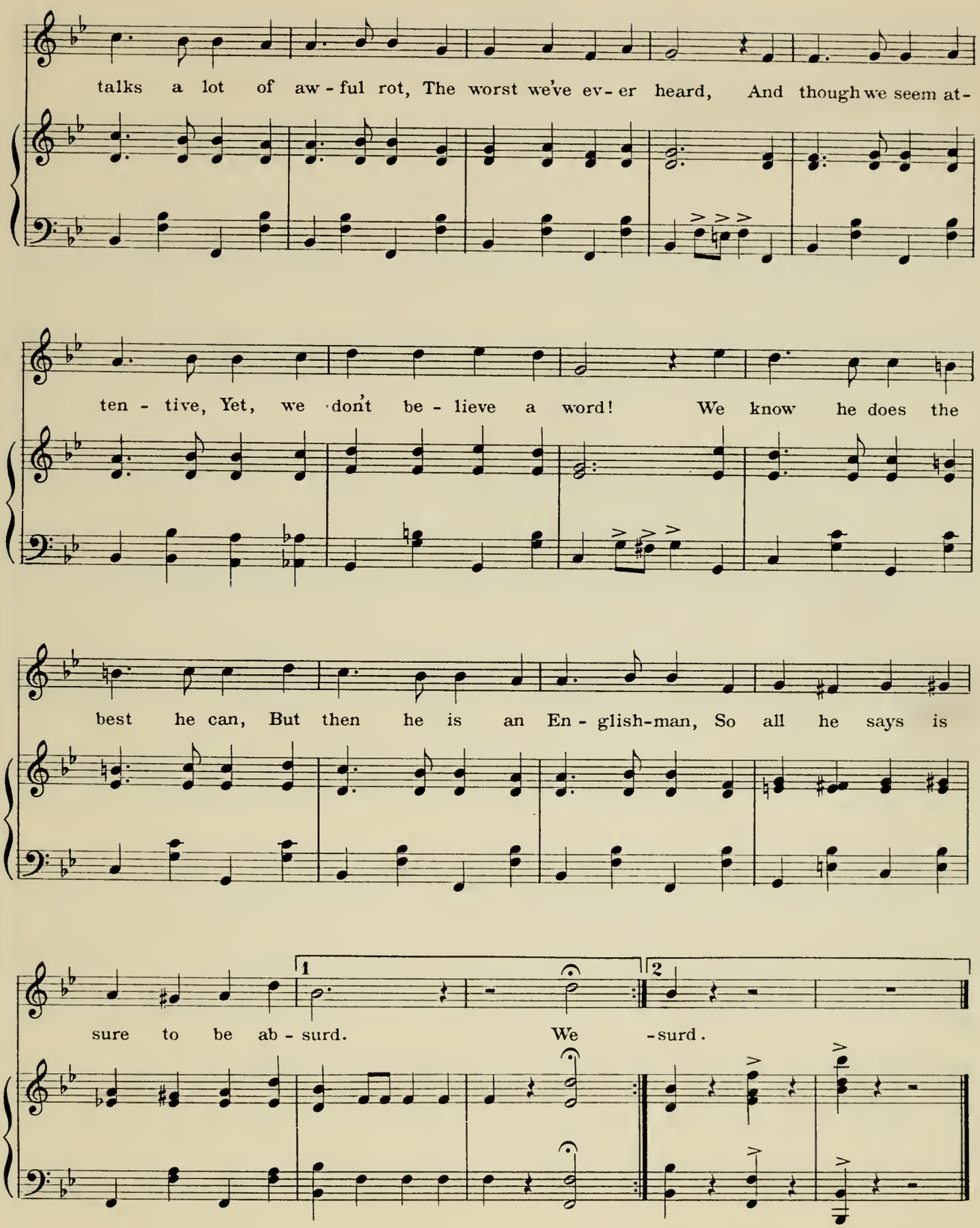



(Enter Braddock)
pp
subito
Braddock
I thank you for this wel-come, It is tru-ly most de-light-ful! I'd
like to make a speech But won't, be-cause my voice is frightful; It's real-ly ve-ry
kind of you to go to all this great to-do, I hast-en to as-sure you that I
feel myself most honored, Al-tho' I think your praises are not all un-just-ly due.— As


I re-marked, I don't in-tend to hand you an o - ra-tion, I could not make a
speech with-out some further prep-a - ra-tion; So, if you'll dance and sing and shout And
move your low-er limbs a-bout, I think that we can cel-e-brate the En-glish-French in-
va-sion, With more or less re - joic-ing such as suits the great oc - ca - sion; So,
f
come and dance and sing and shout And move your low-er limbs a-bout And lift your voic - es
rit - ar - dan - do molto

Chorus. Tempo di Marcia.

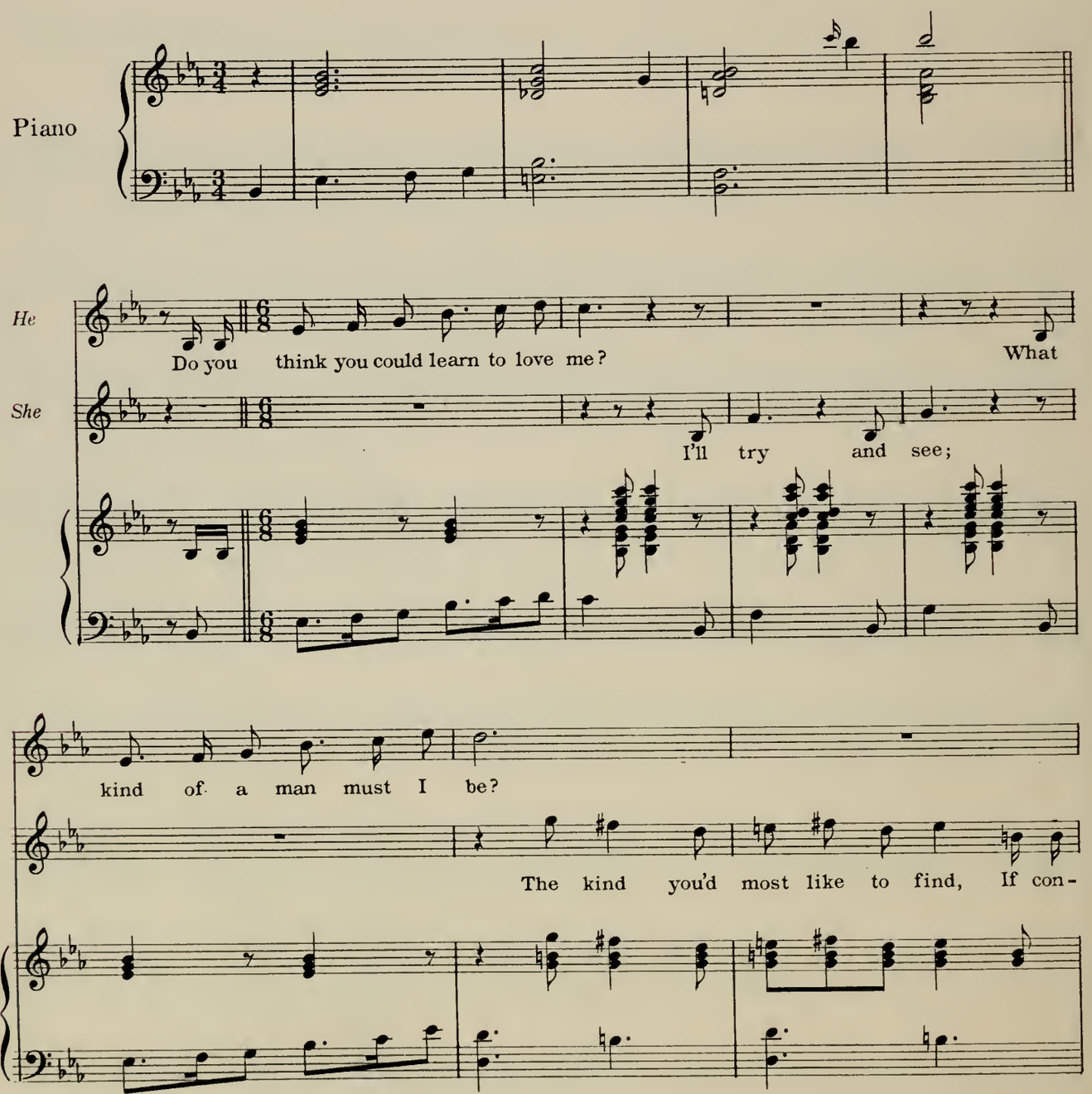

high..... We dance and shout and prance a-bout And raise our voic-es
a tempo
p-f
high, There ought to be a rea - son, Yet we real - ly don't know why, The
cause of glee might seem to be In Brad-dock's great ha - rangue,— That
can't be so,— For him you know We do not give a hang! He

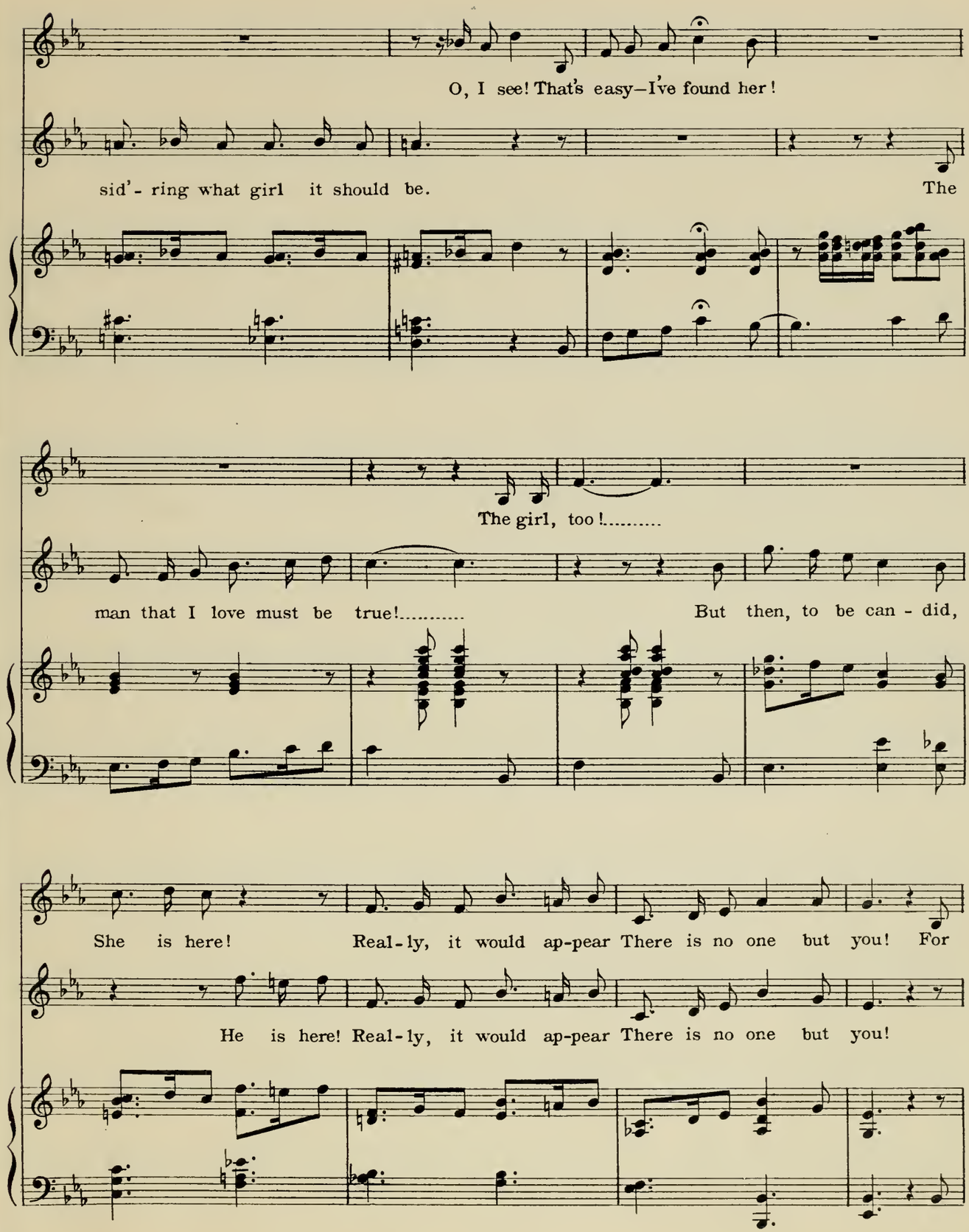

talks a lot of aw - ful rot, The worst we've ev - er heard, And though we seem at -
ten - tive, Yet, we don't be - lieve a word! We know he does the
best he can, But then he is an En - glish-man, So all he says is
sure to be ab - surd. We - surd.
1
2

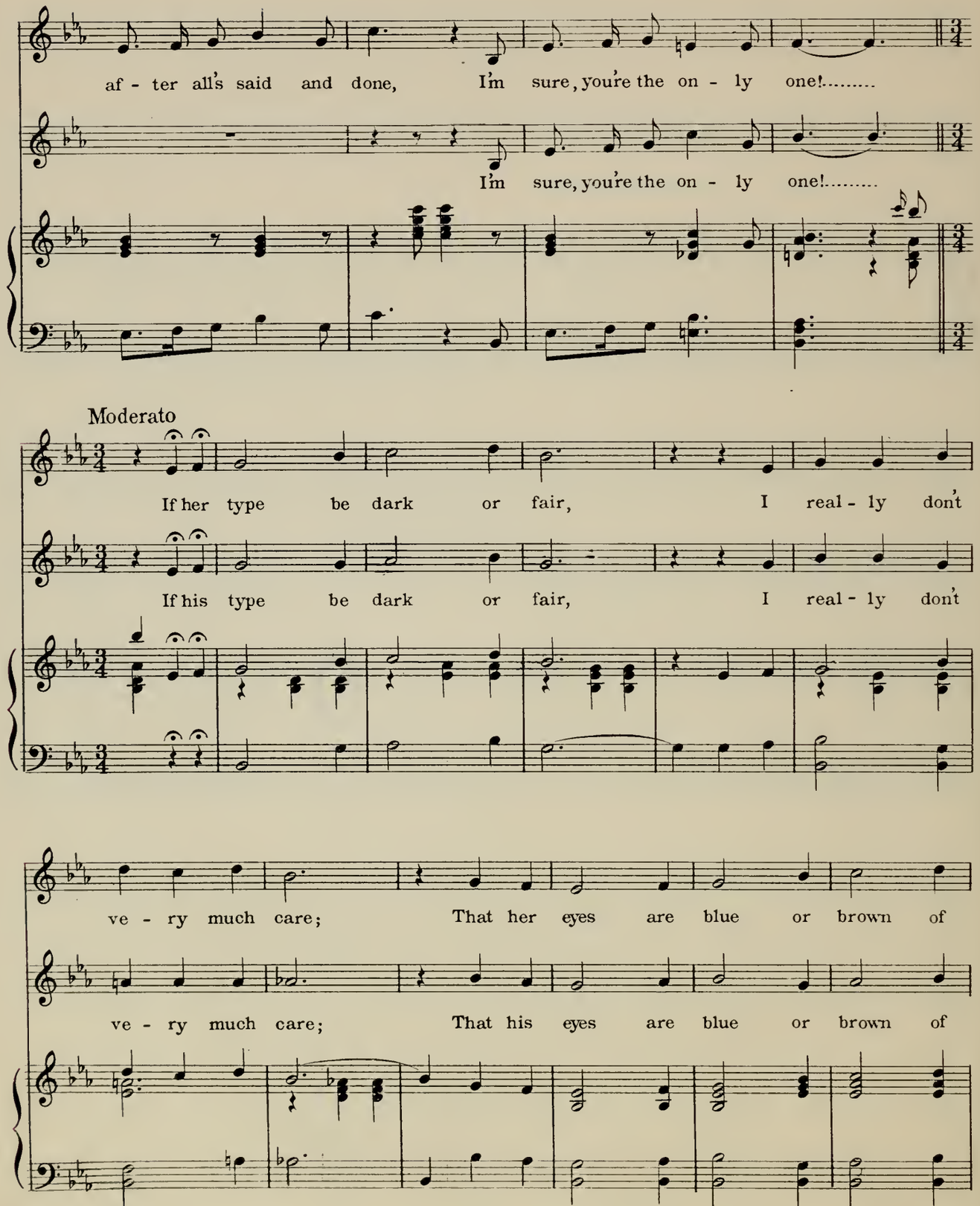
"YOU"

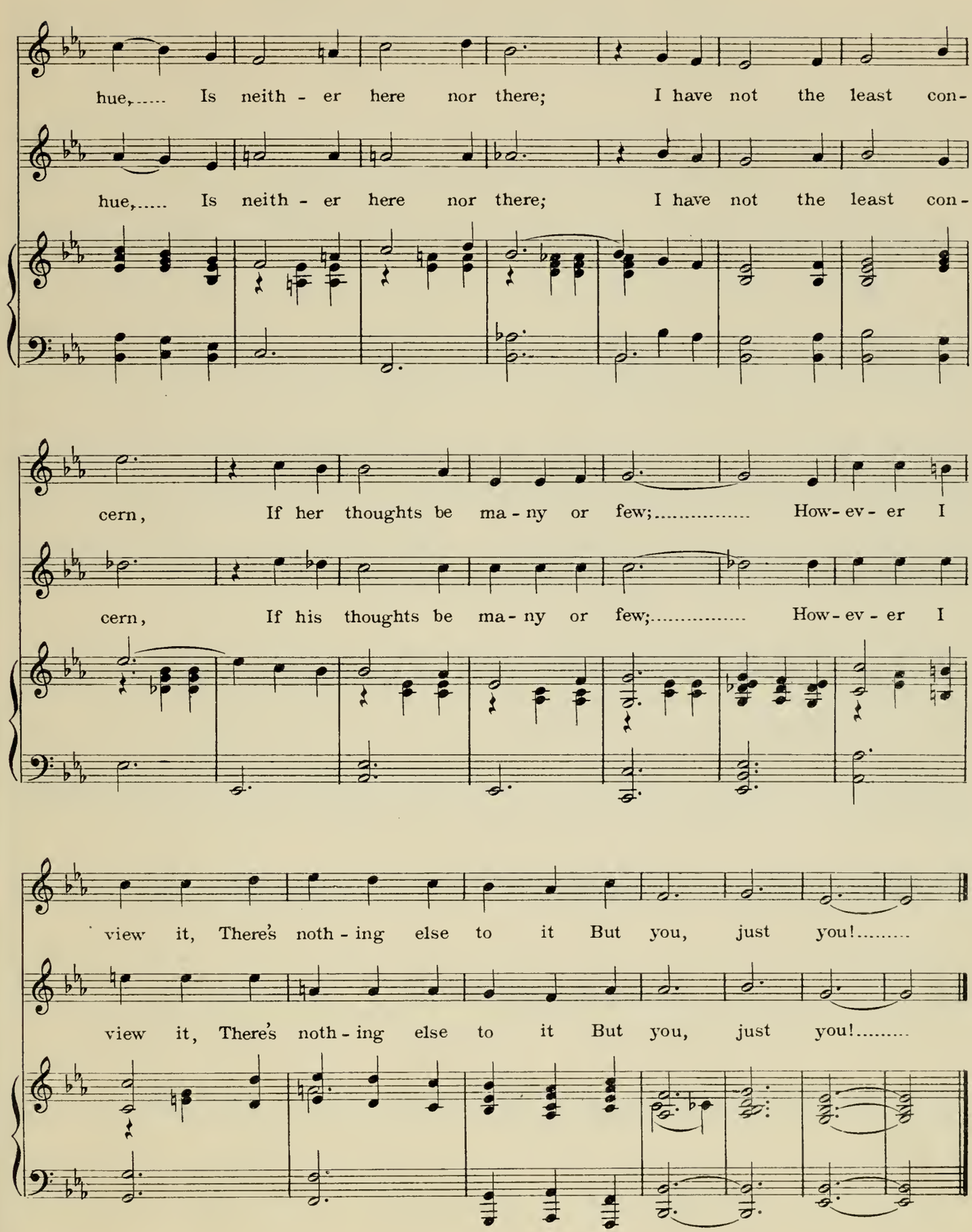
(DUET)

Words and Music by GEORGE SANFORD PARSONS


Piano
He
Do you think you could learn to love me?
What
She
I'll try and see;
kind of a man must I be?
The kind you'd most like to find, If con-


O, I see! That's easy—I've found her!
sid'- ring what girl it should be.
The
The girl, too!.....
man that I love must be true!.....
But then, to be can - did,
She is here!
Real- ly, it would ap-pear There is no one but you! For
He is here! Real- ly, it would ap-pear There is no one but you!

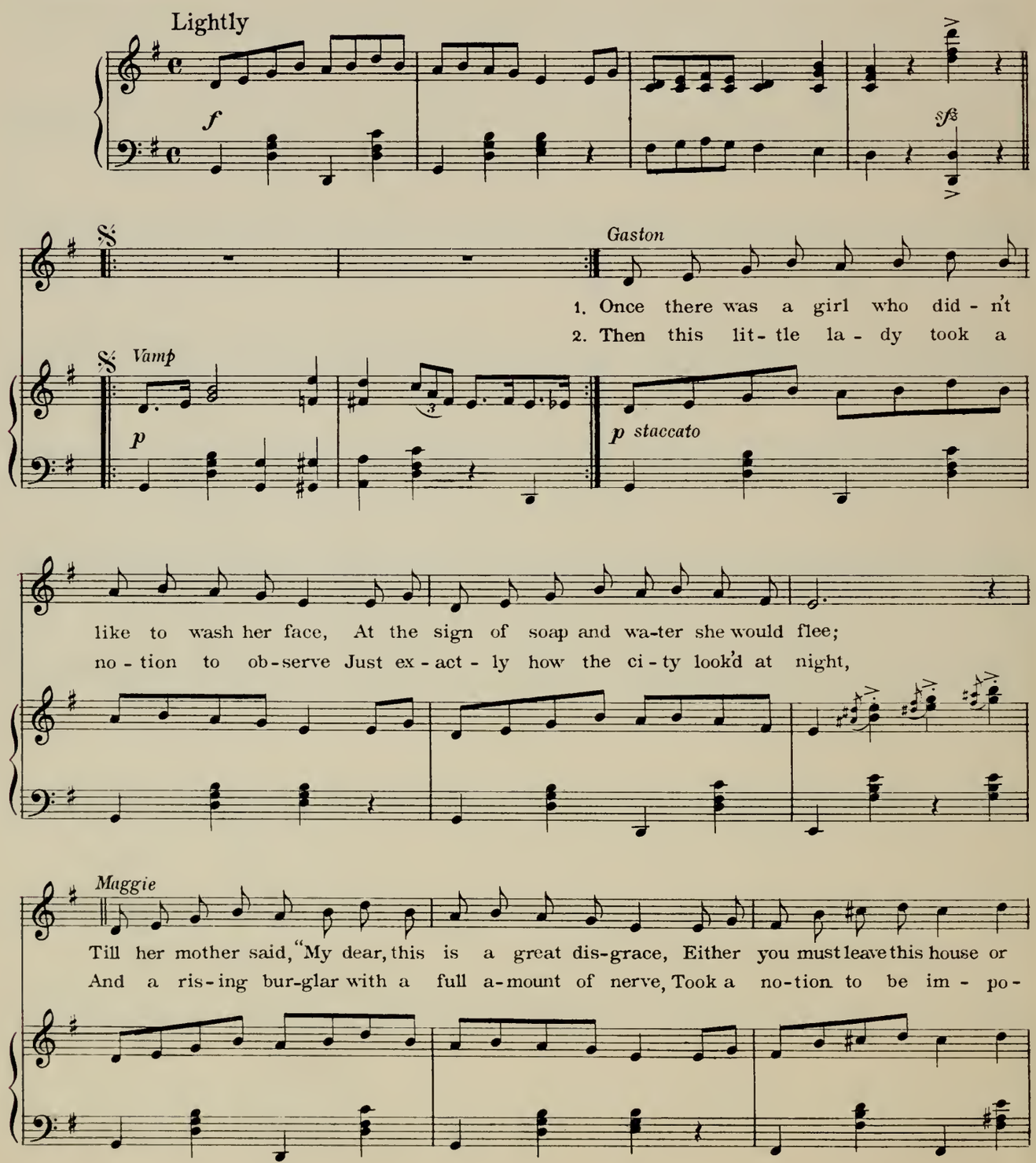

af - ter all's said and done, I'm sure, you're the on - ly one!.....
I'm sure, you're the on - ly one!.....
Moderato
If her type be dark or fair, I real - ly don't
If his type be dark or fair, I real - ly don't
ve - ry much care; That her eyes are blue or brown of
ve - ry much care; That his eyes are blue or brown of

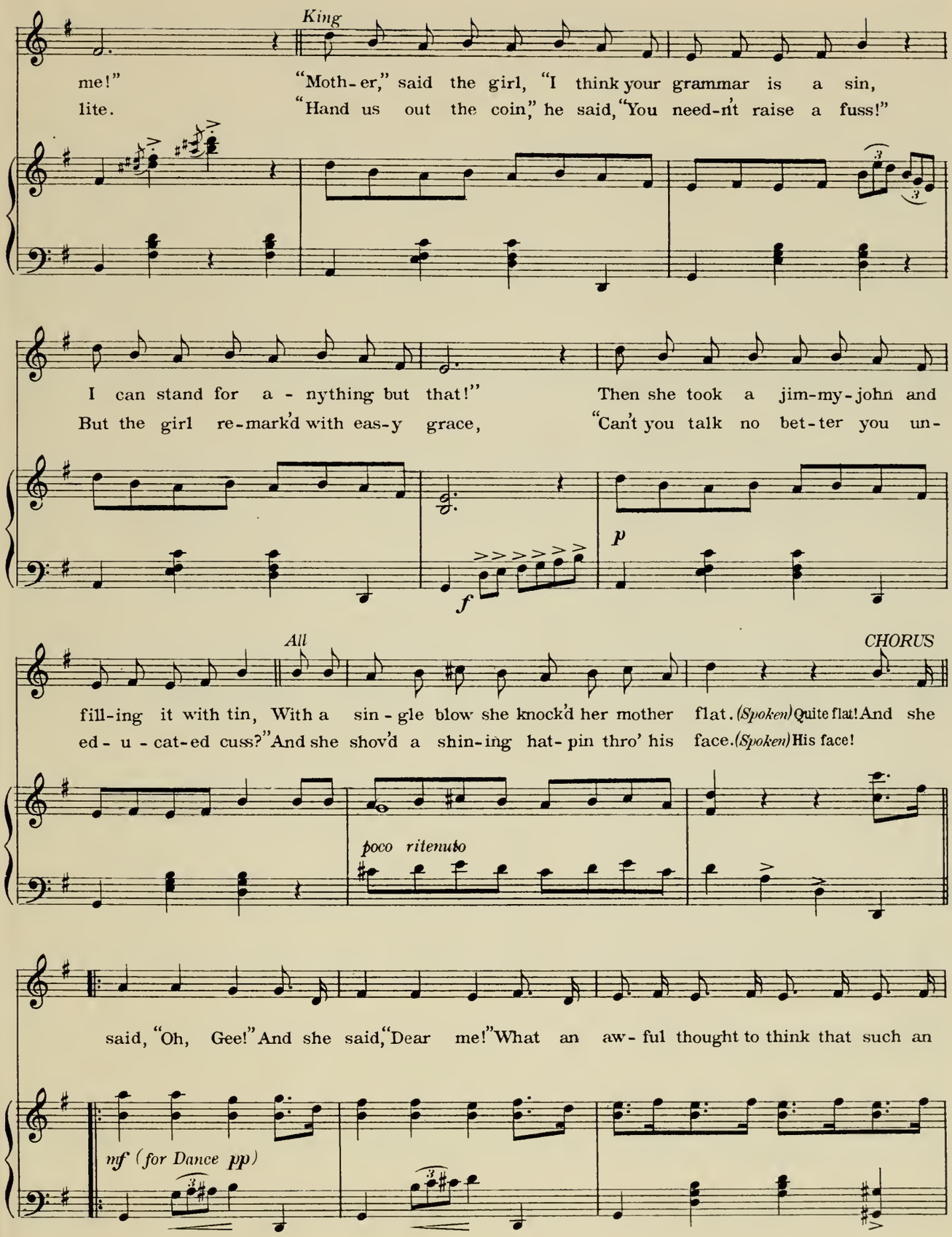

hue,..... Is neith - er here nor there; I have not the least con-
hue,..... Is neith - er here nor there; I have not the least con-
cern, If her thoughts be ma - ny or few;..... How - ev - er I
cern, If his thoughts be ma - ny or few;..... How - ev - er I
view it, There's noth - ing else to it But you, just you!.....
view it, There's noth - ing else to it But you, just you!.....

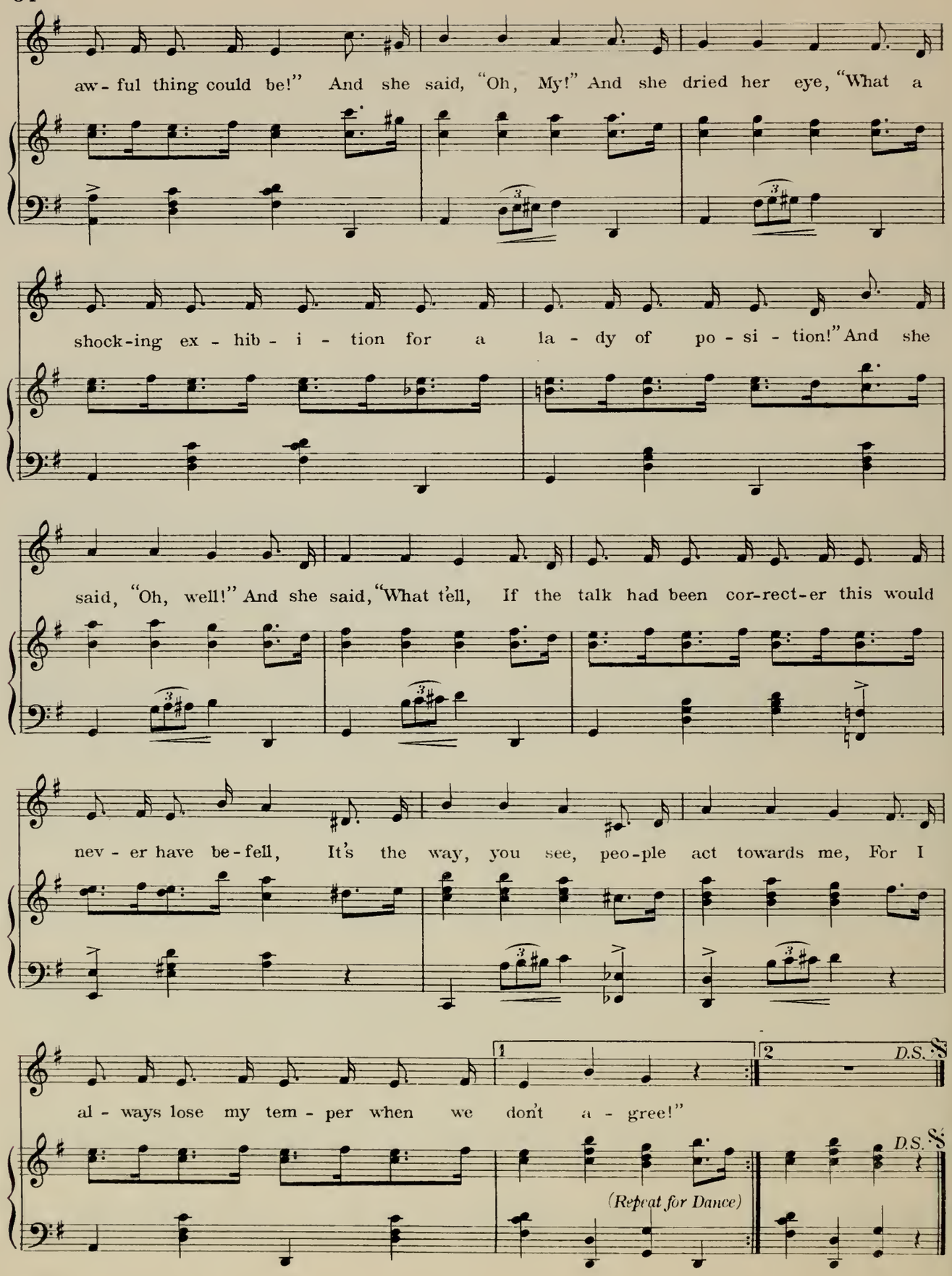
THE DISAGREEABLE GIRL

King, Maggie and Gaston.

Words and Music by EMIL BREITENFELD

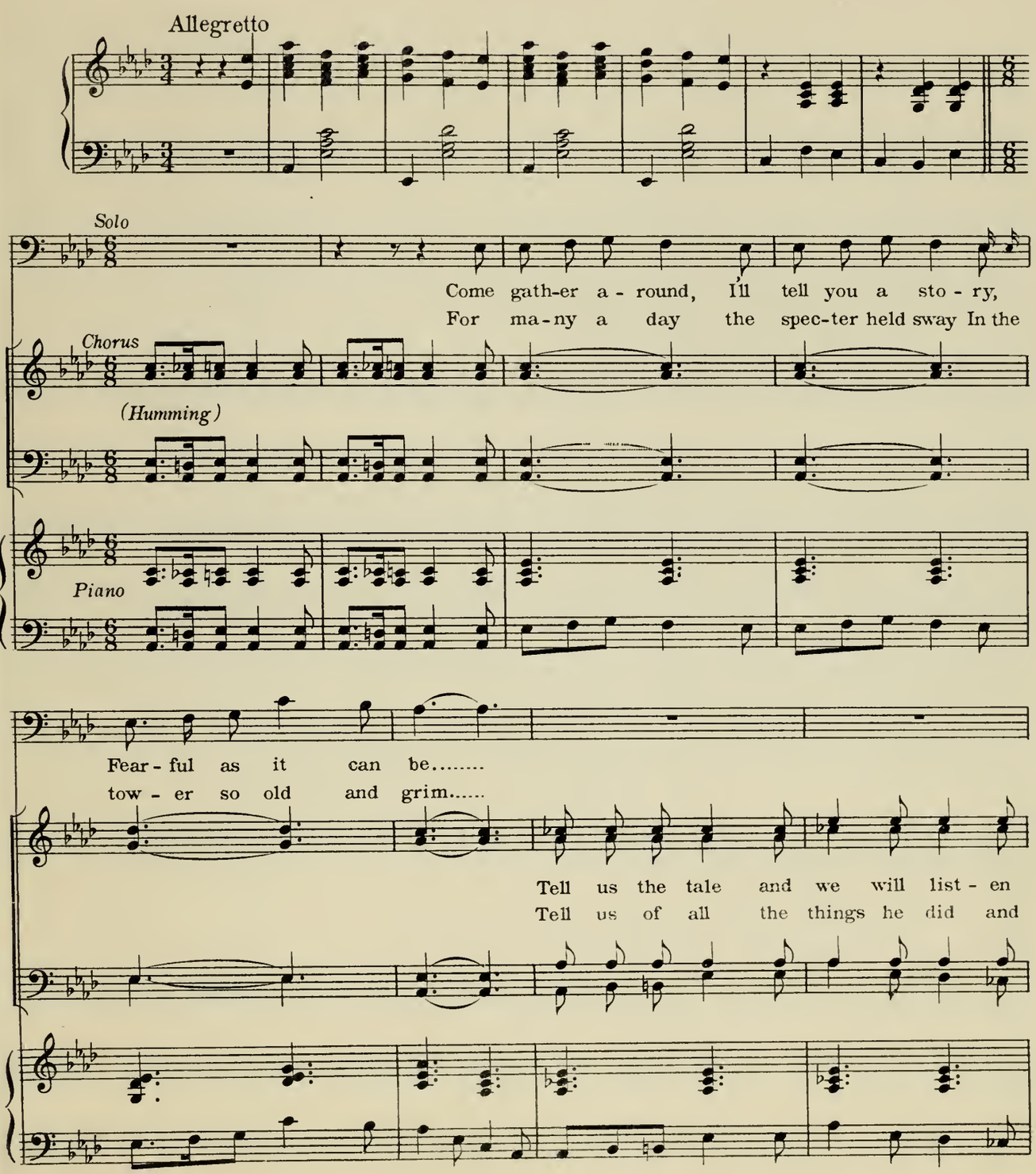

Lightly
f
sfz
Gaston
1. Once there was a girl who did - n't
2. Then this lit - tle la - dy took a
Vamp
p
p staccato
like to wash her face, At the sign of soap and wa-ter she would flee;
no - tion to ob-serve Just ex - act - ly how the ci - ty look'd at night,
Maggie
Till her mother said, "My dear, this is a great dis-grace, Either you must leave this house or
And a ris - ing bur-glar with a full a-mount of nerve, Took a no-tion to be im - po-

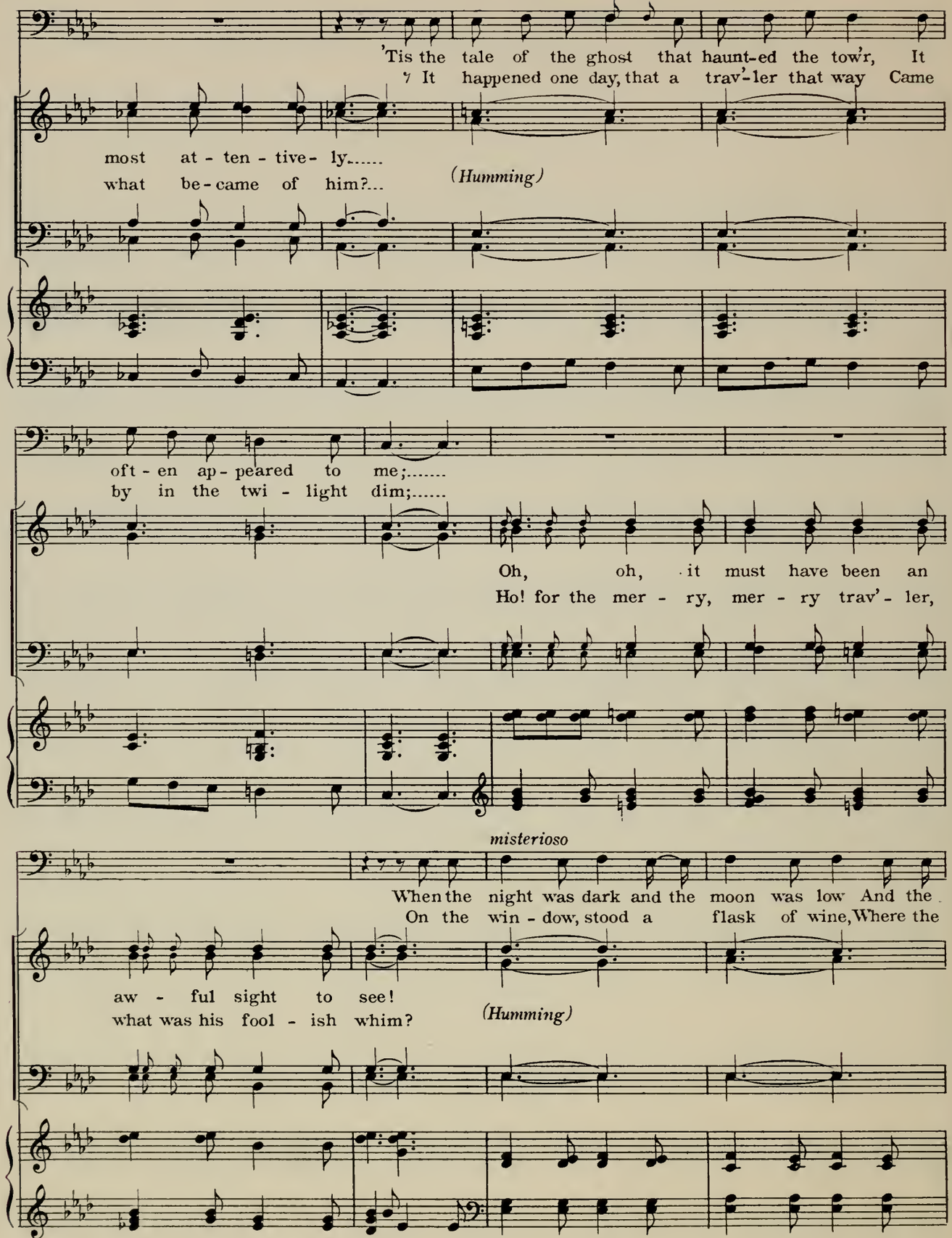

King
me!" "Moth-er," said the girl, "I think your grammar is a sin,
lite. "Hand us out the coin," he said, "You need-n't raise a fuss!"
I can stand for a-nything but that!" Then she took a jim-my-john and
But the girl re-mark'd with eas-y grace, "Can't you talk no bet-ter you un-
f
p
All
CHORUS
fill-ing it with tin, With a sin-gle blow she knock'd her mother flat. (Spoken) Quite flat! And she
ed-u-cat-ed cuss?" And she shov'd a shin-ing hat-pin thro' his face. (Spoken) His face!
poco ritenuto
said, "Oh, Gee!" And she said, "Dear me!" What an aw-ful thought to think that such an
mf (for Dance pp)

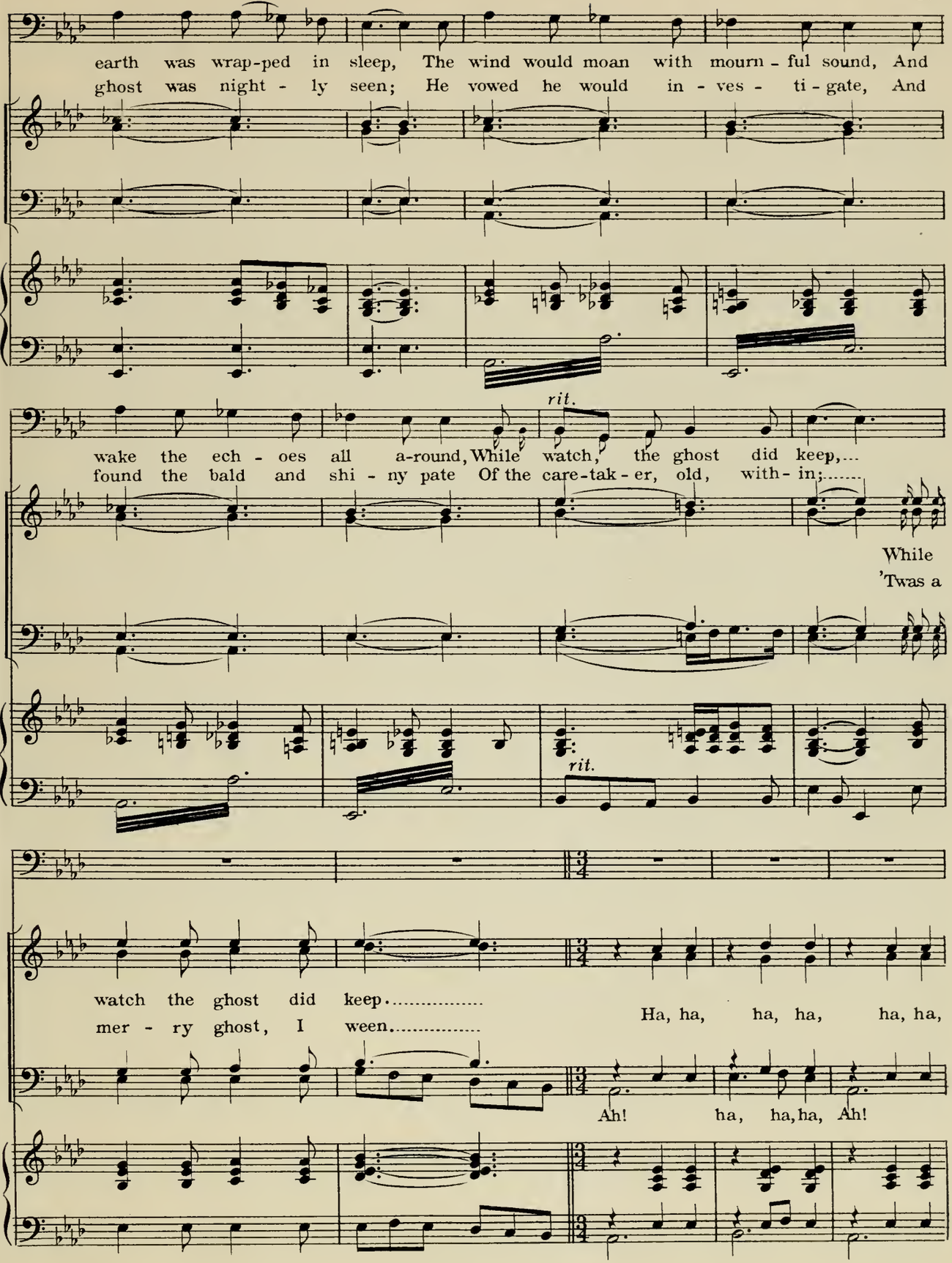

aw - ful thing could be!" And she said, "Oh, My!" And she dried her eye, "What a
shock-ing ex - hib - i - tion for a la - dy of po - si - tion!" And she
said, "Oh, well!" And she said, "What t'ell, If the talk had been cor-rect-er this would
nev - er have be-fell, It's the way, you see, peo-ple act towards me, For I
al - ways lose my tem - per when we don't a - gree!"
1
2
D.S.
(Repeat for Dance)

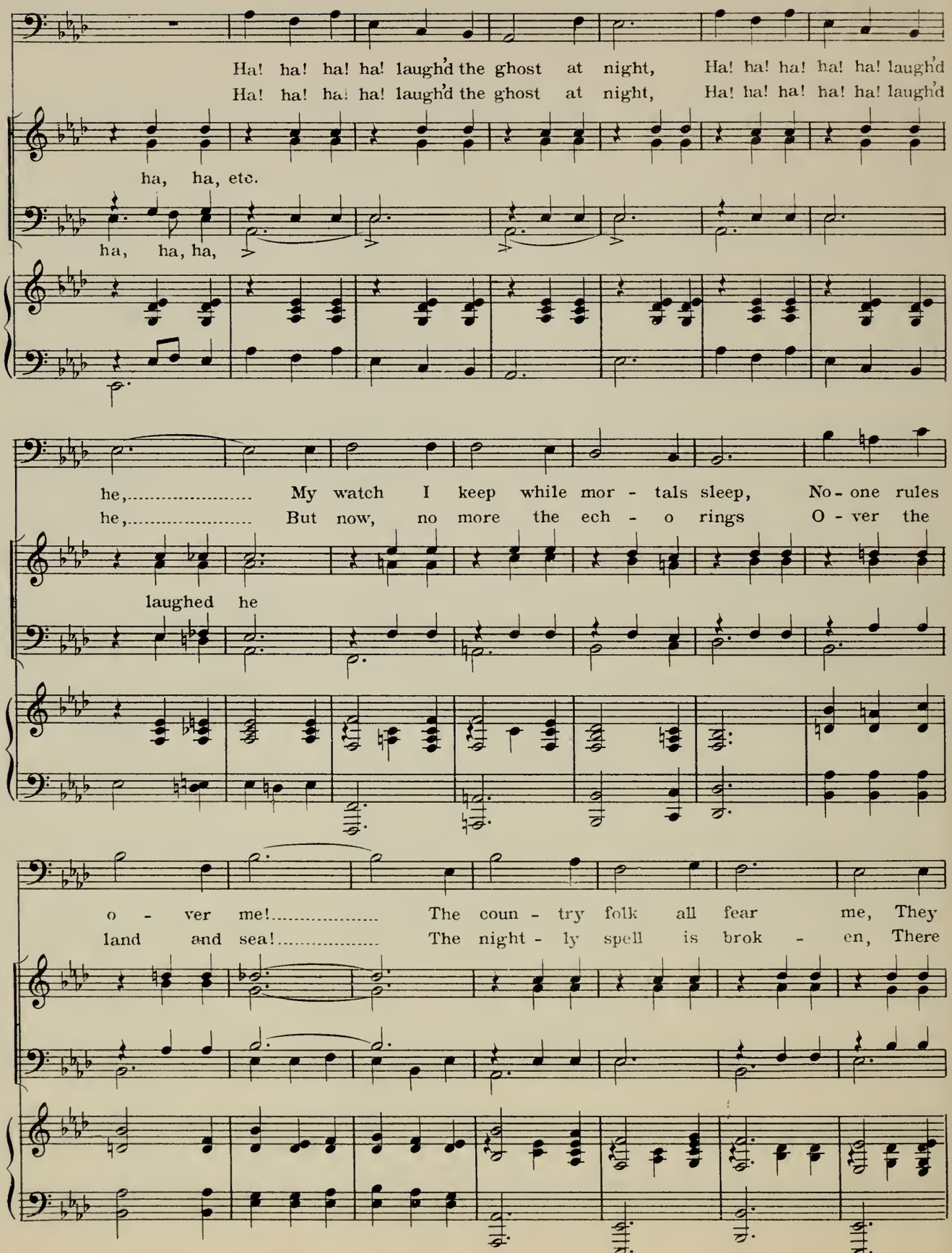
THE LEGEND OF THE TOWER

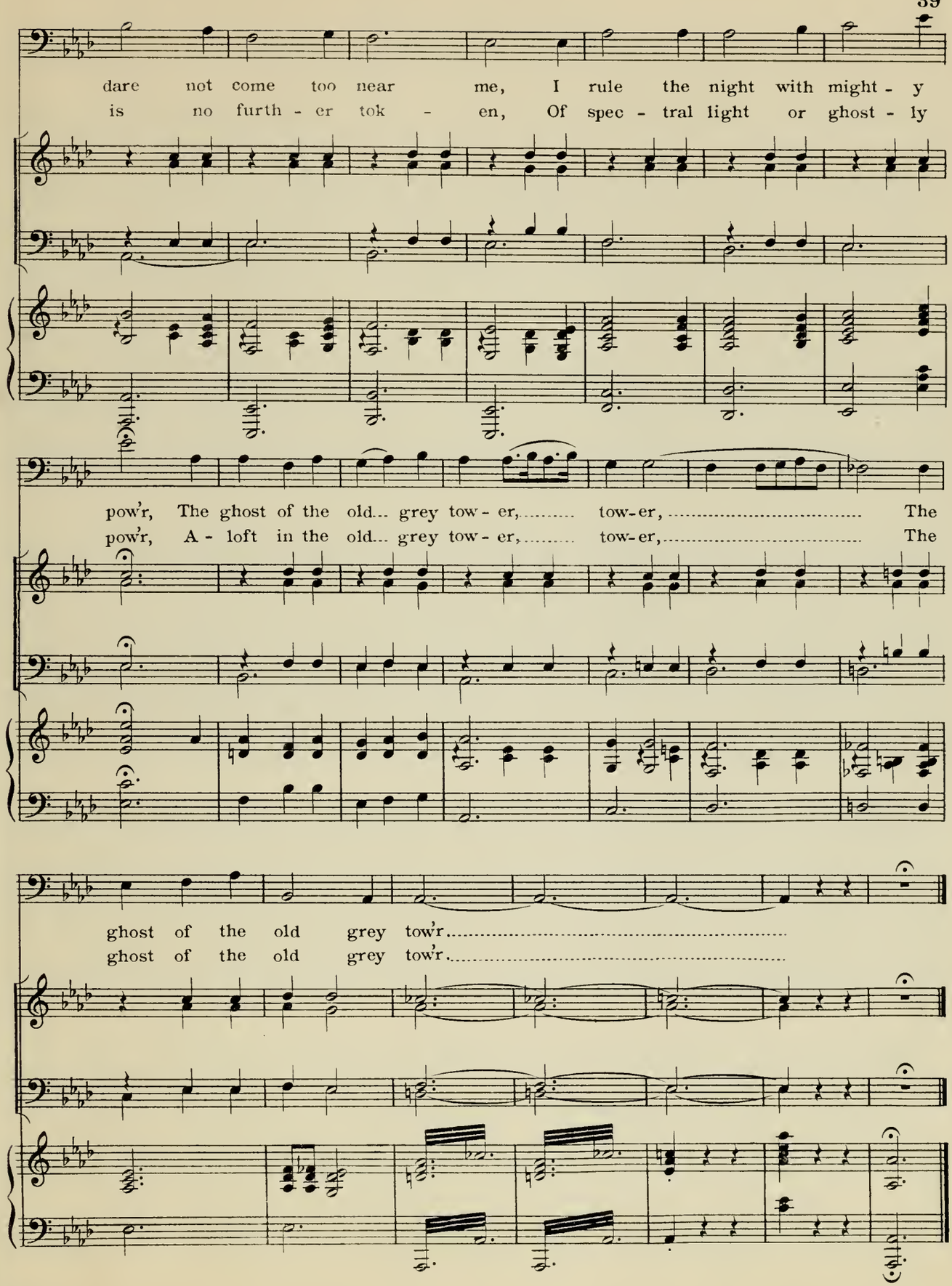
Words and Music by WALTER KELLEY


Allegretto
Solo
Come gath-er a - round, I'll tell you a sto - ry,
For ma-ny a day the spec-ter held sway In the
Chorus
(Humming)
Piano
Fear - ful as it can be.....
tow - er so old and grim.....
Tell us the tale and we will list - en
Tell us of all the things he did and


'Tis the tale of the ghost that haunt-ed the tow'r, It
It happened one day, that a trav'-ler that way Came
most at - ten - tive- ly.....
what be-came of him?...
(Humming)
oft - en ap- peared to me;.....
by in the twi - light dim;.....
Oh, oh, it must have been an
Ho! for the mer - ry, mer - ry trav'- ler,
misterioso
When the night was dark and the moon was low And the
On the win - dow, stood a flask of wine, Where the
aw - ful sight to see!
what was his fool - ish whim?
(Humming)

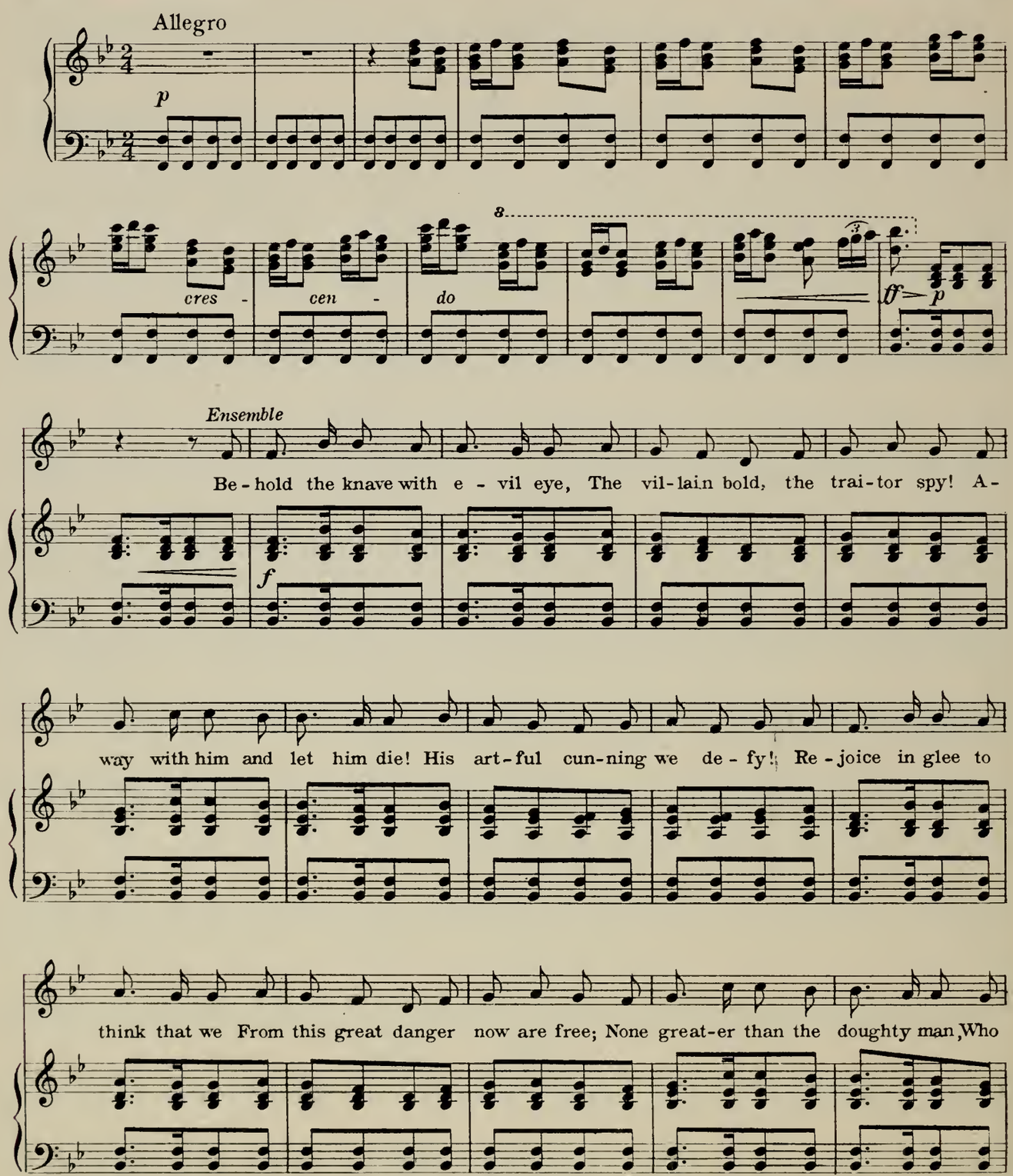

earth was wrap-ped in sleep, The wind would moan with mourn - ful sound, And
ghost was night - ly seen; He vowed he would in - ves - ti - gate, And
rit.
wake the ech - oes all a-round, While watch, the ghost did keep,...
found the bald and shi - ny pate Of the care-tak - er, old, with - in;.....
While
'Twas a
rit.
watch the ghost did keep.....
mer - ry ghost, I ween.....
Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha,
Ah! ha, ha, ha, Ah!


Ha! ha! ha! ha! laugh'd the ghost at night, Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! laugh'd
Ha! ha! ha! ha! laugh'd the ghost at night, Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! laugh'd
ha, ha, etc.
ha, ha, ha,
he,..... My watch I keep while mor - tals sleep, No - one rules
he,..... But now, no more the ech - o rings O - ver the
laughed he
o - ver me!..... The coun - try folk all fear me, They
land and sea!..... The night - ly spell is brok - en, There


dare not come too near me, I rule the night with might - y
is no furth - er tok - en, Of spec - tral light or ghost - ly
pow'r, The ghost of the old... grey tow - er,..... tow-er, ... The
pow'r, A - loft in the old... grey tow - er,..... tow-er,..... The
ghost of the old grey tow'r.....
ghost of the old grey tow'r.....

FINALE.–Act I.

Words and Music by EMIL BREITENFELD


Allegro
p
cres - cen - do
ff
p
Ensemble
Be - hold the knave with e - vil eye, The vil - lain bold, the trai - tor spy! A -
f
way with him and let him die! His art - ful cun - ning we de - fy! Re - joice in glee to
think that we From this great danger now are free; None great - er than the doughty man, Who

King

Now, I wish you'd let me say a word To prove you are mis-

caused this thing to be.—

p

tak - en.

I

Chorus

Your case you know has all been heard, There's noth-ing gained by fak-in'.

swear that I am in - no - cent!

Will no one here this

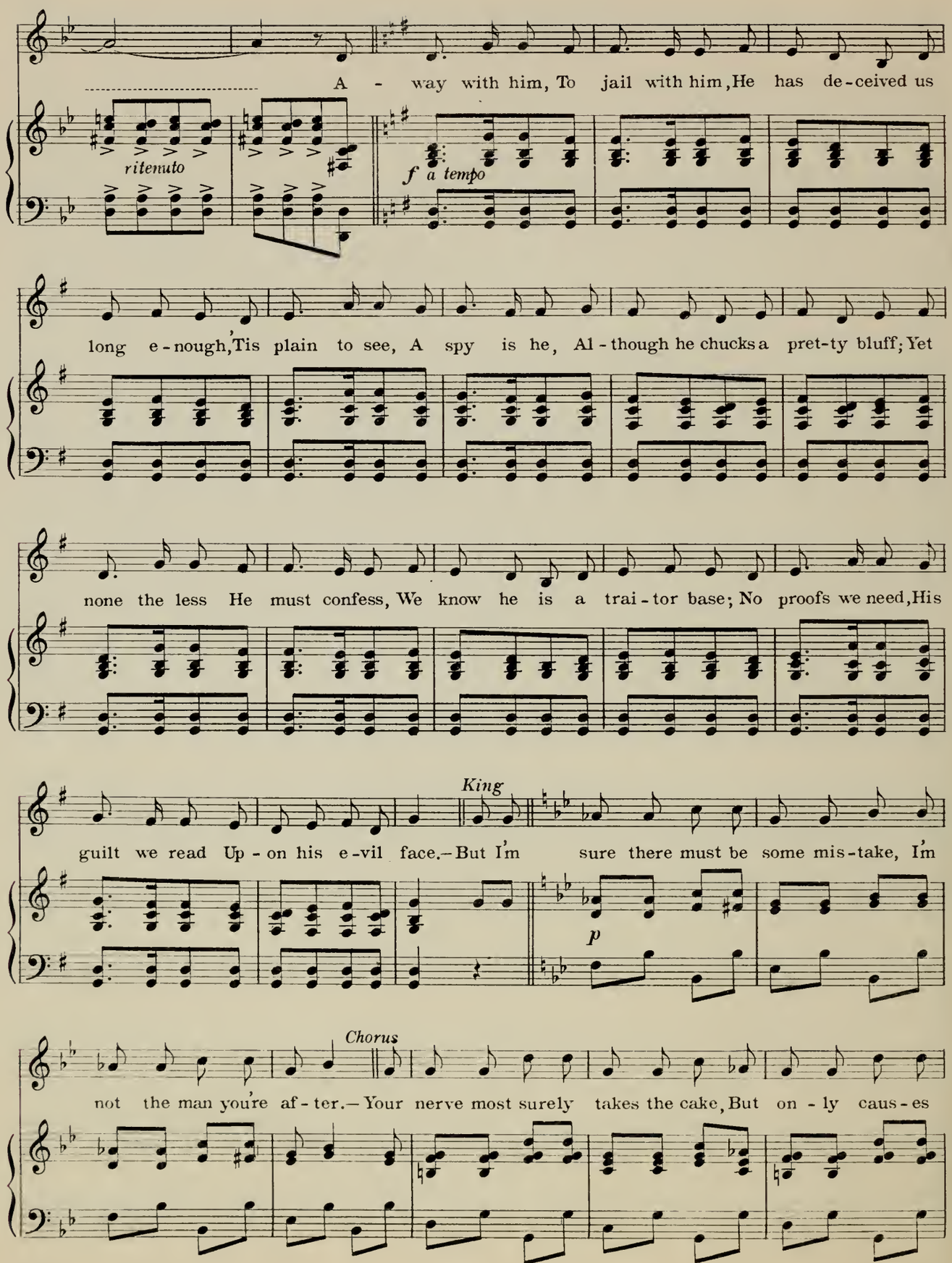
He swears that he is in - no - cent!

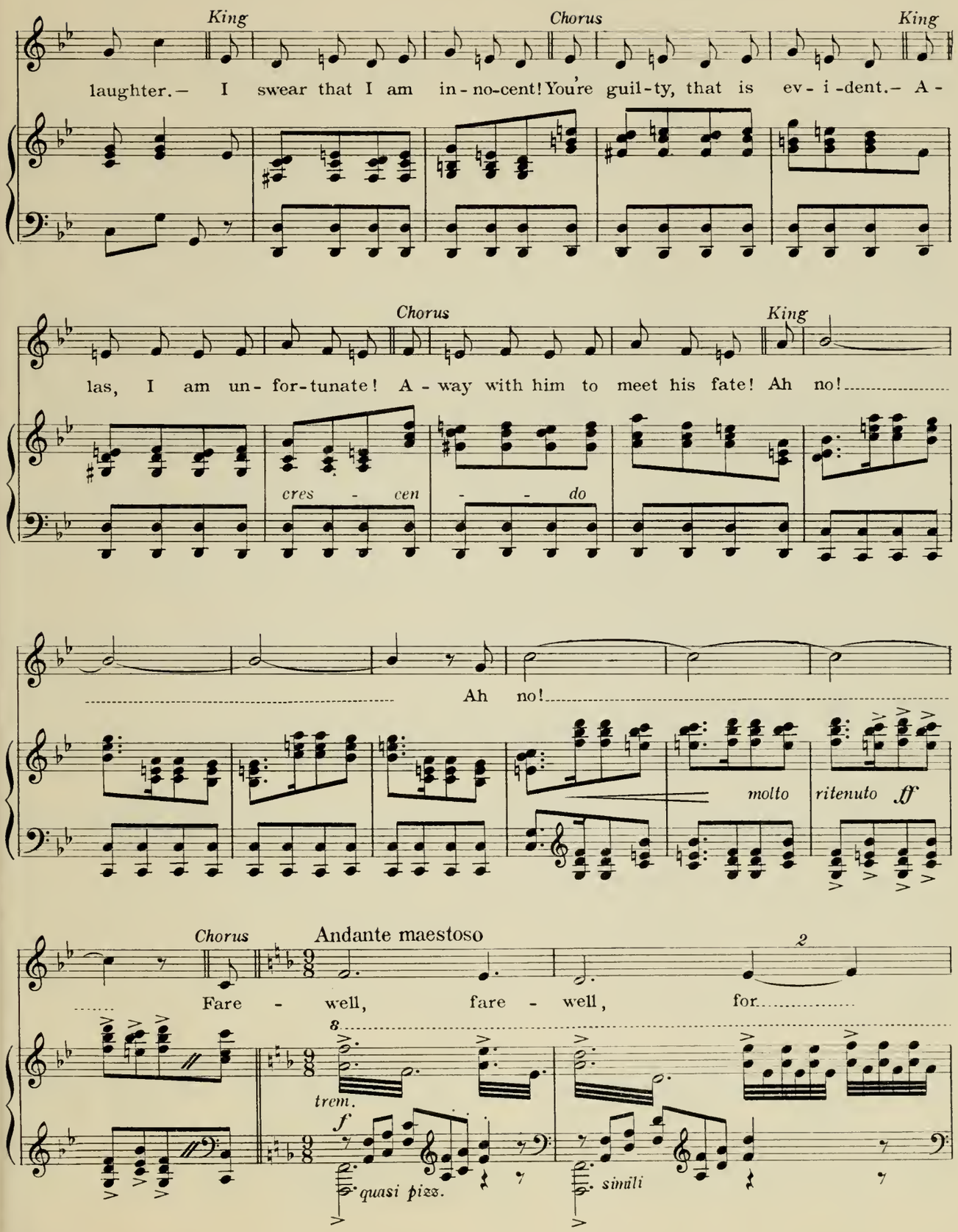
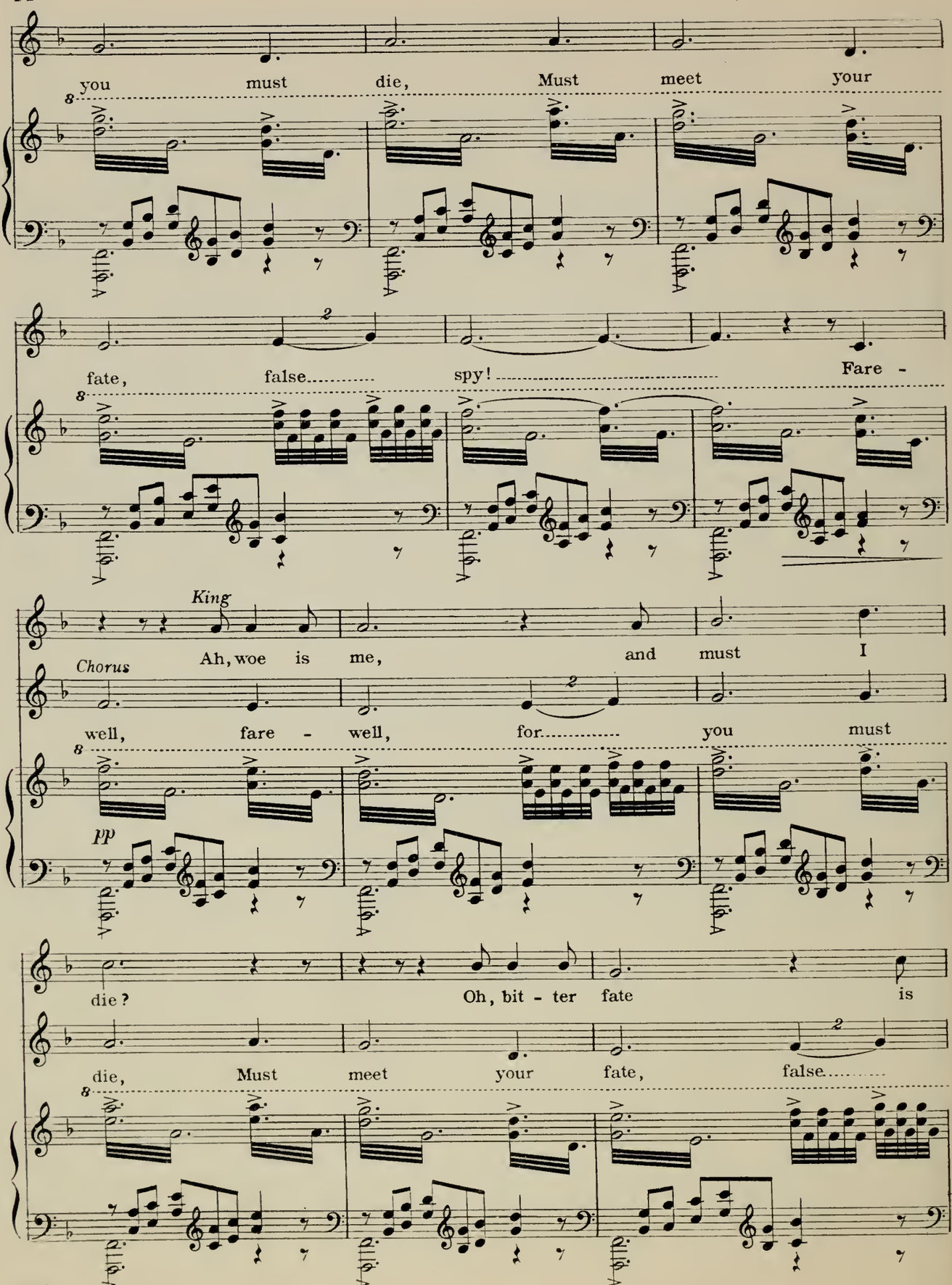
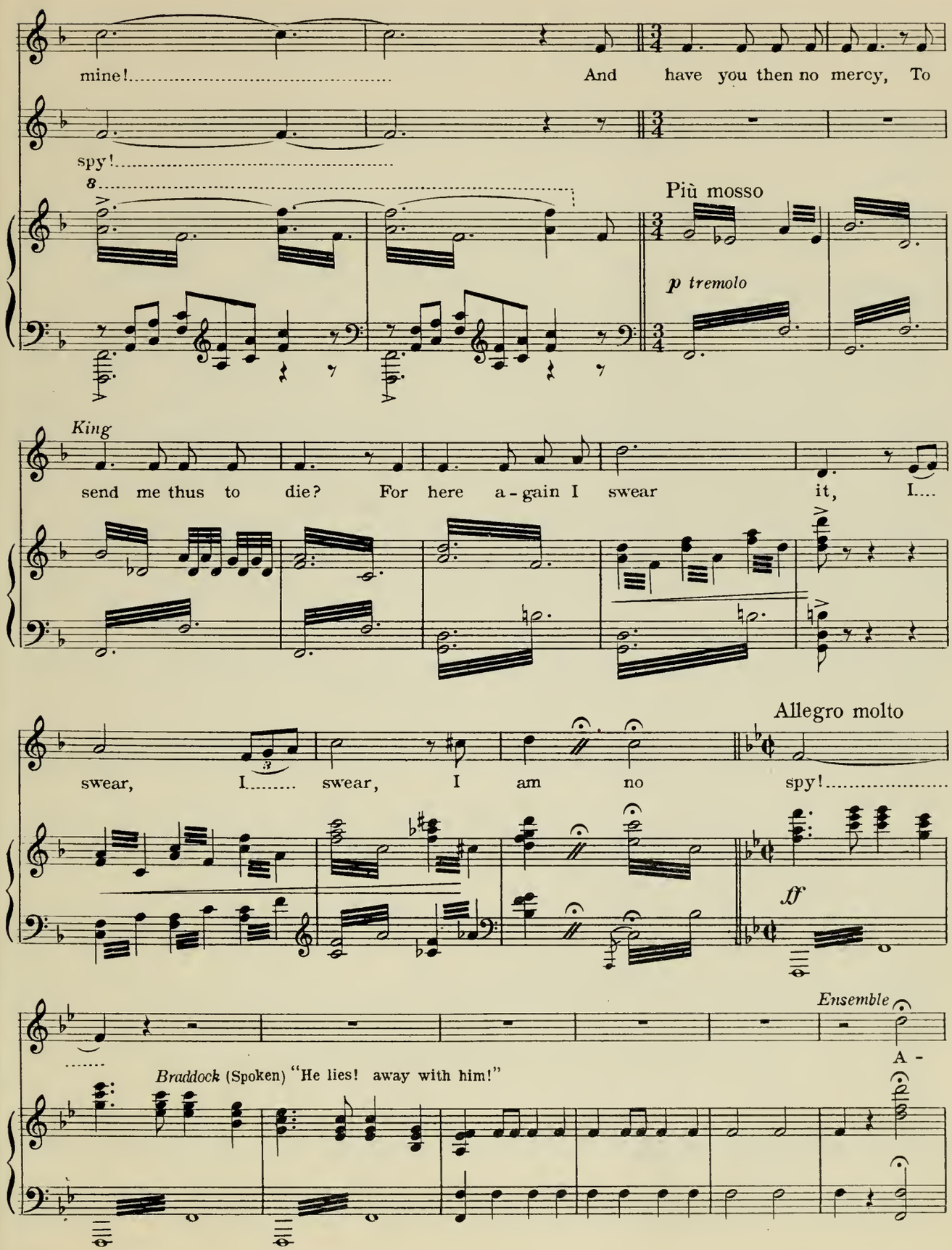
cresc.

wrong pre - vent?

Oh, no, for you're a fox - y gent, We know!

f

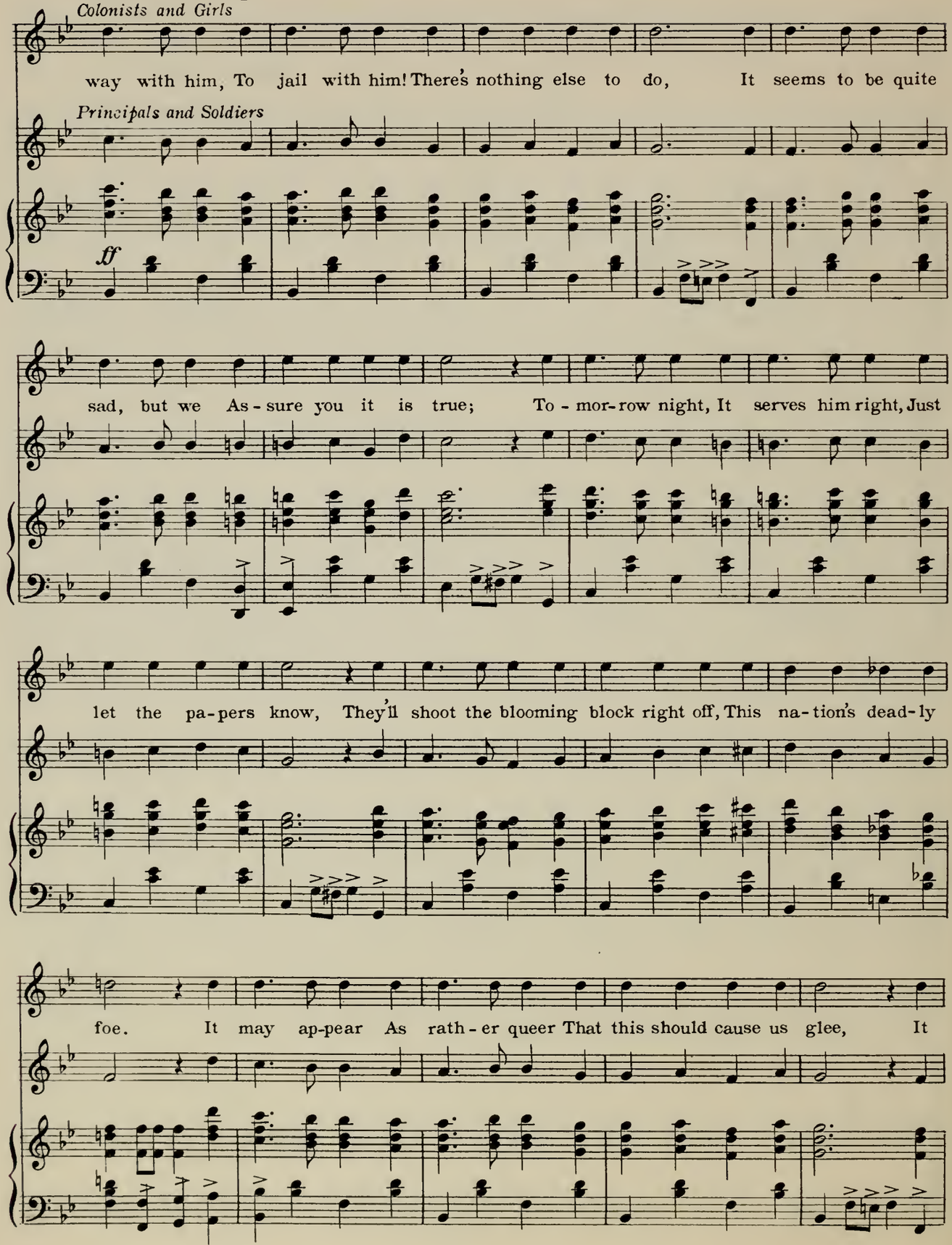

A - way with him, To jail with him, He has de-ceived us
ritenuto
f a tempo
long e-nough, 'Tis plain to see, A spy is he, Al-though he chucks a pret-ty bluff; Yet
none the less He must confess, We know he is a trai-tor base; No proofs we need, His
King
guilt we read Up-on his e-vil face.— But I'm sure there must be some mis-take, I'm
p
Chorus
not the man you're af-ter.— Your nerve most surely takes the cake, But on-ly caus-es

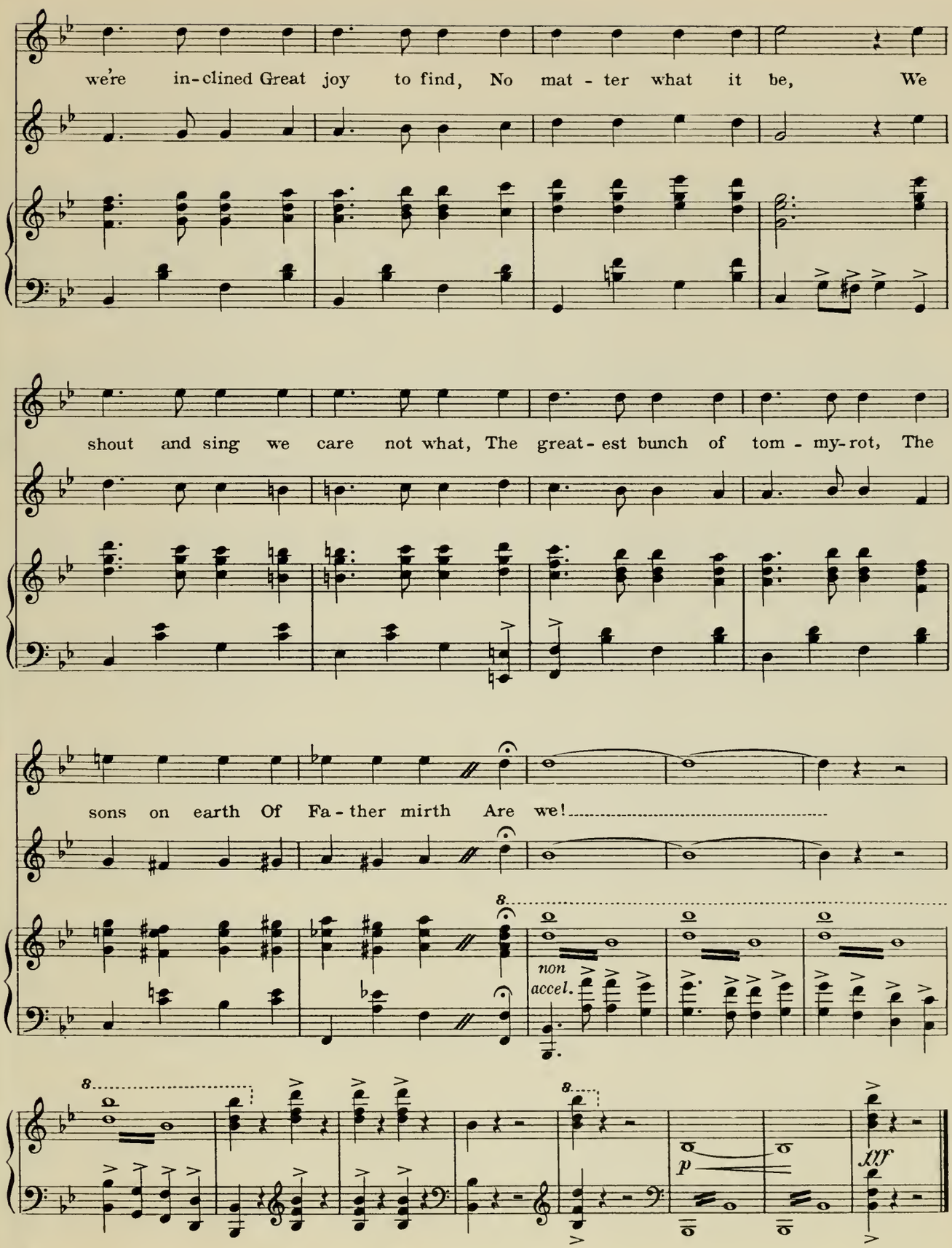

King
Chorus
King
laughter.— I swear that I am in-no-cent! You're guil-ty, that is ev-i-dent.— A-
Chorus
King
las, I am un-for-tunate! A-way with him to meet his fate! Ah no!
cres - cen - do
Ah no!
molto ritenuto ff
Chorus
Andante maestoso
Fare - well, fare - well, for
2
8
trem.
f
quasi pizz.
simili

you must die, Must meet your
fate, false..... spy! ..... Fare -
King
Ah, woe is me, and must I
Chorus
well, fare - well, for..... you must
pp
die?
Oh, bit - ter fate is
die, Must meet your fate, false.....

mine! And have you then no mercy, To
spy!
8
Più mosso
p tremolo
King
send me thus to die? For here a-gain I swear it, I....
swear, I..... swear, I am no spy!.....
Allegro molto
ff
Ensemble
A-
Braddock (Spoken) "He lies! away with him!"

46

Brisk march tempo

Colonists and Girls

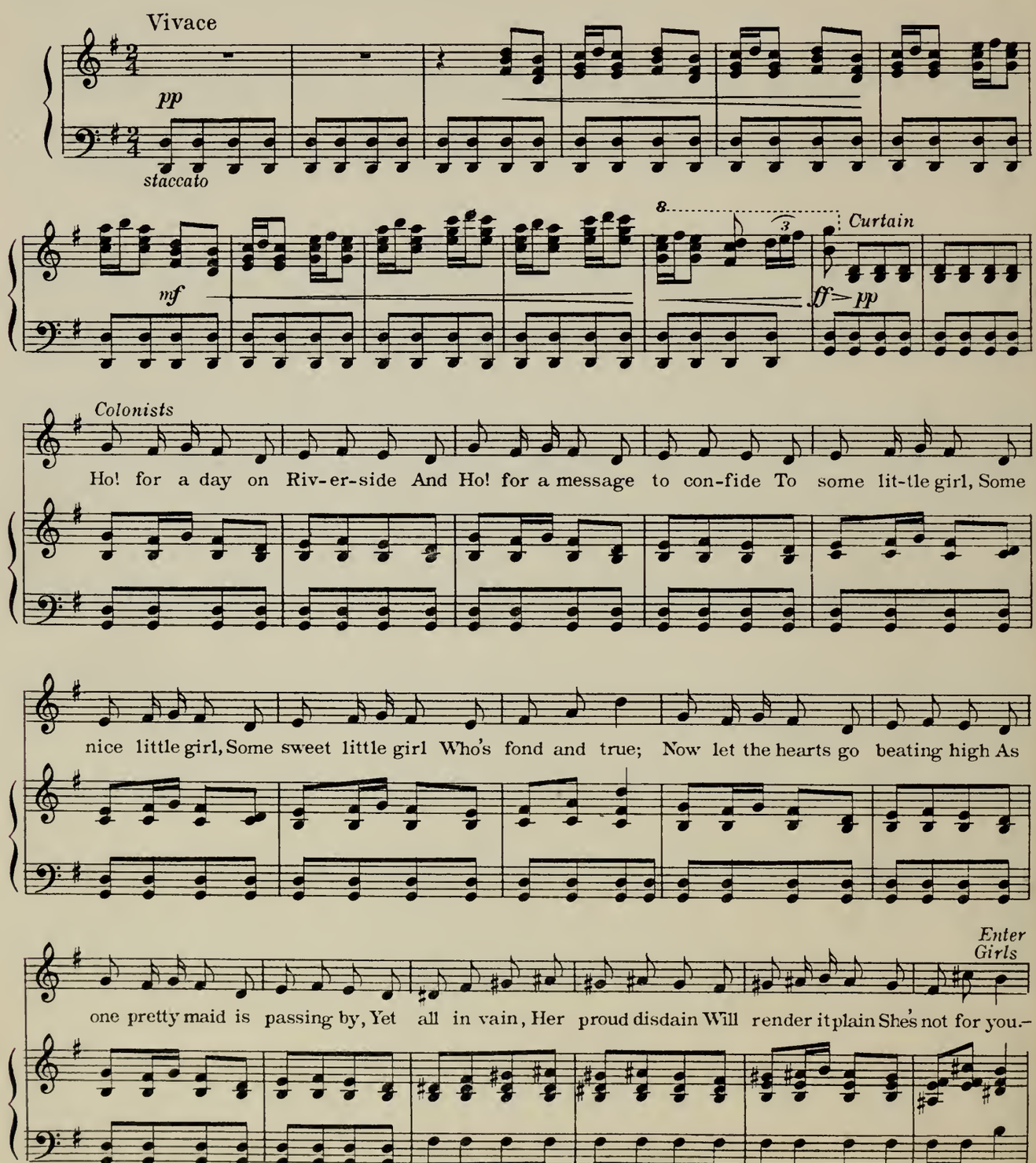

way with him, To jail with him! There's nothing else to do, It seems to be quite
Principals and Soldiers
ff
sad, but we As-sure you it is true; To-mor-row night, It serves him right, Just
let the pa-pers know, They'll shoot the blooming block right off, This na-tion's dead-ly
foe. It may ap-pear As rath-er queer That this should cause us glee, It

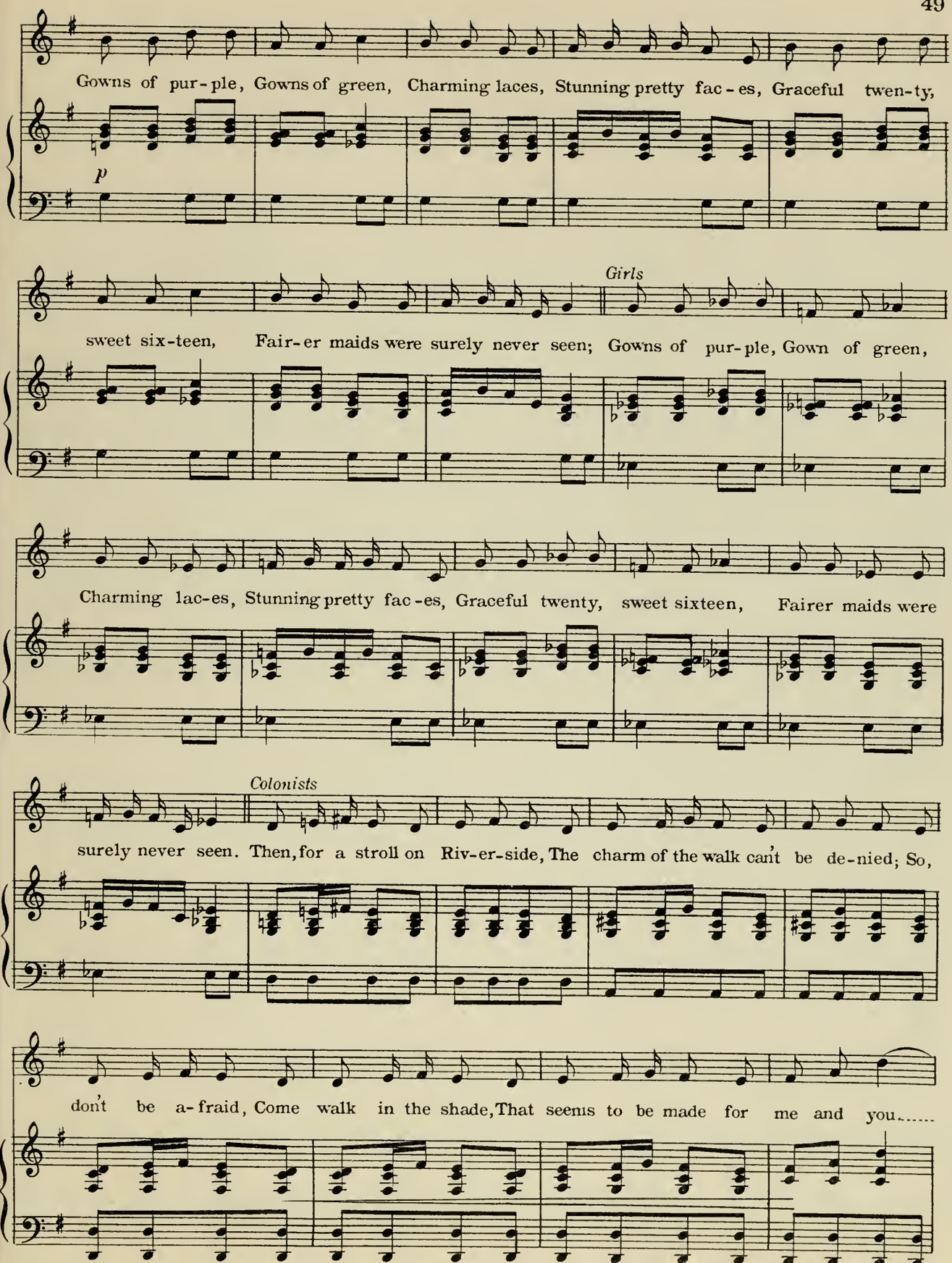

we're in-clined Great joy to find, No mat - ter what it be, We
shout and sing we care not what, The great - est bunch of tom - my-rot, The
sons on earth Of Fa - ther mirth Are we!
8
non accel.
8
8
p
fff

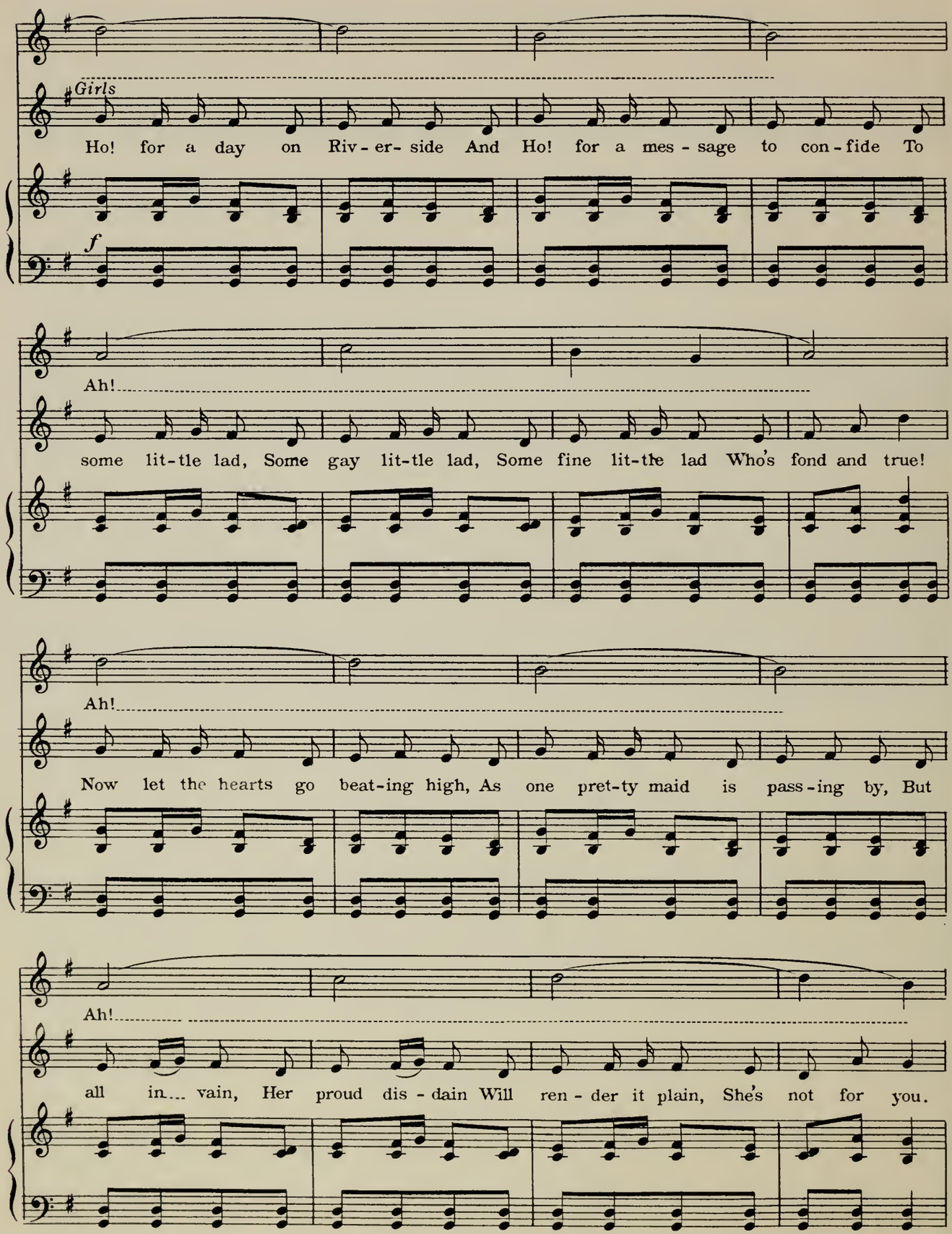
Act II.

OPENING CHORUS

Words and Music by EMIL BREITENFELD.


Vivace
pp
staccato
mf
8
3
Curtain
ff > pp
Colonists
Ho! for a day on Riv-er-side And Ho! for a message to con-fide To some lit-tle girl, Some
nice little girl, Some sweet little girl Who's fond and true; Now let the hearts go beating high As
Enter Girls
one pretty maid is passing by, Yet all in vain, Her proud disdain Will render it plain She's not for you.-


Gowns of pur-ple, Gowns of green, Charming laces, Stunning pretty fac-es, Graceful twen-ty,
p
Girls
sweet six-teen, Fair-er maids were surely never seen; Gowns of pur-ple, Gown of green,
Charming lac-es, Stunning pretty fac-es, Graceful twenty, sweet sixteen, Fairer maids were
Colonists
surely never seen. Then, for a stroll on Riv-er-side, The charm of the walk can't be de-nied; So,
don't be a-fraid, Come walk in the shade, That seems to be made for me and you.....


Girls
Ho! for a day on Riv - er- side And Ho! for a mes - sage to con - fide To
f
Ah!
some lit - tle lad, Some gay lit-tle lad, Some fine lit-tle lad Who's fond and true!
Ah!
Now let the hearts go beat-ing high, As one pret-ty maid is pass-ing by, But
Ah!
all in... vain, Her proud dis - dain Will ren - der it plain, She's not for you.

Entrance of Soldiers

Tempo di Marcia

ff

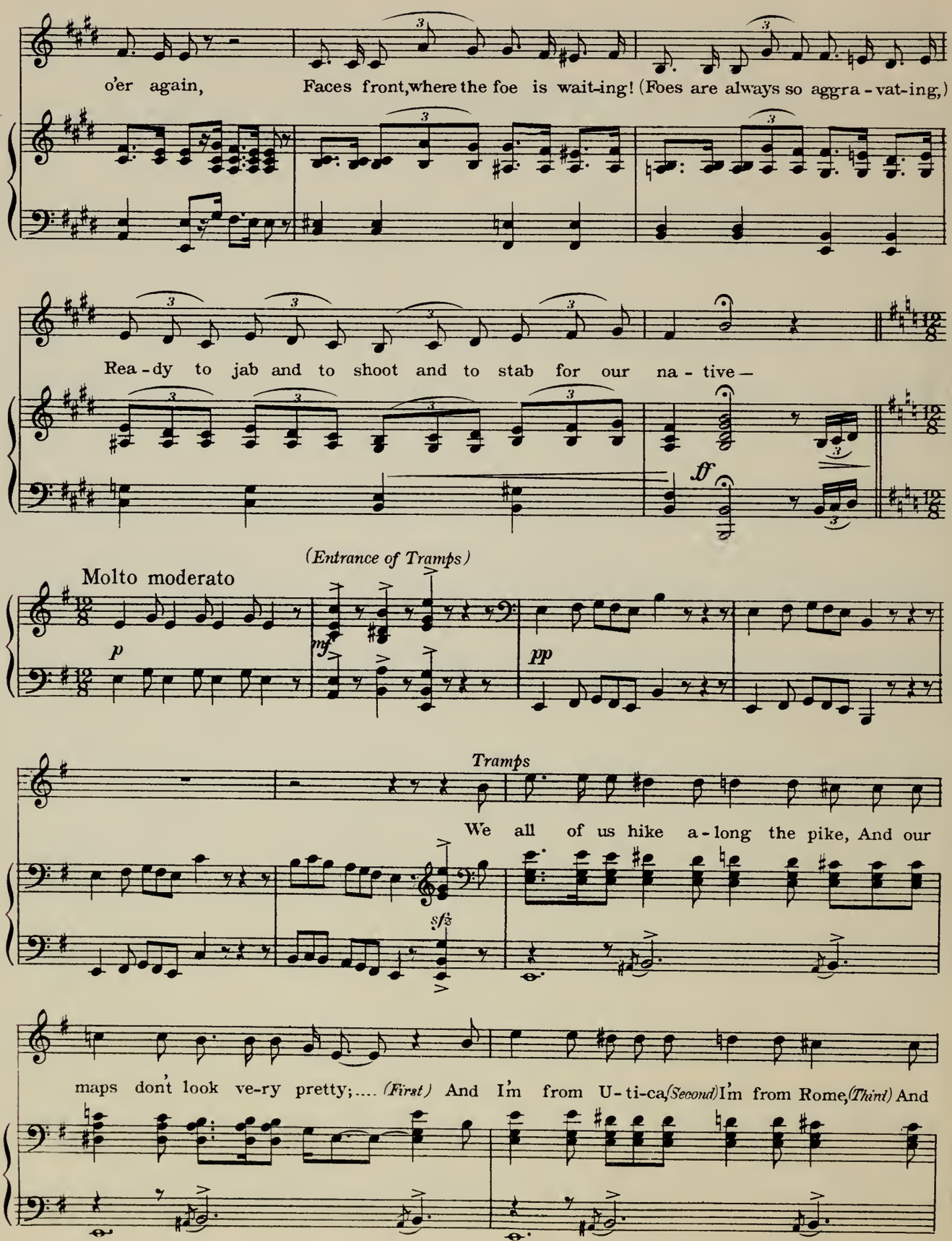
Soldiers

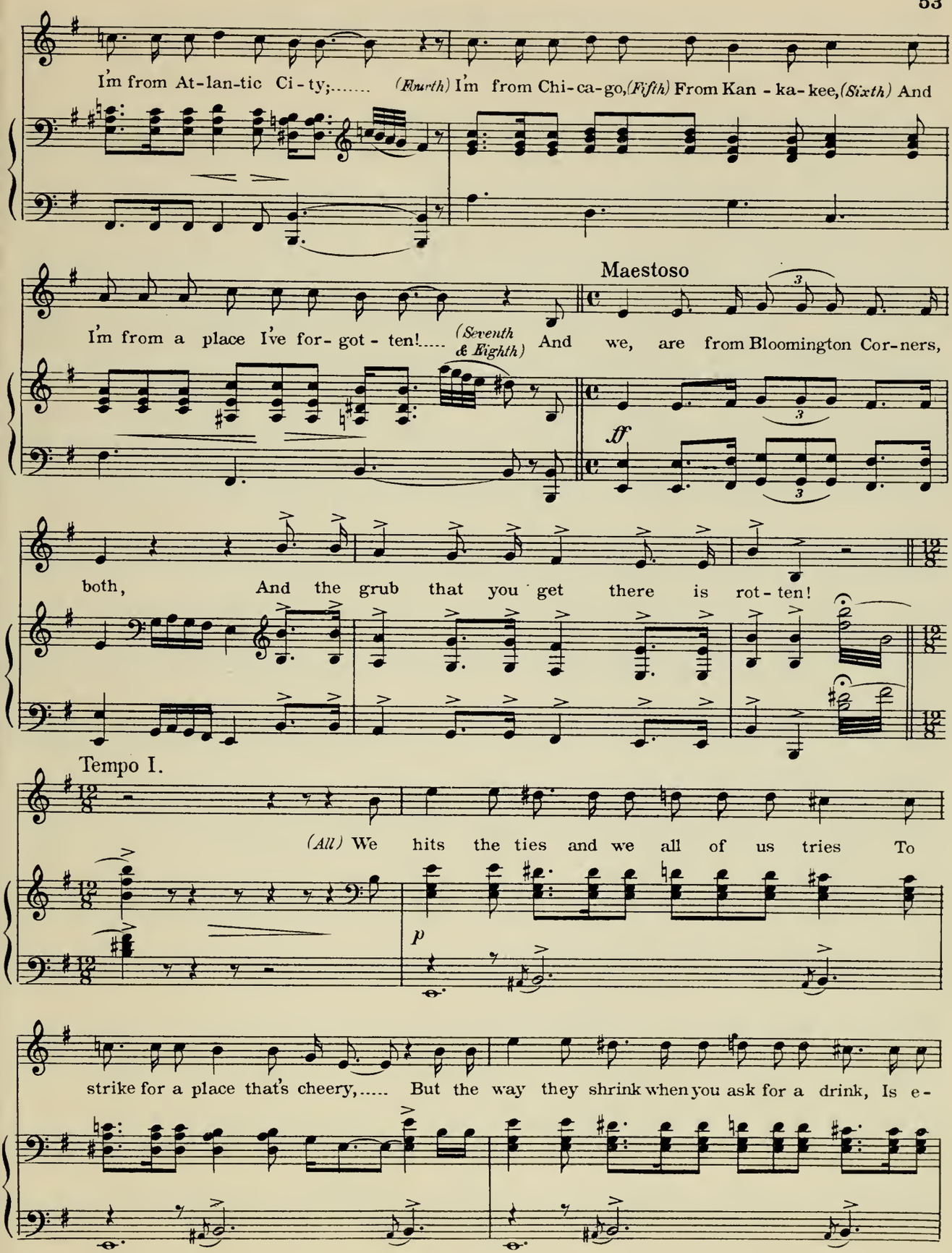
Here we come in a mar-tial line, the stur-dy sons of war, It's

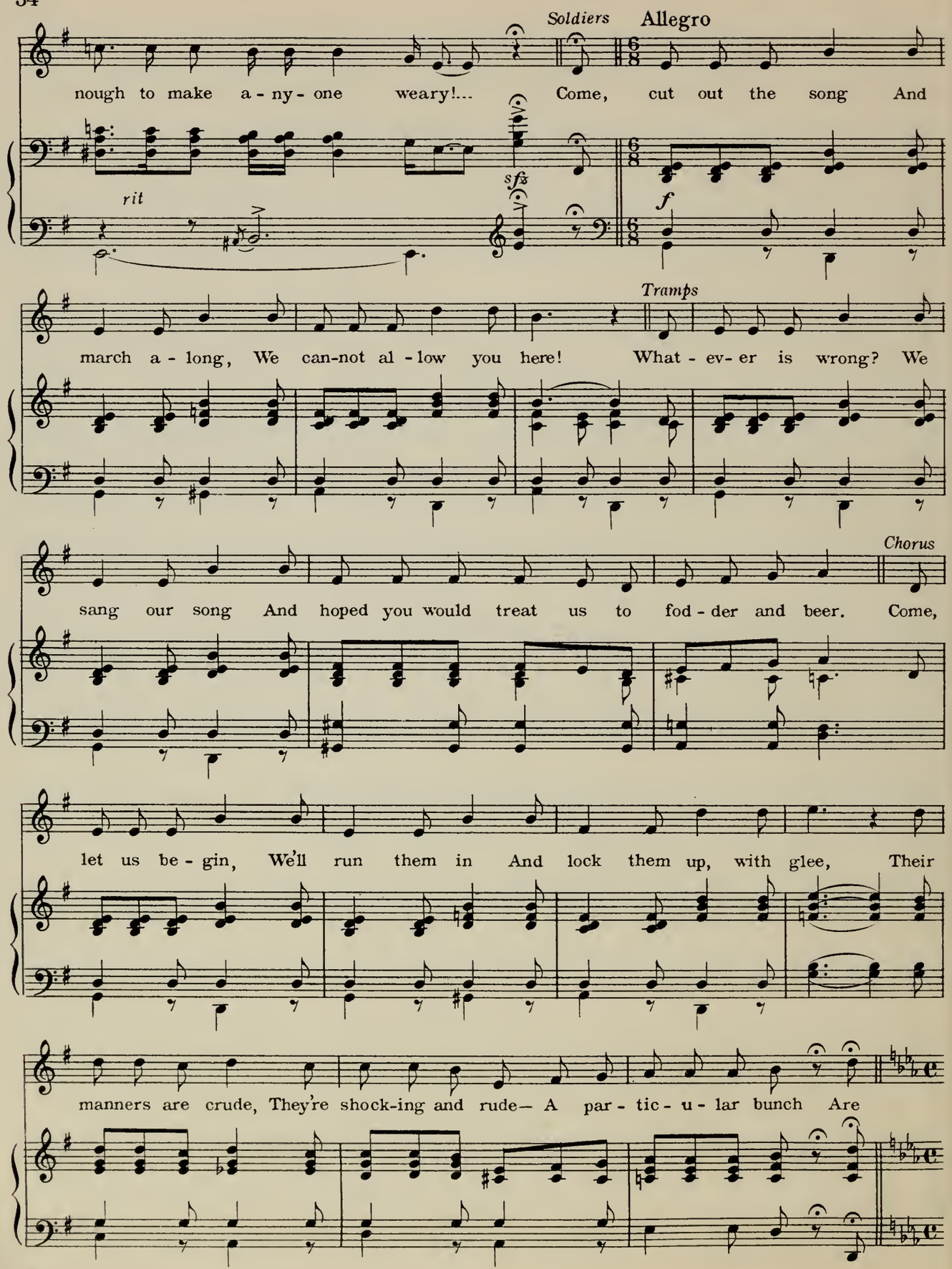
al-ways done the selfsame way wher-e'er you go; Gai-ly singing a cheerful tune you

know you've heard before, You may re-call the name perhaps, be-fore you go;

Always ready (You may have guess'd) As now, to do or die! A thing that's been repeated o'er and


o'er again, Faces front, where the foe is wait-ing! (Foes are always so aggra-vat-ing,)
Rea-dy to jab and to shoot and to stab for our na-tive—
ff
(Entrance of Tramps)
Molto moderato
p
mf
pp
Tramps
We all of us hike a-long the pike, And our
sfz
maps don't look ve-ry pretty;.... (First) And I'm from U-ti-ca, (Second) I'm from Rome, (Third) And

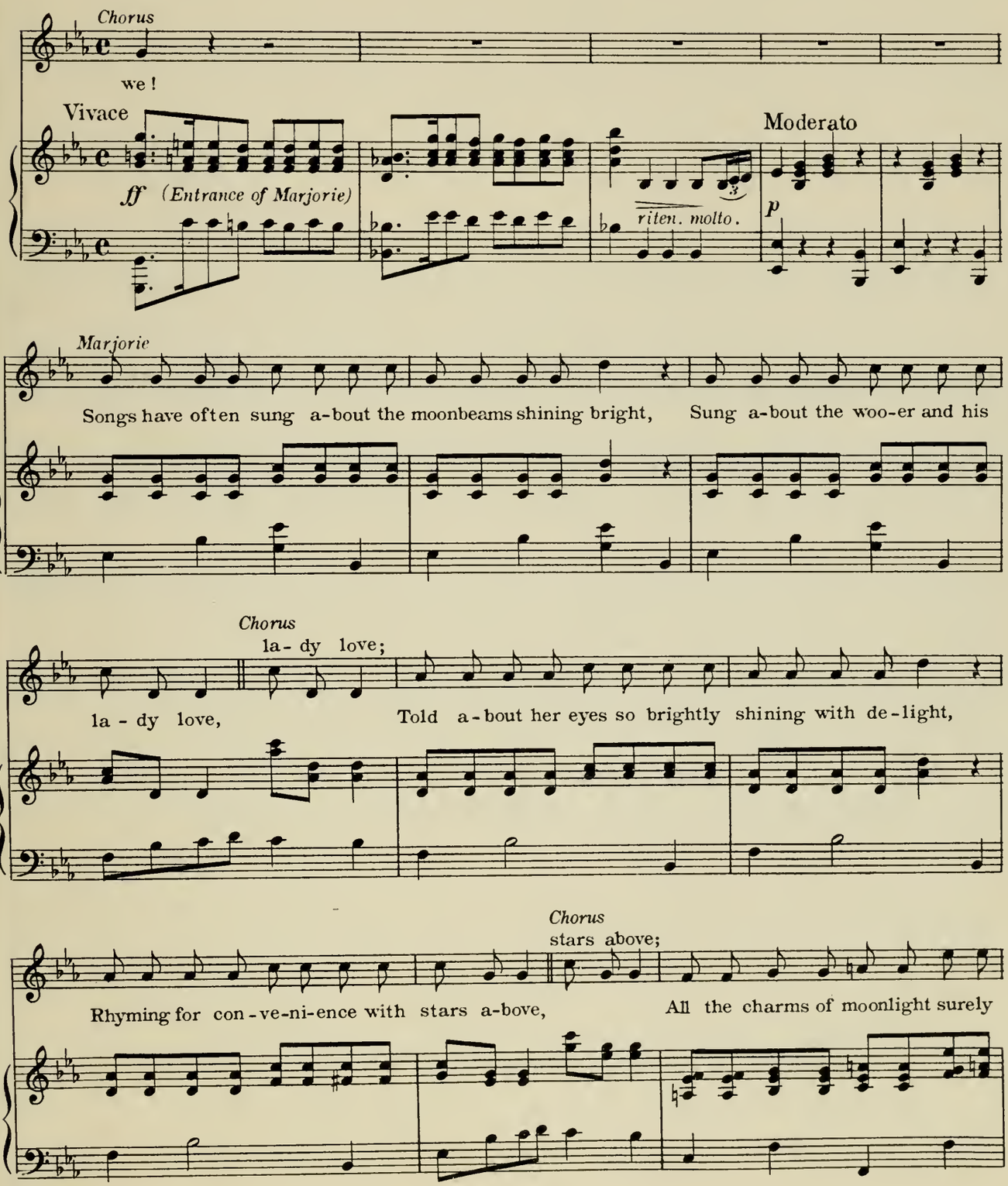

I'm from At-lan-tic Ci-ty;..... (Fourth) I'm from Chi-ca-go,(Fifth) From Kan-ka-kee,(Sixth) And
Maestoso
I'm from a place I've for-got-ten!..... (Seventh & Eighth) And we, are from Bloomington Cor-ners,
ff
both, And the grub that you get there is rot-ten!
Tempo I.
(All) We hits the ties and we all of us tries To
p
strike for a place that's cheery,..... But the way they shrink when you ask for a drink, Is e-

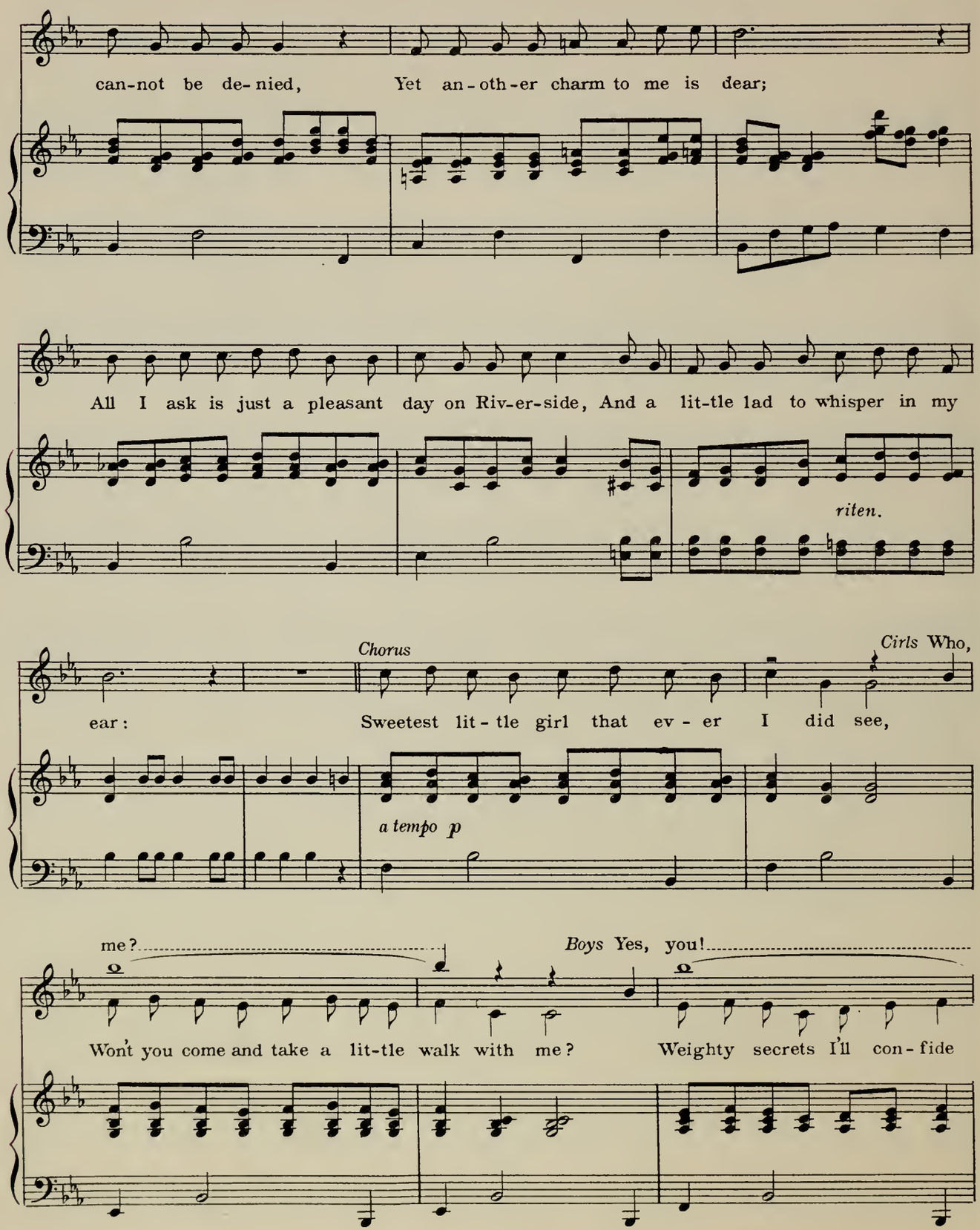

Soldiers
Allegro
nough to make a - ny - one weary!... Come, cut out the song And
rit
sfz
f
Tramps
march a - long, We can-not al - low you here! What - ev - er is wrong? We
Chorus
sang our song And hoped you would treat us to fod - der and beer. Come,
let us be - gin, We'll run them in And lock them up, with glee, Their
manners are crude, They're shock-ing and rude— A par - tic - u - lar bunch Are

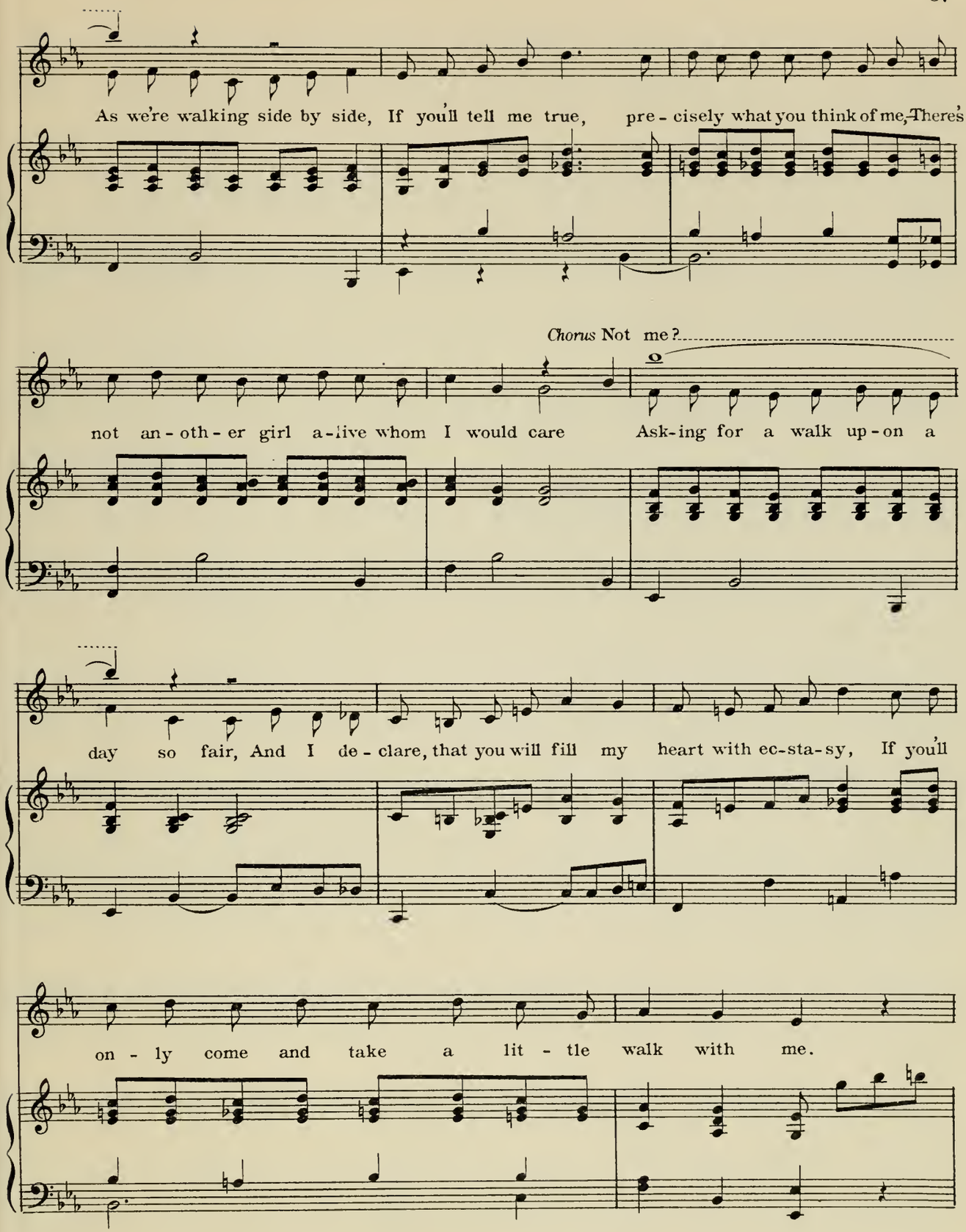
COME AND TAKE A WALK WITH ME

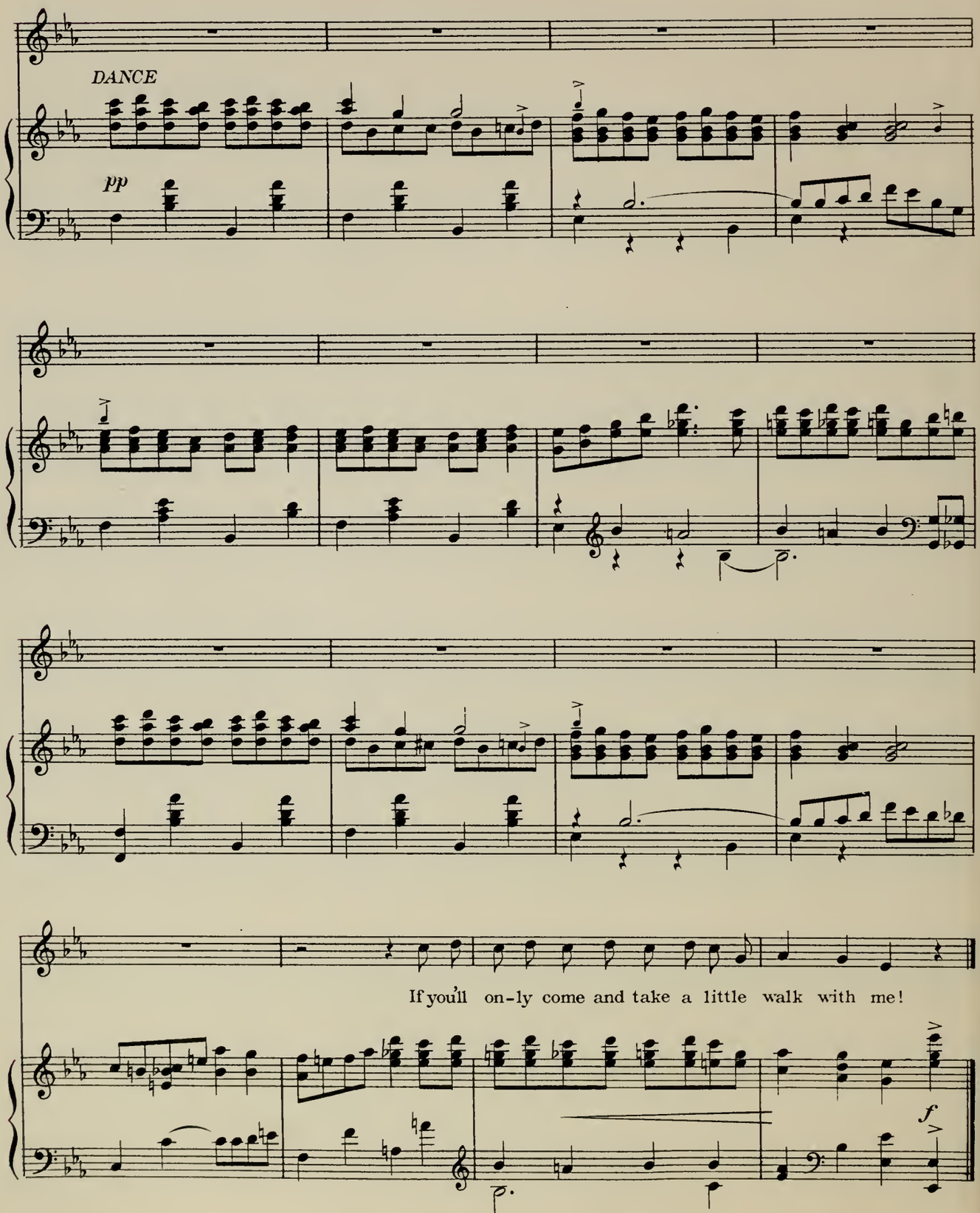
Marjorie and Chorus

Words and Music by EMIL BREITENFELD




can-not be de-nied, Yet an-oth-er charm to me is dear;
All I ask is just a pleasant day on Riv-er-side, And a lit-tle lad to whisper in my
riten.
Chorus
Cirls Who,
ear: Sweetest lit-tle girl that ev-er I did see,
a tempo p
me?
Boys Yes, you!
Won't you come and take a lit-tle walk with me? Weighty secrets I'll con-fide

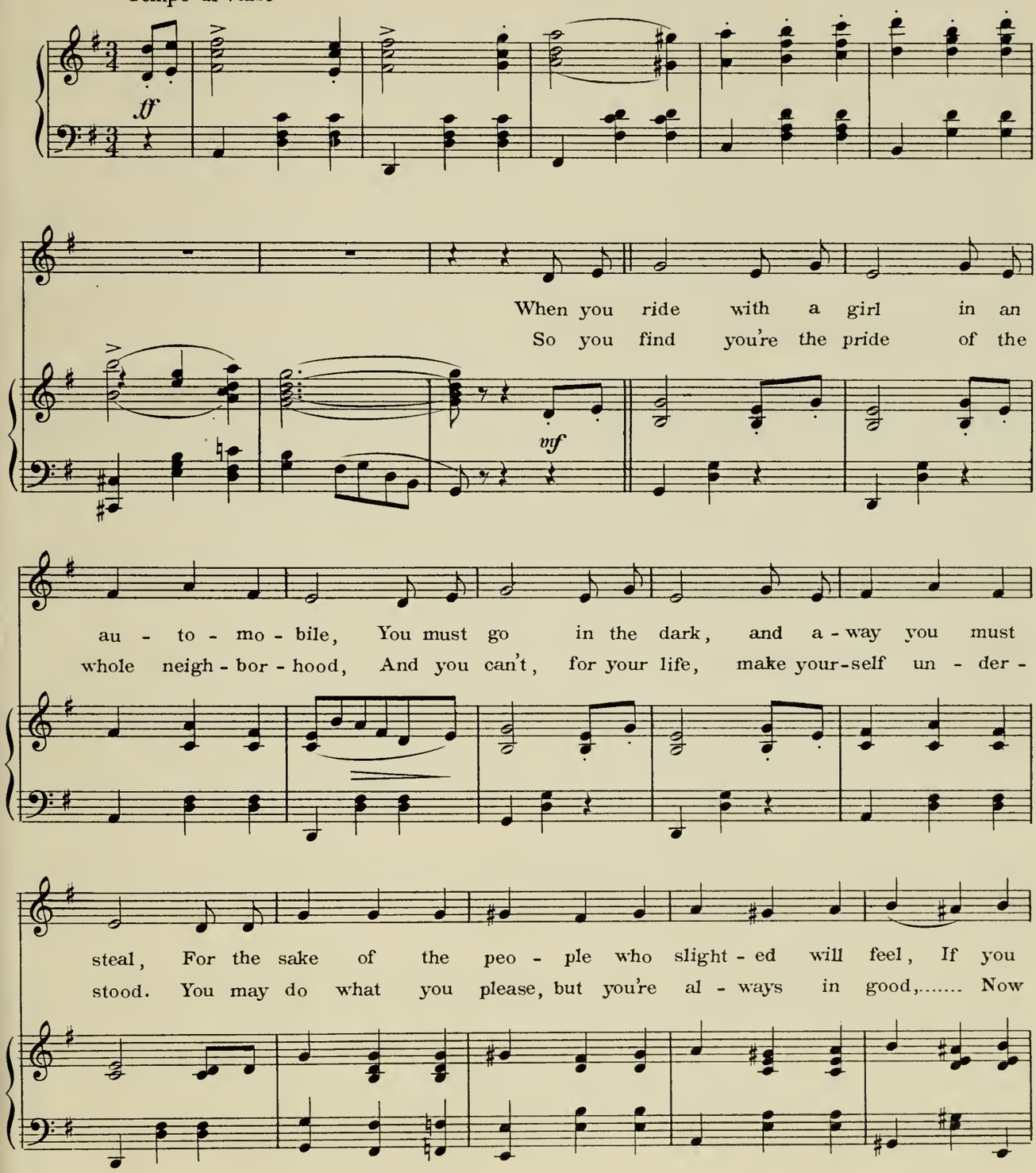

As we're walking side by side, If you'll tell me true, pre - cisely what you think of me, There's
Chorus Not me?
not an - oth - er girl a - live whom I would care Ask - ing for a walk up - on a
day so fair, And I de - clare, that you will fill my heart with ec - sta - sy, If you'll
on - ly come and take a lit - tle walk with me.

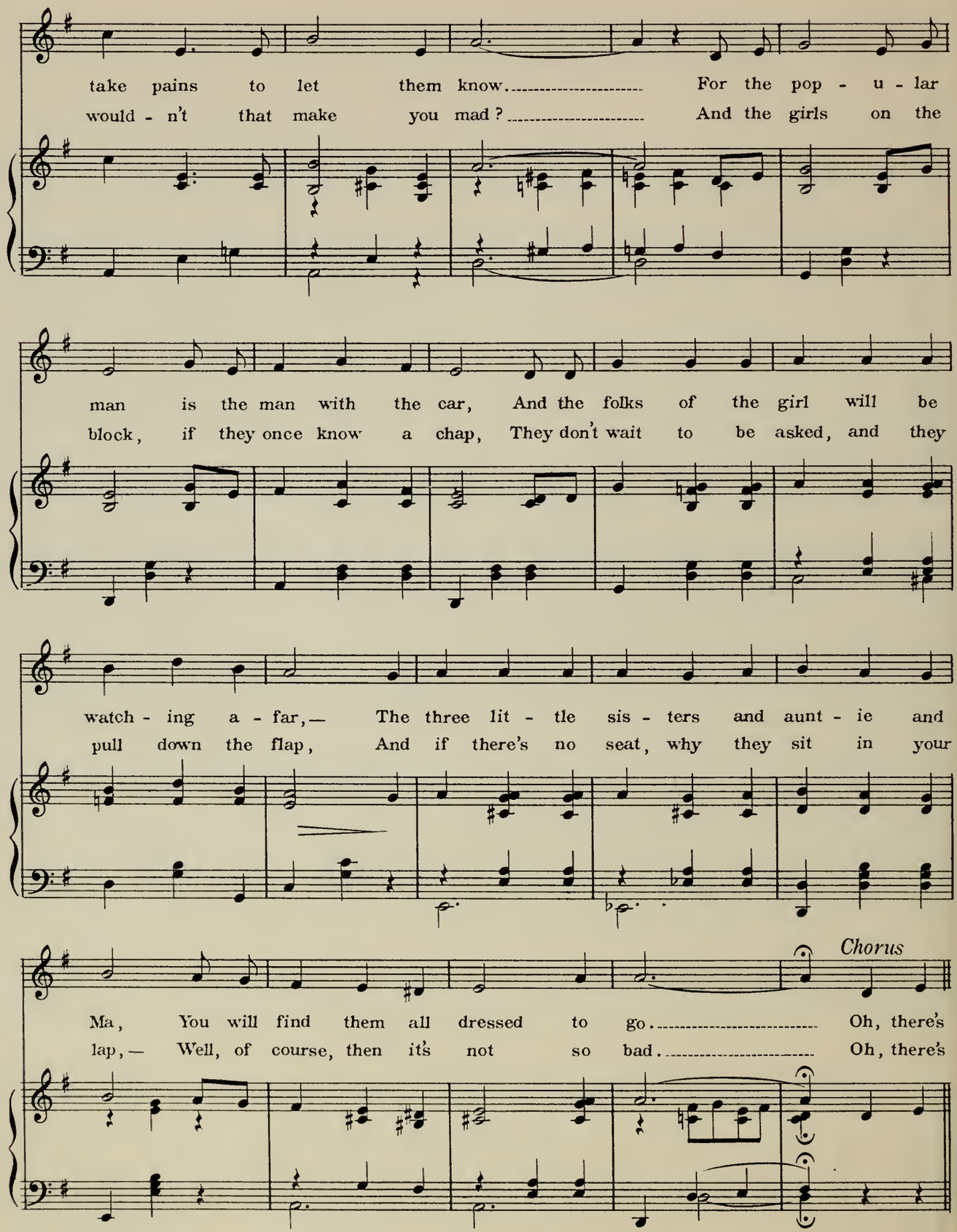

DANCE
pp
If you'll on-ly come and take a little walk with me!
f

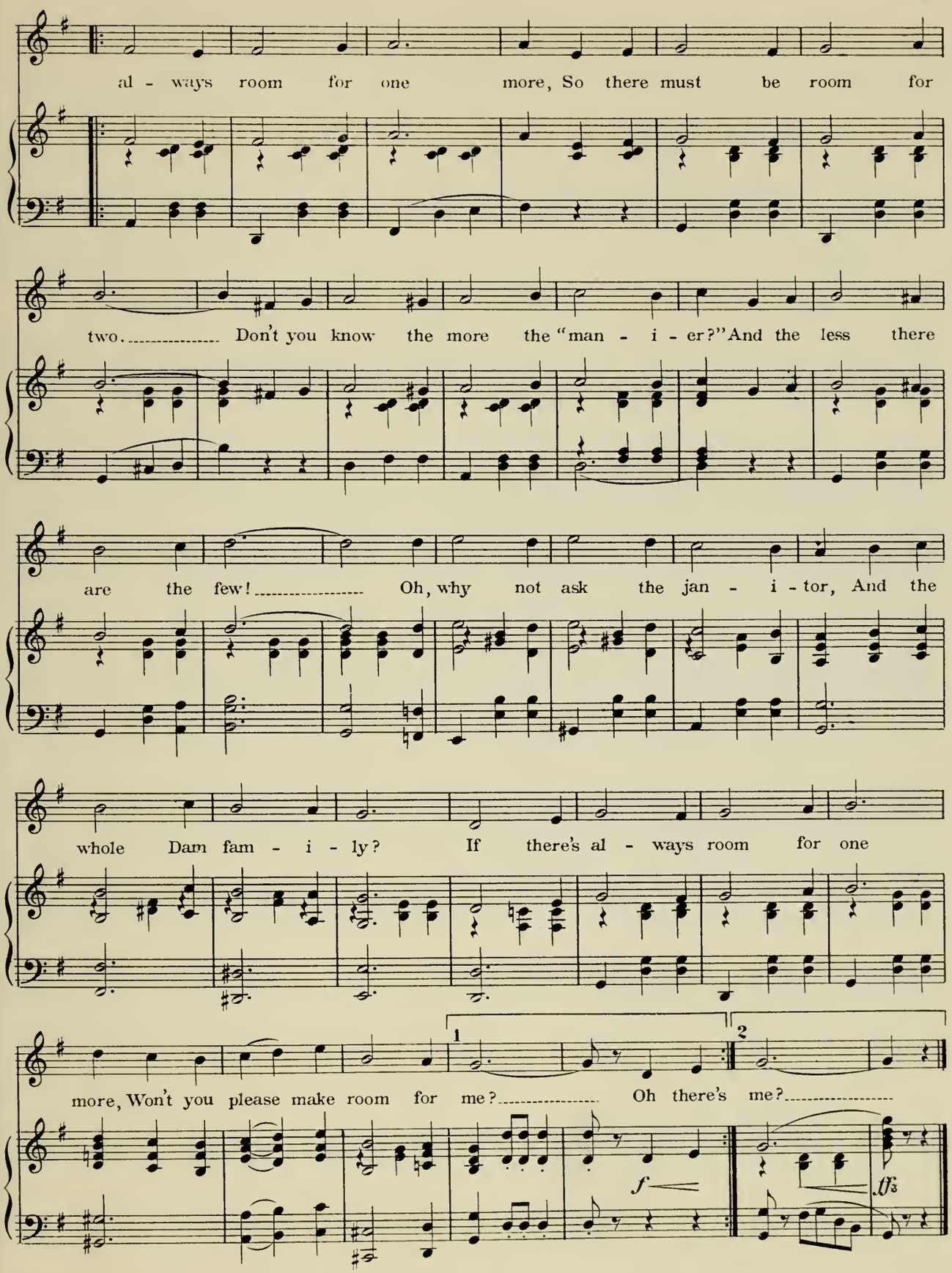
THERE'S ALWAYS ROOM FOR ONE MORE

Words and Music by GEORGE C. TURNER

Tempo di Valse


ff
When you ride with a girl in an
So you find you're the pride of the
mf
au - to - mo - bile, You must go in the dark, and a - way you must
whole neigh - bor - hood, And you can't, for your life, make your-self un - der -
steal, For the sake of the peo - ple who slight - ed will feel, If you
stood. You may do what you please, but you're al - ways in good,..... Now

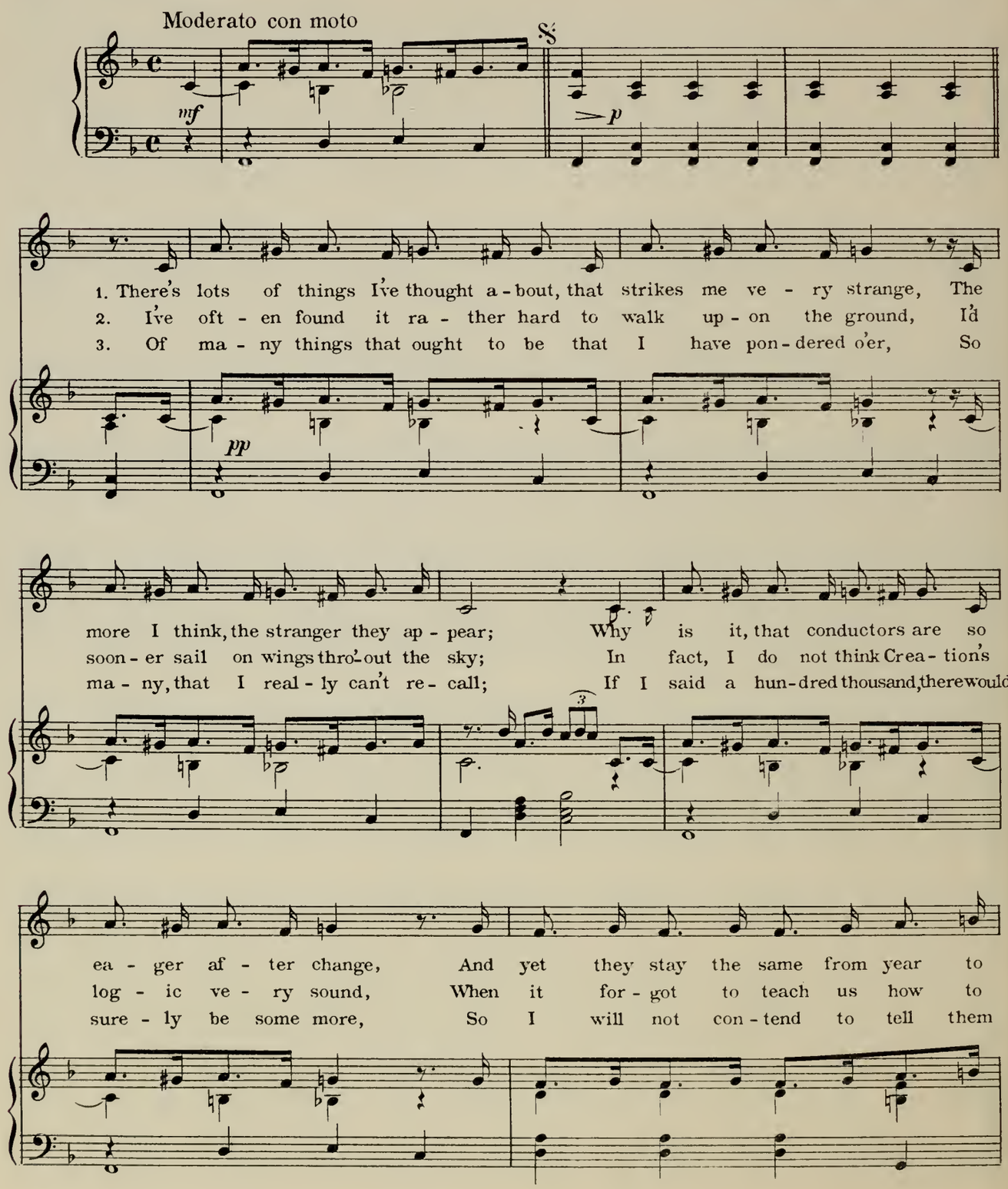

take pains to let them know. For the pop - u - lar
would - n't that make you mad? And the girls on the
man is the man with the car, And the folks of the girl will be
block, if they once know a chap, They don't wait to be asked, and they
watch - ing a - far,— The three lit - tle sis - ters and aunt - ie and
pull down the flap, And if there's no seat, why they sit in your
Chorus
Ma, You will find them all dressed to go. Oh, there's
lap,— Well, of course, then it's not so bad. Oh, there's

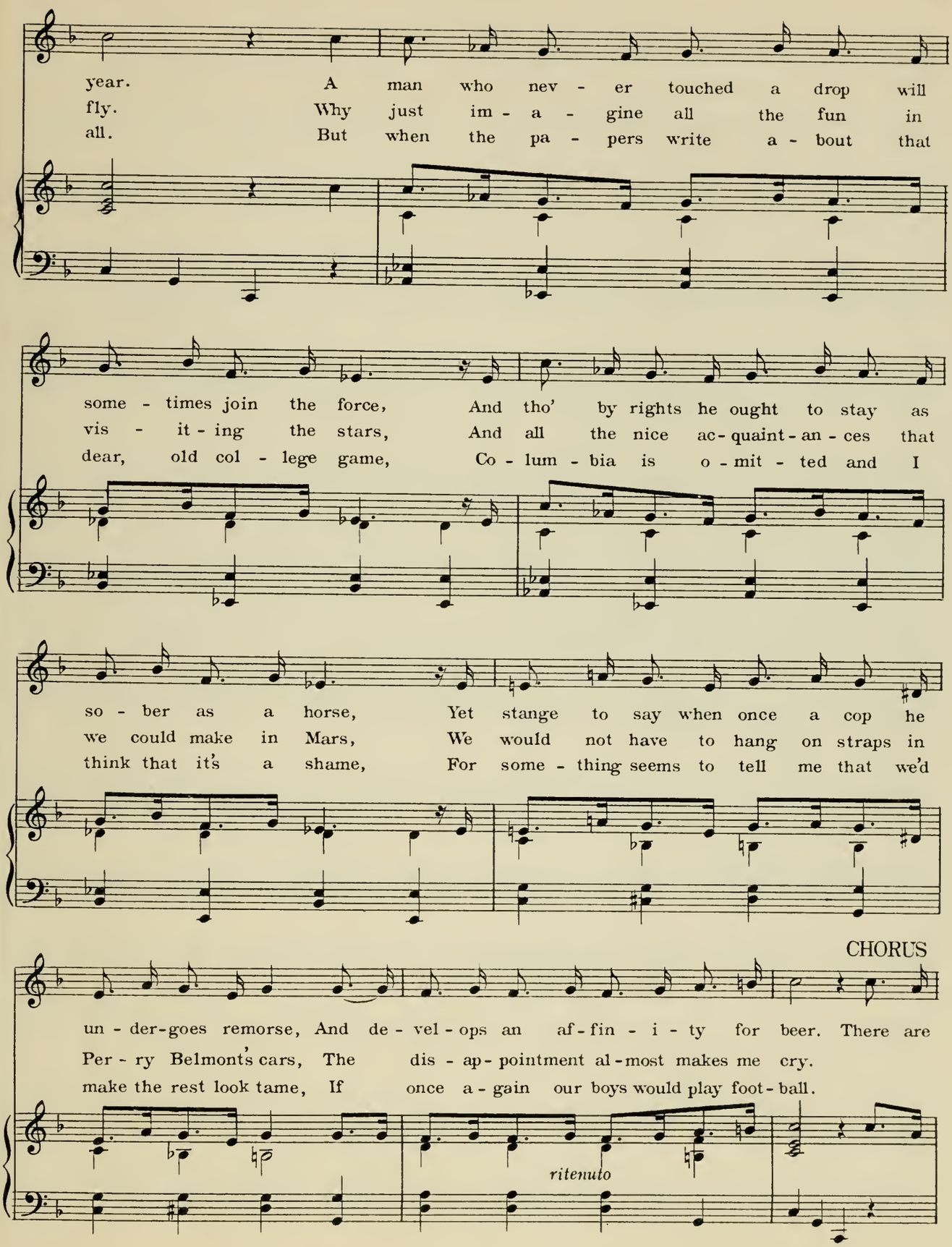

al - ways room for one more, So there must be room for
two. Don't you know the more the "man - i - er?" And the less there
are the few! Oh, why not ask the jan - i - tor, And the
whole Dam fam - i - ly? If there's al - ways room for one
more, Won't you please make room for me? Oh there's me?
1
2
f
ff

There Are Lots Of Things That Ought To Be

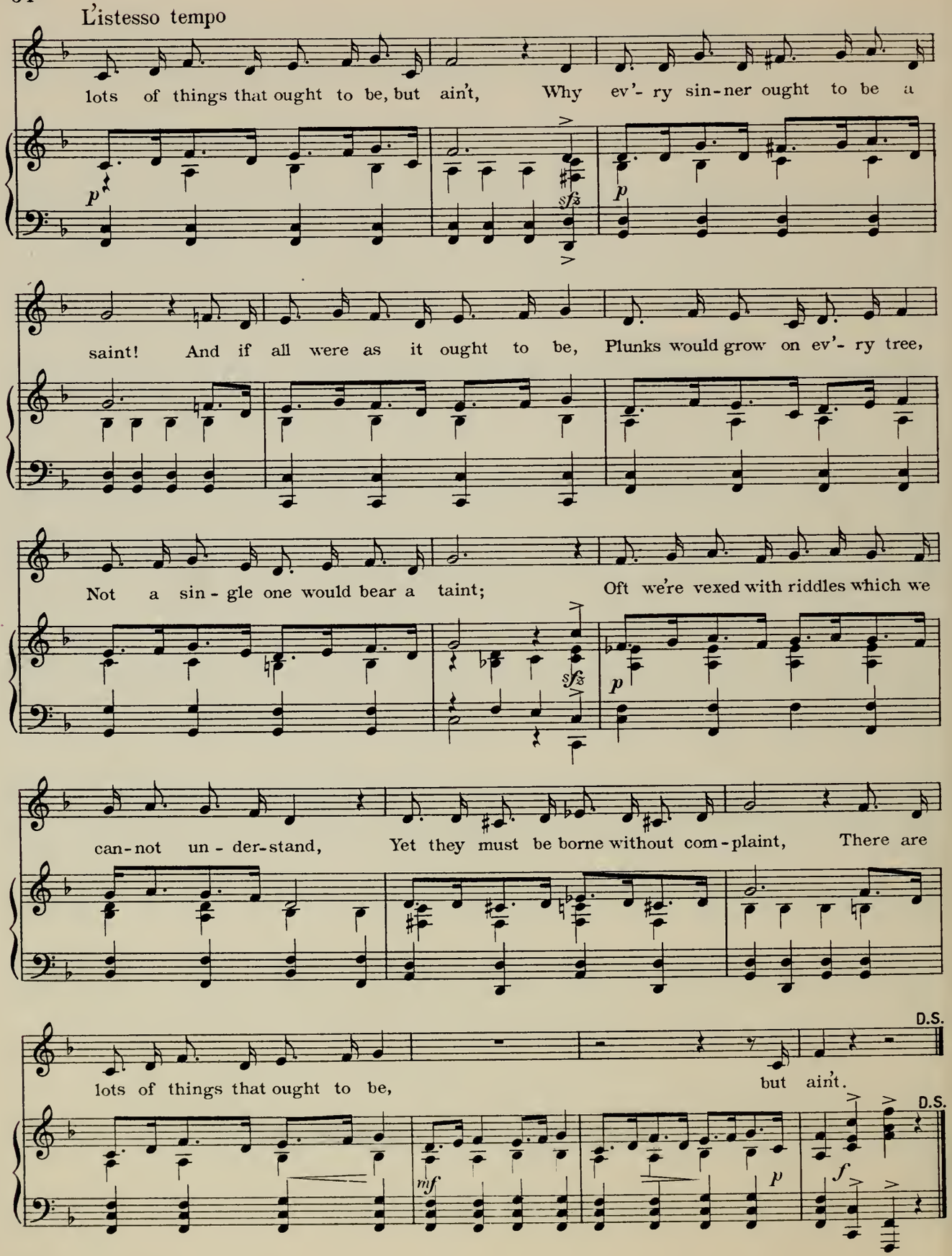
Maggie

Words and Music by EMIL BREITENFELD


Moderato con moto
mf
p
pp
1. There's lots of things I've thought a - bout, that strikes me ve - ry strange, The more I think, the stranger they ap - pear; Why is it, that conductors are so ea - ger af - ter change, And yet they stay the same from year to
2. I've oft - en found it ra - ther hard to walk up - on the ground, I'd soon - er sail on wings thro'-out the sky; In fact, I do not think Crea - tion's log - ic ve - ry sound, When it for - got to teach us how to
3. Of ma - ny things that ought to be that I have pon - dered o'er, So ma - ny, that I real - ly can't re - call; If I said a hun - dred thousand, there would sure - ly be some more, So I will not con - tend to tell them

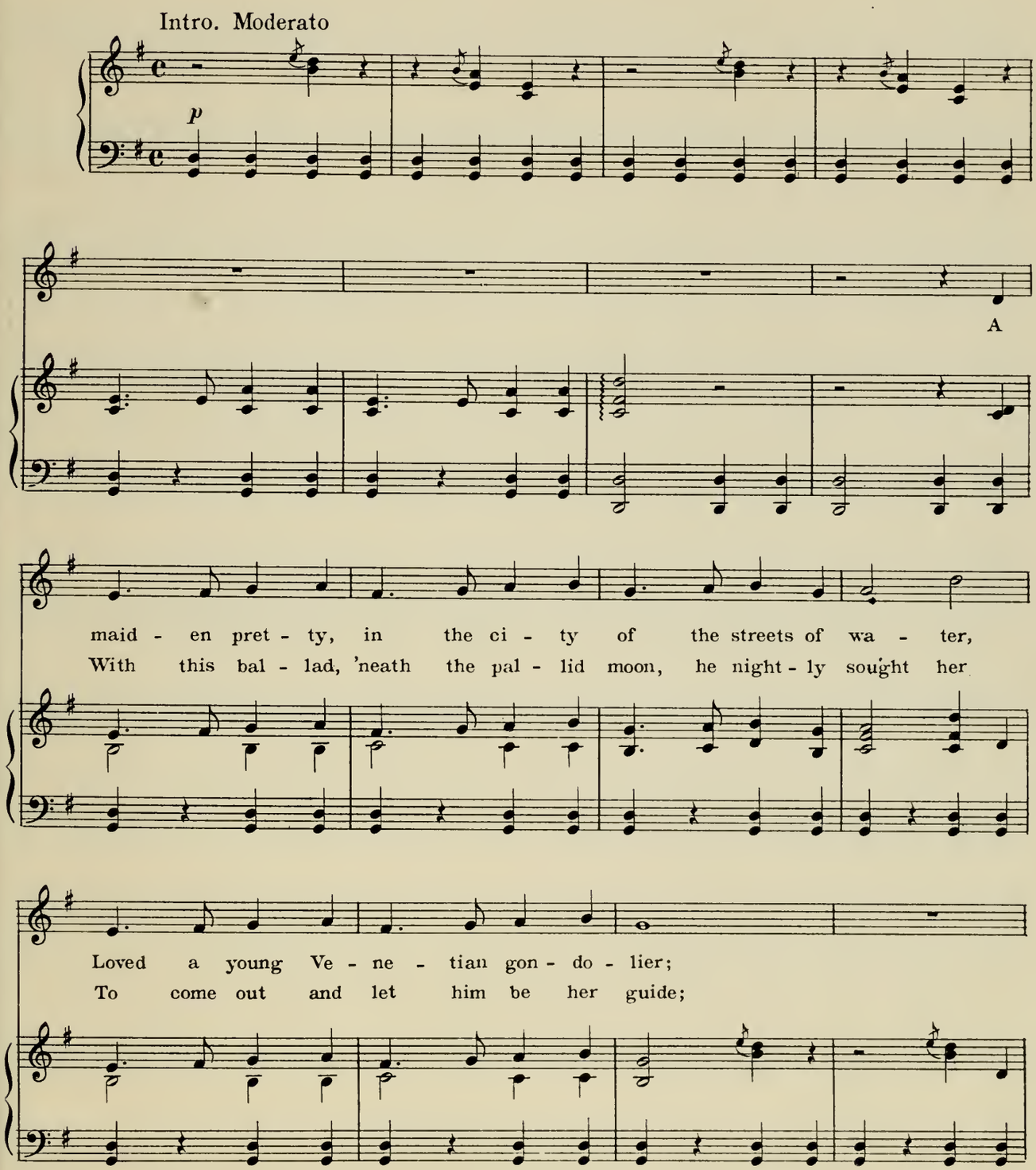

year. A man who nev - er touched a drop will
fly. Why just im - a - gine all the fun in
all. But when the pa - pers write a - bout that
some - times join the force, And tho' by rights he ought to stay as
vis - it - ing the stars, And all the nice ac - quaint - an - ces that
dear, old col - lege game, Co - lum - bia is o - mit - ted and I
so - ber as a horse, Yet stange to say when once a cop he
we could make in Mars, We would not have to hang on straps in
think that it's a shame, For some - thing seems to tell me that we'd
CHORUS
un - der-goes remorse, And de - vel - ops an af - fin - i - ty for beer. There are
Per - ry Belmont's cars, The dis - ap - pointment al - most makes me cry.
make the rest look tame, If once a - gain our boys would play foot - ball.
ritenuto

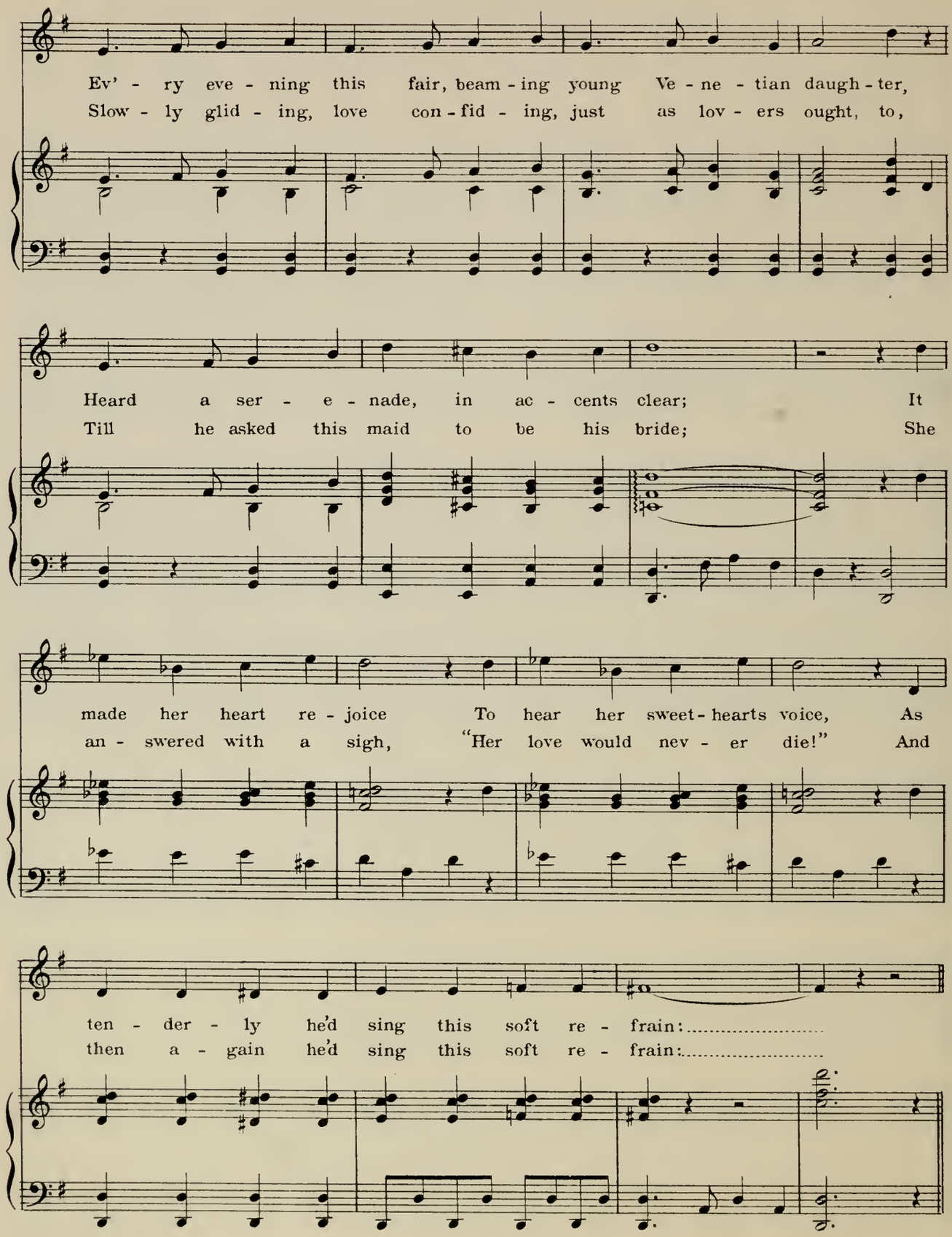
64

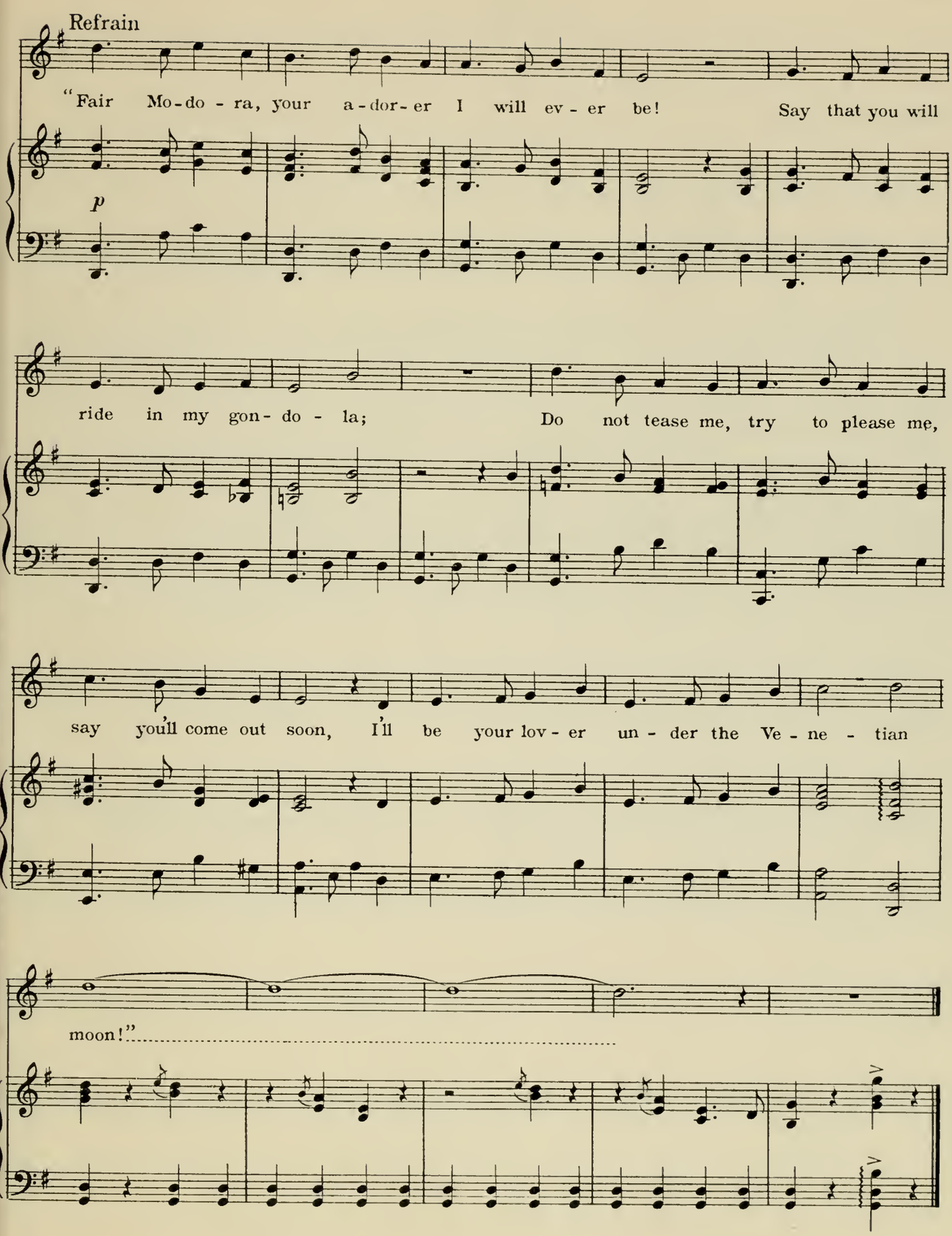

L'istesso tempo
lots of things that ought to be, but ain't, Why ev'- ry sin-ner ought to be a
saint! And if all were as it ought to be, Plunks would grow on ev'- ry tree,
Not a sin - gle one would bear a taint; Oft we're vexed with riddles which we
can-not un - der-stand, Yet they must be borne without com-plaint, There are
lots of things that ought to be, but ain't.
D.S.
D.S.

THE VENETIAN MOON

Words and Music by THEO. R. MURRAY.

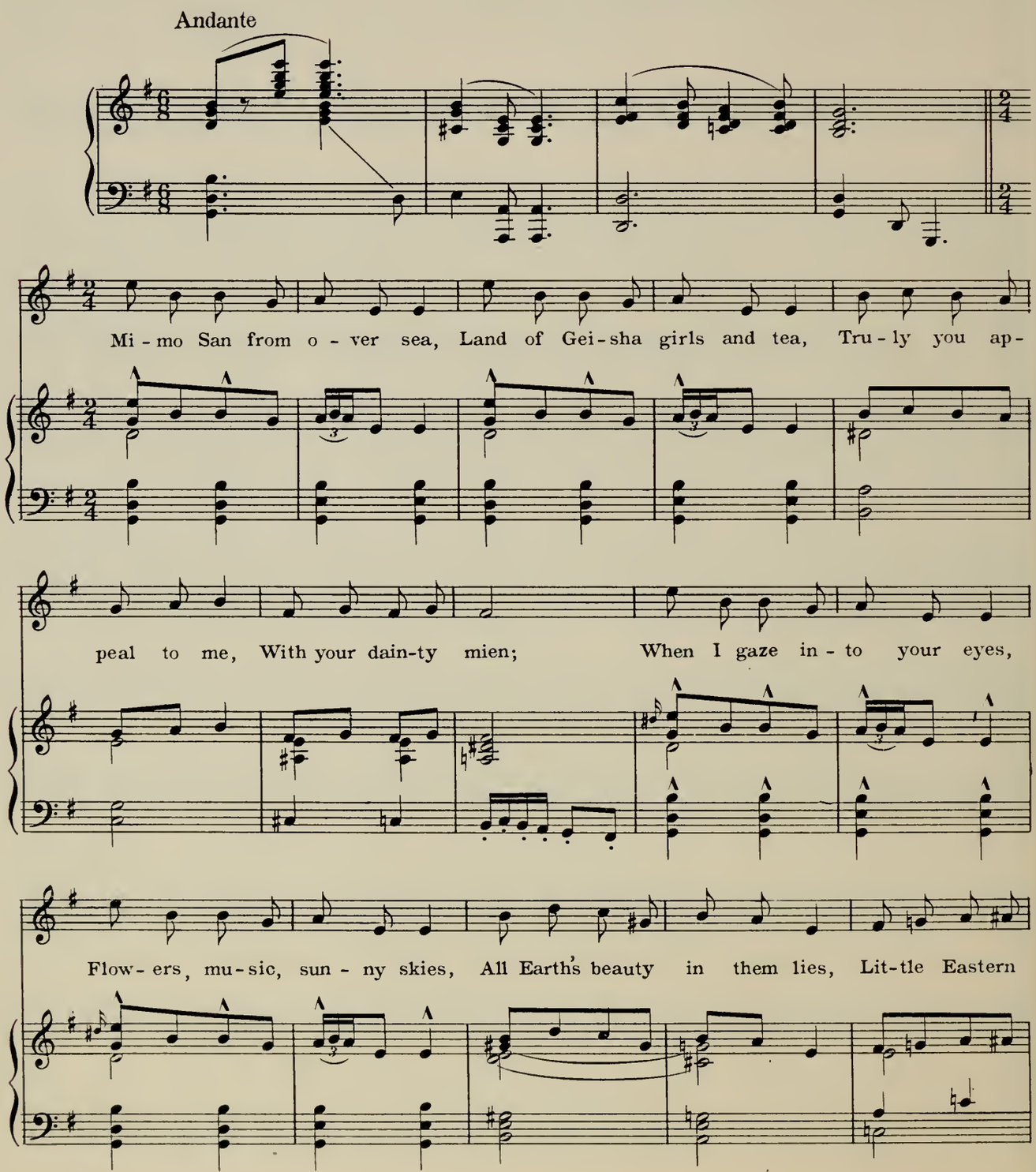
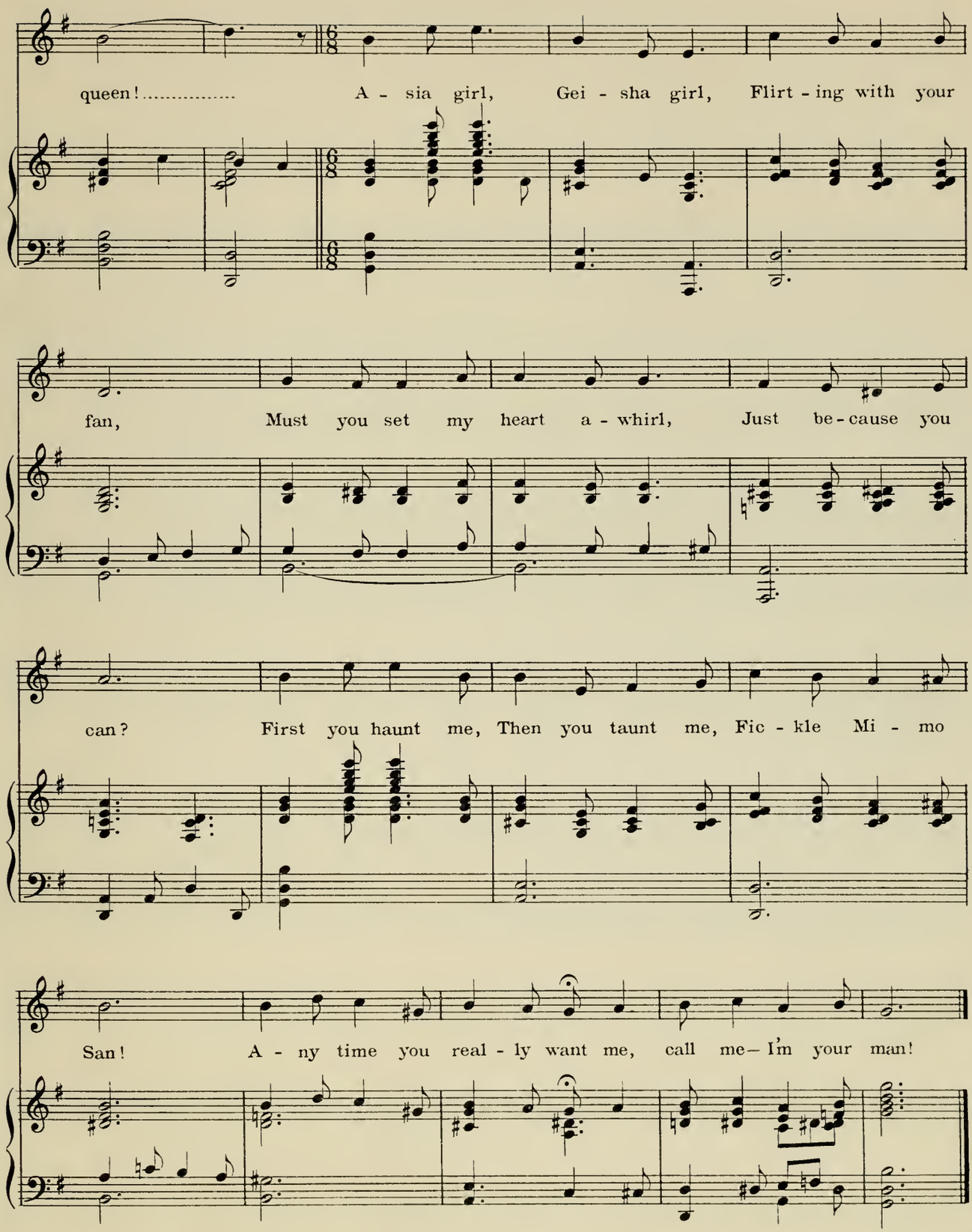

Intro. Moderato
p
A
maid - en pret - ty, in the ci - ty of the streets of wa - ter,
With this bal - lad, 'neath the pal - lid moon, he night - ly sought her
Loved a young Ve - ne - tian gon - do - lier;
To come out and let him be her guide;


Ev' - ry eve - ning this fair, beam - ing young Ve - ne - tian daugh - ter,
Slow - ly glid - ing, love con - fid - ing, just as lov - ers ought, to,
Heard a ser - e - nade, in ac - cents clear; It
Till he asked this maid to be his bride; She
made her heart re - joice To hear her sweet - hearts voice, As
an - swered with a sigh, "Her love would nev - er die!" And
ten - der - ly he'd sing this soft re - frain:.....
then a - gain he'd sing this soft re - frain:.....


Refrain
"Fair Mo-do-ra, your a-dor-er I will ev-er be! Say that you will
p
ride in my gon-do-la; Do not tease me, try to please me,
say you'll come out soon, I'll be your lov-er un-der the Ve-ne-tian
moon!"

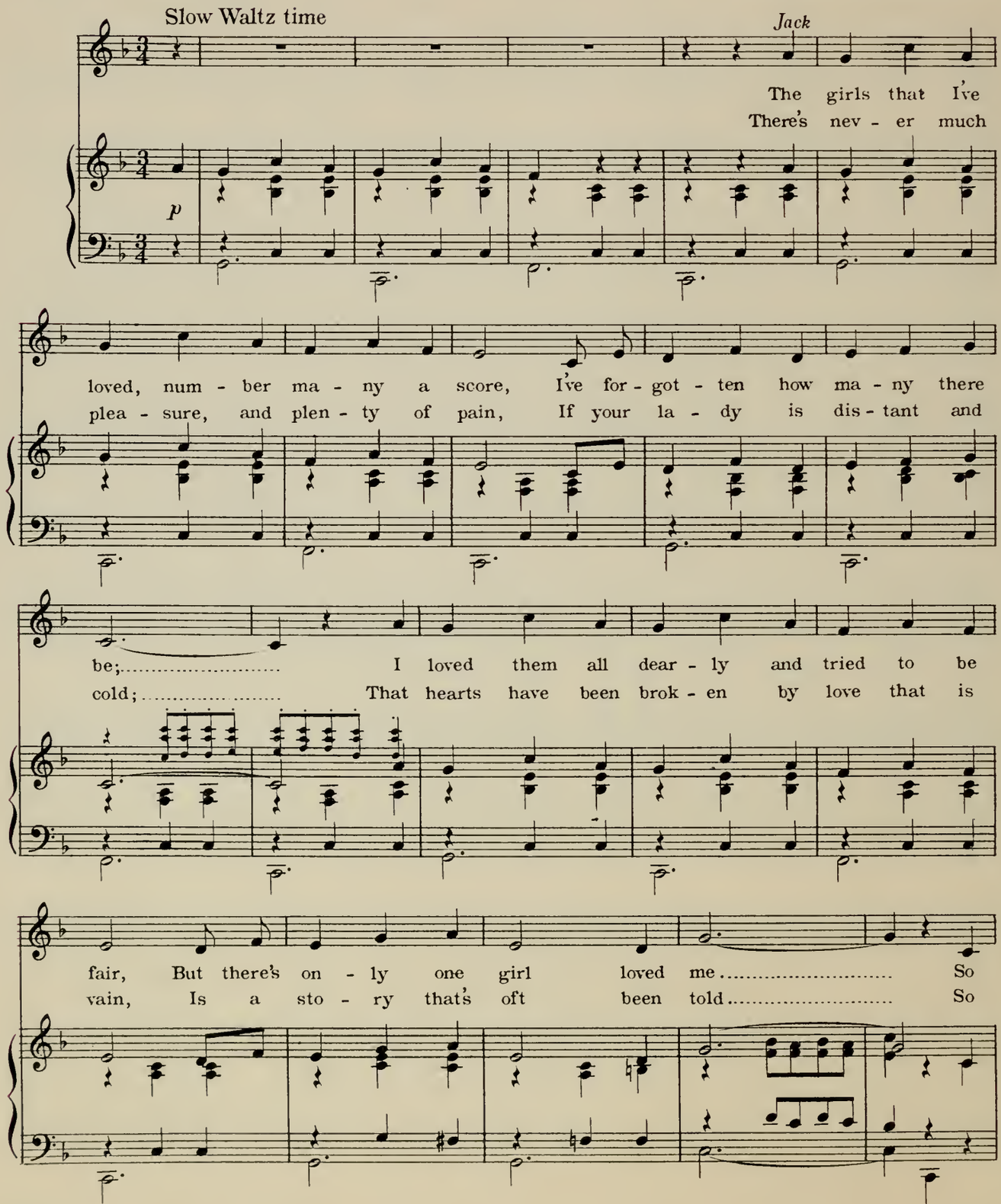
MIMO SAN

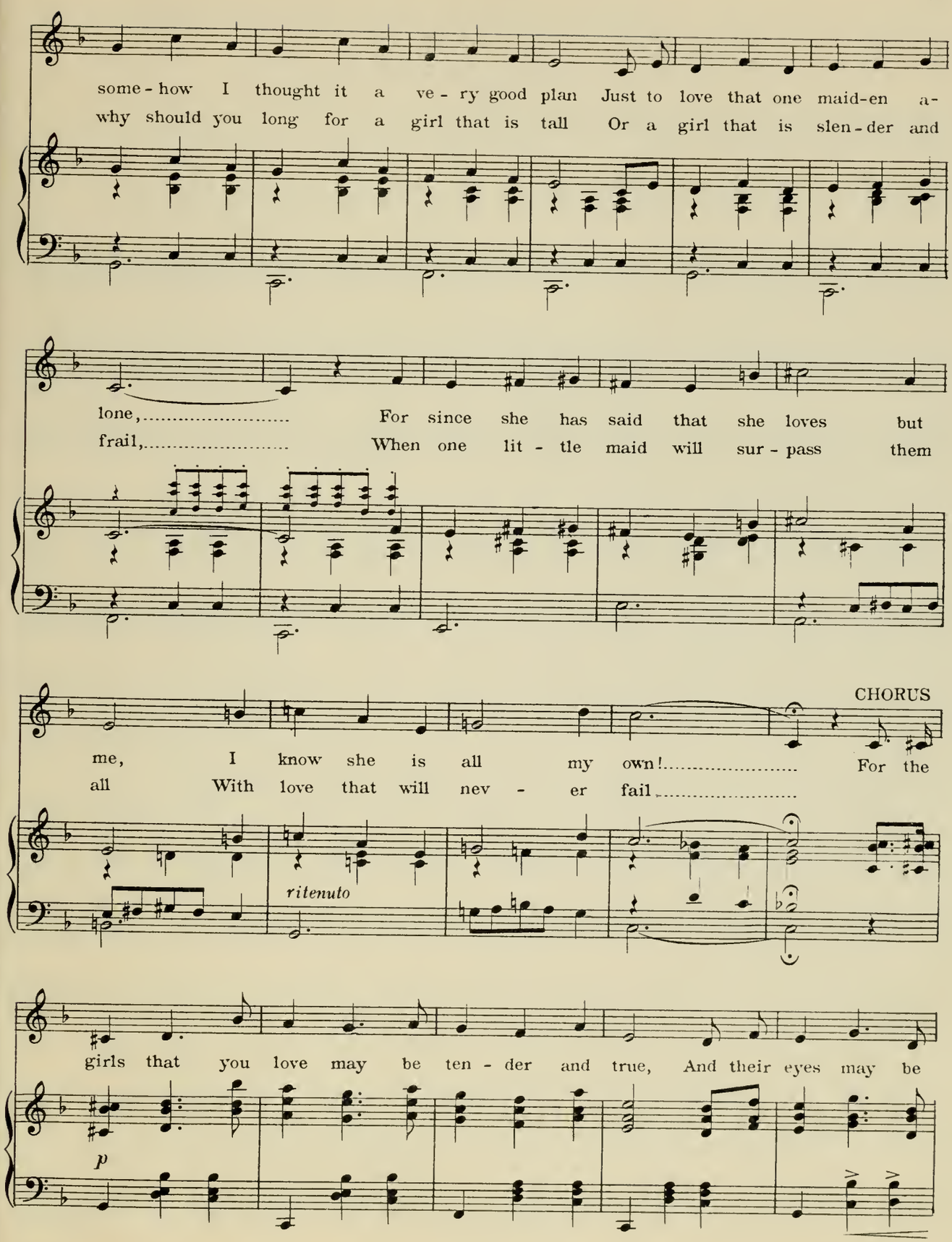
Words and Music by GEORGE SANFORD PARSONS

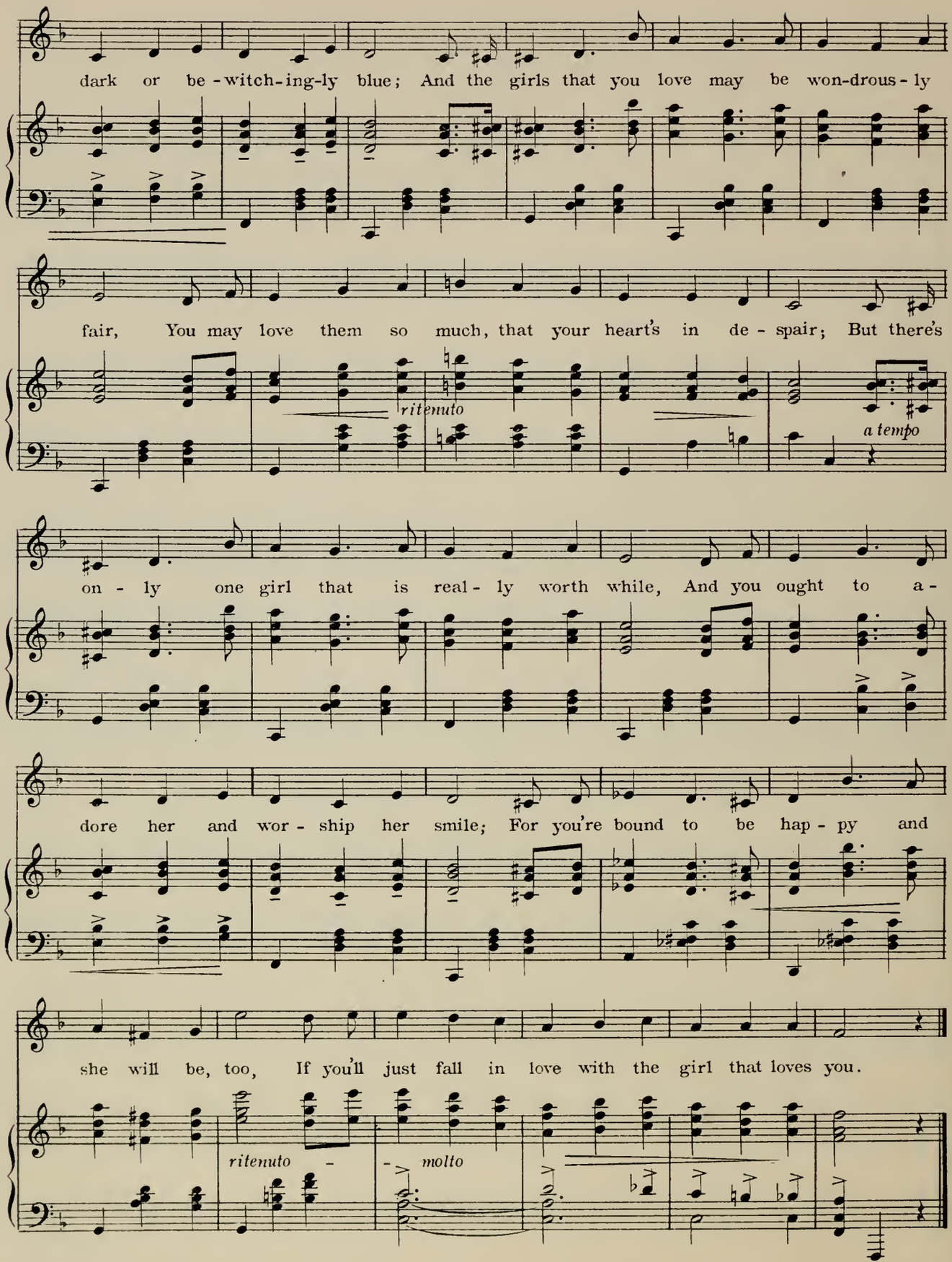

Andante
Mi - mo San from o - ver sea, Land of Gei-sha girls and tea, Tru - ly you ap-
peal to me, With your dain-ty mien; When I gaze in - to your eyes,
Flow - ers, mu - sic, sun - ny skies, All Earth's beauty in them lies, Lit-tle Eastern

queen!..... A - sia girl, Gei - sha girl, Flirt - ing with your
fan, Must you set my heart a - whirl, Just be - cause you
can? First you haunt me, Then you taunt me, Fic - kle Mi - mo
San! A - ny time you real - ly want me, call me— I'm your man!

THE GIRL THAT LOVES YOU

Words and Music by EMIL BREITENFELD


Slow Waltz time
Jack
The girls that I've
There's nev - er much
p
loved, num - ber ma - ny a score, I've for - got - ten how ma - ny there
plea - sure, and plen - ty of pain, If your la - dy is dis - tant and
be; I loved them all dear - ly and tried to be
cold; That hearts have been brok - en by love that is
fair, But there's on - ly one girl loved me So
vain, Is a sto - ry that's oft been told So


some - how I thought it a ve - ry good plan Just to love that one maid-en a-
why should you long for a girl that is tall Or a girl that is slen - der and
lone,..... For since she has said that she loves but
frail,..... When one lit - tle maid will sur - pass them
CHORUS
me, I know she is all my own!..... For the
all With love that will nev - er fail.....
ritenuto
girls that you love may be ten - der and true, And their eyes may be
p

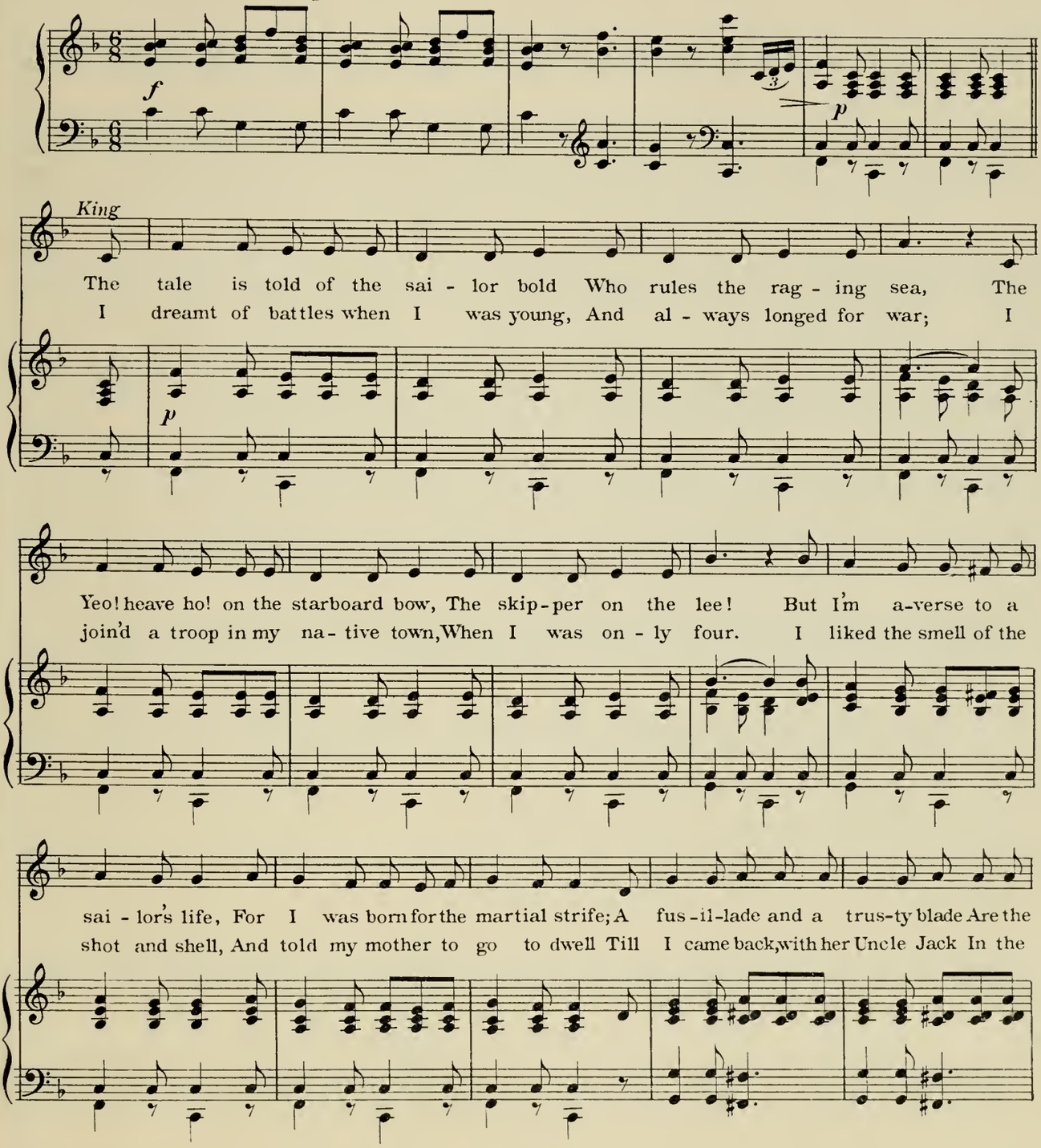

dark or be - witch - ing-ly blue; And the girls that you love may be won-drous - ly
fair, You may love them so much, that your heart's in de - spair; But there's
ritenuto
a tempo
on - ly one girl that is real - ly worth while, And you ought to a -
dore her and wor - ship her smile; For you're bound to be hap - py and
she will be, too, If you'll just fall in love with the girl that loves you.
ritenuto
molto

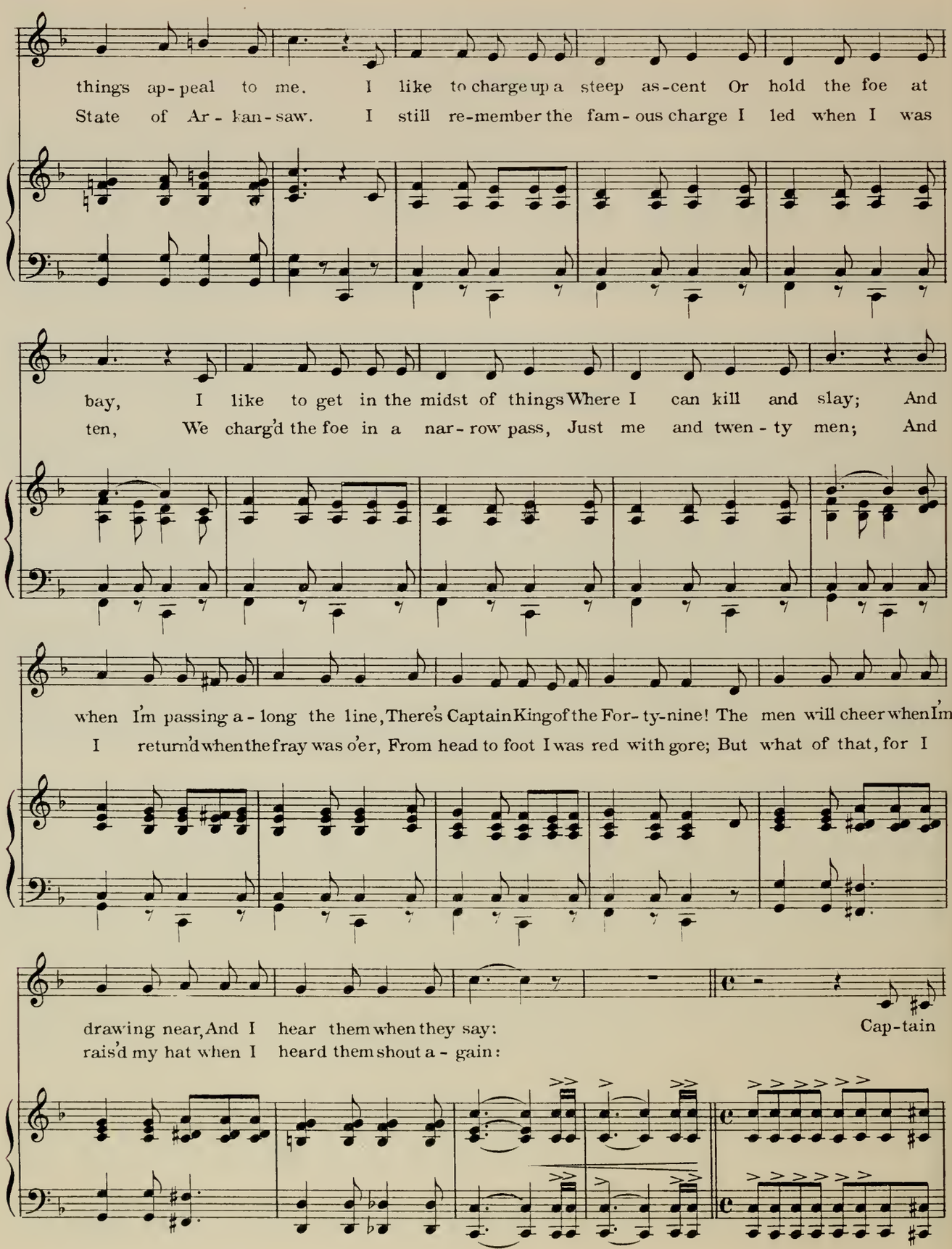
CAPTAIN KING

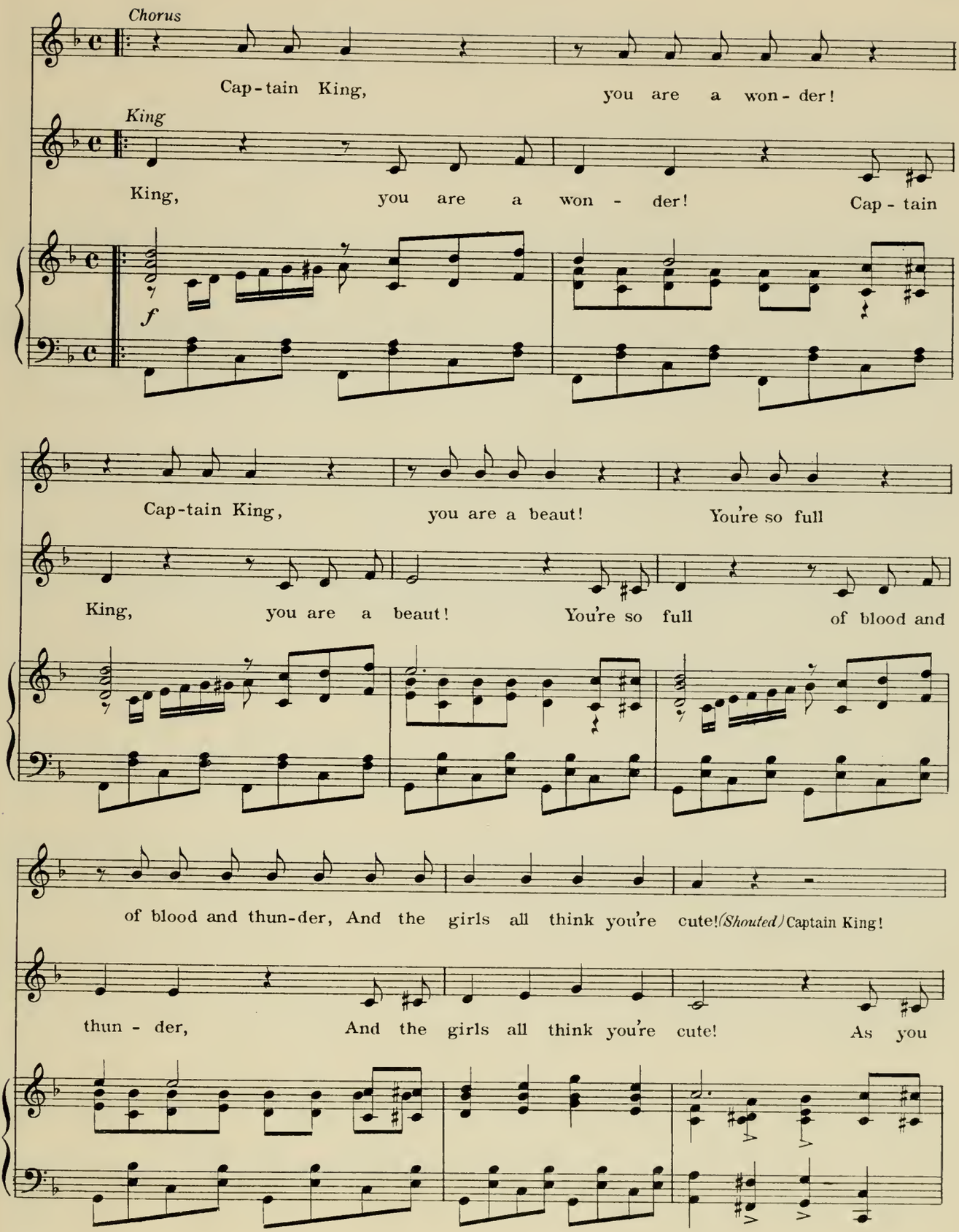
King and Chorus

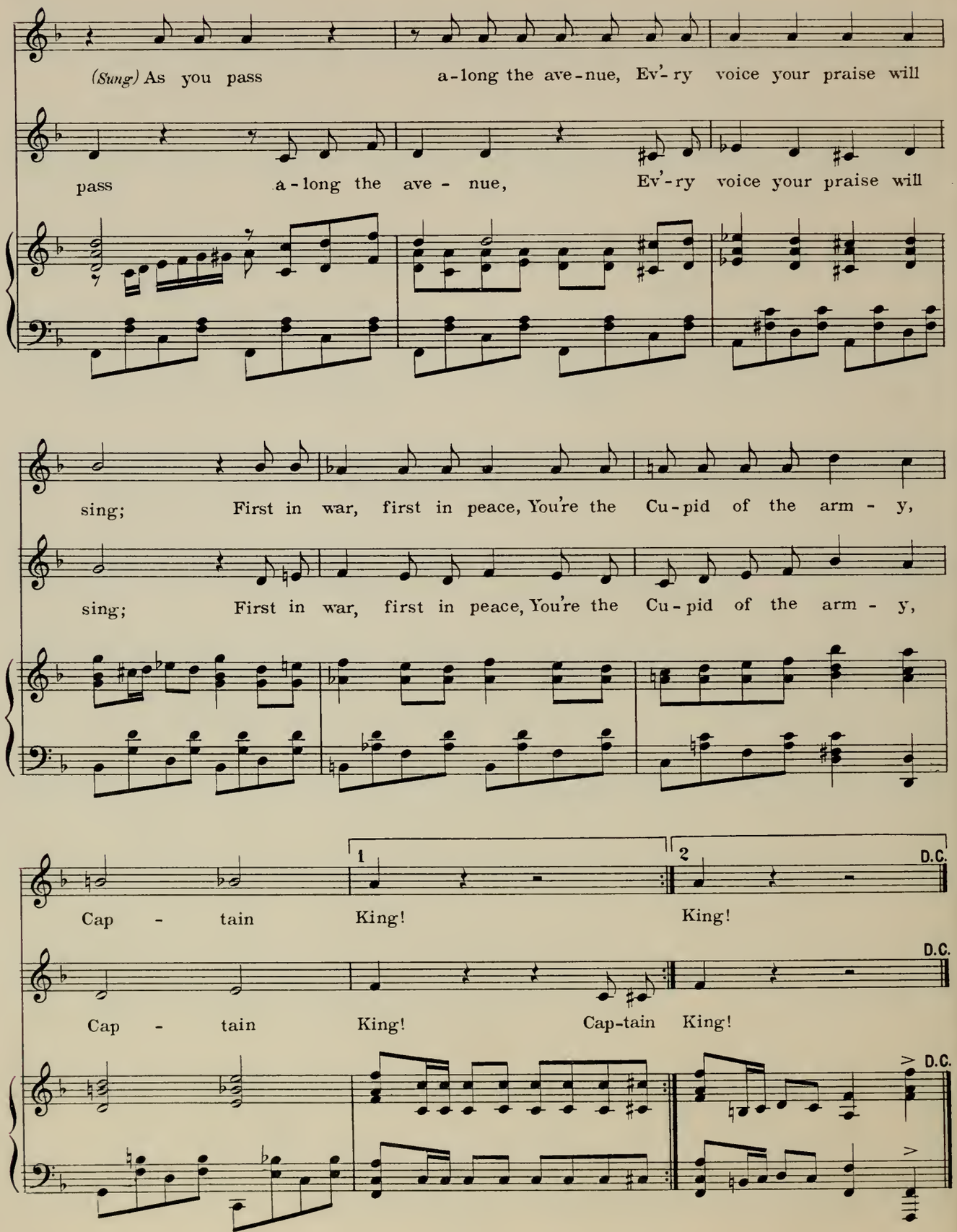
Words and Music by EMIL BREITENFELD

Brisk march tempo

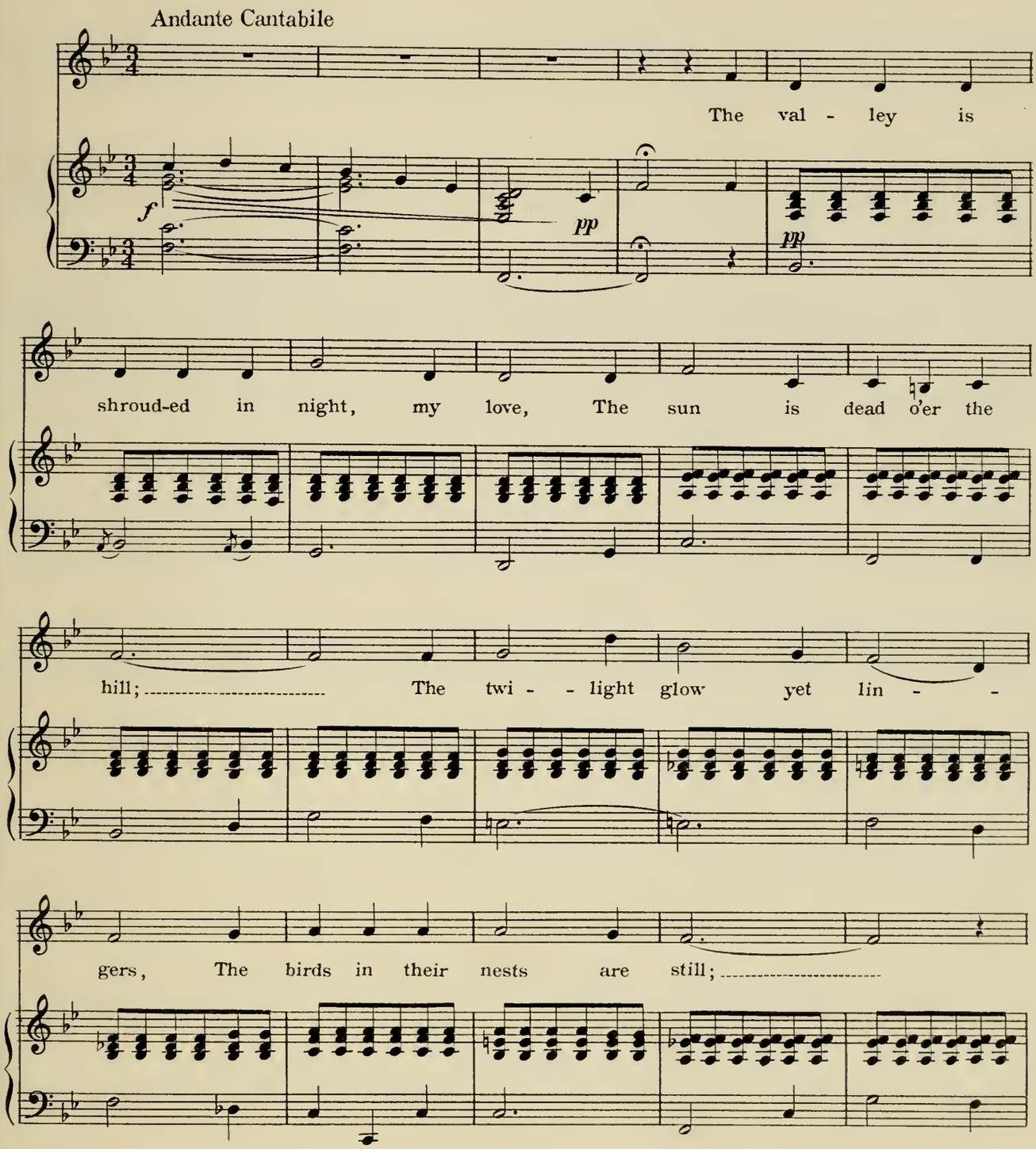
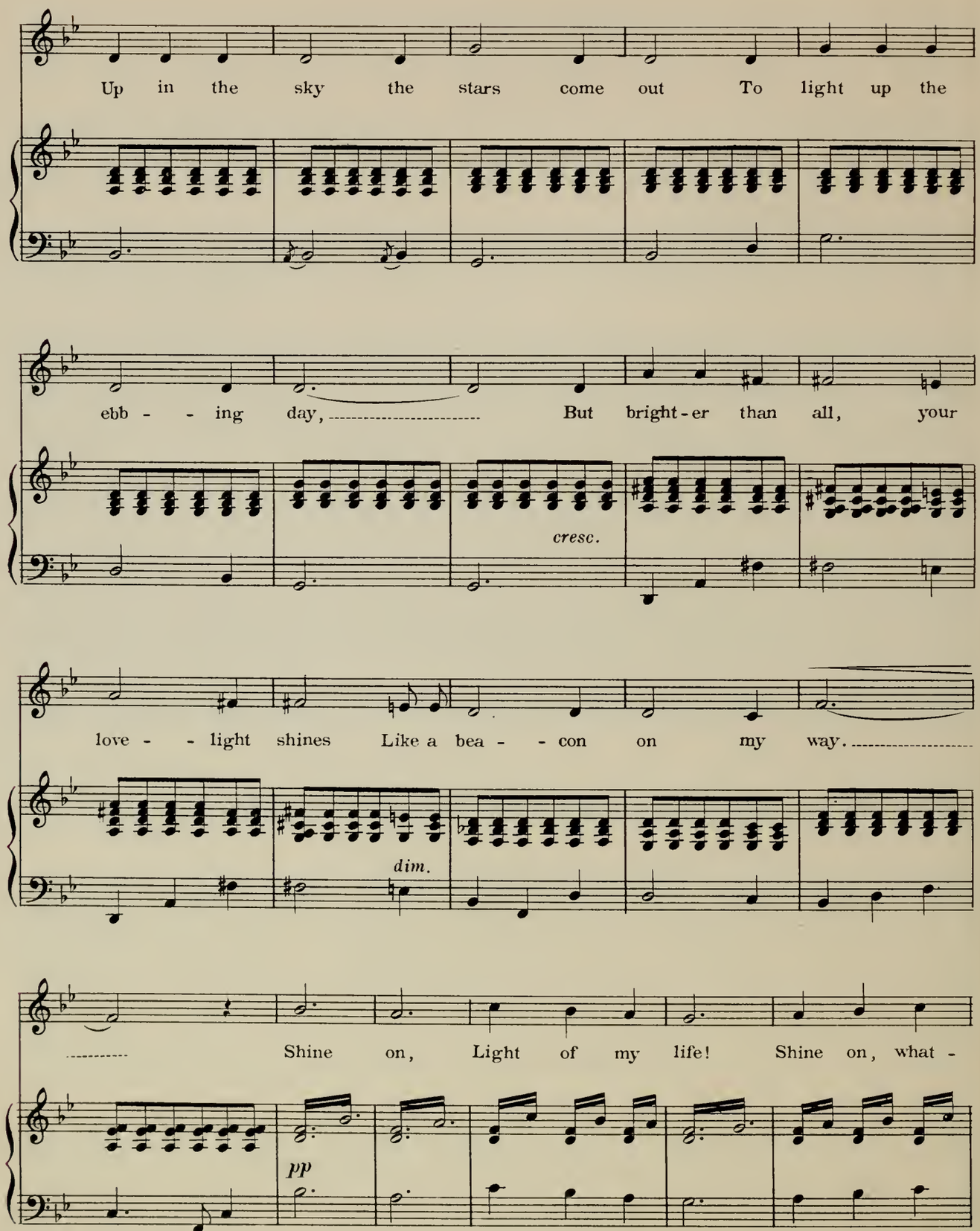

f
p
King
The tale is told of the sai - lor bold Who rules the rag - ing sea, The
I dreamt of battles when I was young, And al - ways longed for war; I
p
Yeo! heave ho! on the starboard bow, The skip - per on the lee! But I'm a-verse to a
join'd a troop in my na - tive town, When I was on - ly four. I liked the smell of the
sai - lor's life, For I was born for the martial strife; A fus - il - lade and a trus - ty blade Are the
shot and shell, And told my mother to go to dwell Till I came back, with her Uncle Jack In the

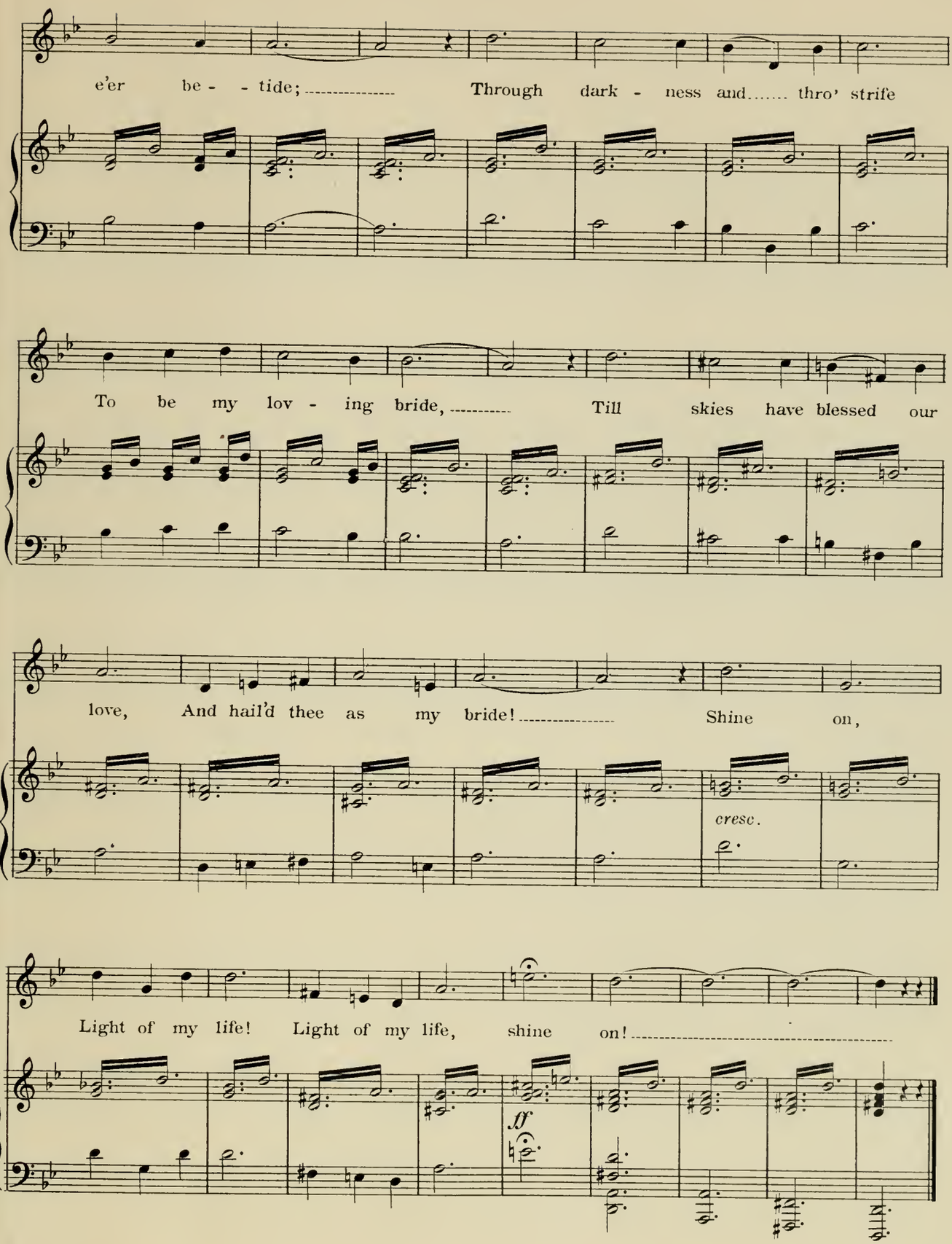

things ap-peal to me. I like to charge up a steep as-cent Or hold the foe at
State of Ar-kan-saw. I still re-member the fam-ous charge I led when I was
bay, I like to get in the midst of things Where I can kill and slay; And
ten, We charg'd the foe in a nar-row pass, Just me and twen-ty men; And
when I'm passing a-long the line, There's Captain King of the For-ty-nine! The men will cheer when I'm
I return'd when the fray was o'er, From head to foot I was red with gore; But what of that, for I
drawing near, And I hear them when they say: Cap-tain
rais'd my hat when I heard them shout a-gain:


Chorus
Cap-tain King, you are a won-der!
King
King, you are a won - der! Cap - tain
f
Cap-tain King, you are a beaut! You're so full
King, you are a beaut! You're so full of blood and
of blood and thun-der, And the girls all think you're cute! (Shouted) Captain King!
thun - der, And the girls all think you're cute! As you


(Sung) As you pass a-long the ave-nue, Ev'-ry voice your praise will
pass a-long the ave - nue, Ev'-ry voice your praise will
sing; First in war, first in peace, You're the Cu-pid of the arm - y,
sing; First in war, first in peace, You're the Cu-pid of the arm - y,
1
2
D.C.
Cap - tain King! King!
D.C.
Cap - tain King! Cap-tain King!
D.C.

LIGHT OF MY LIFE

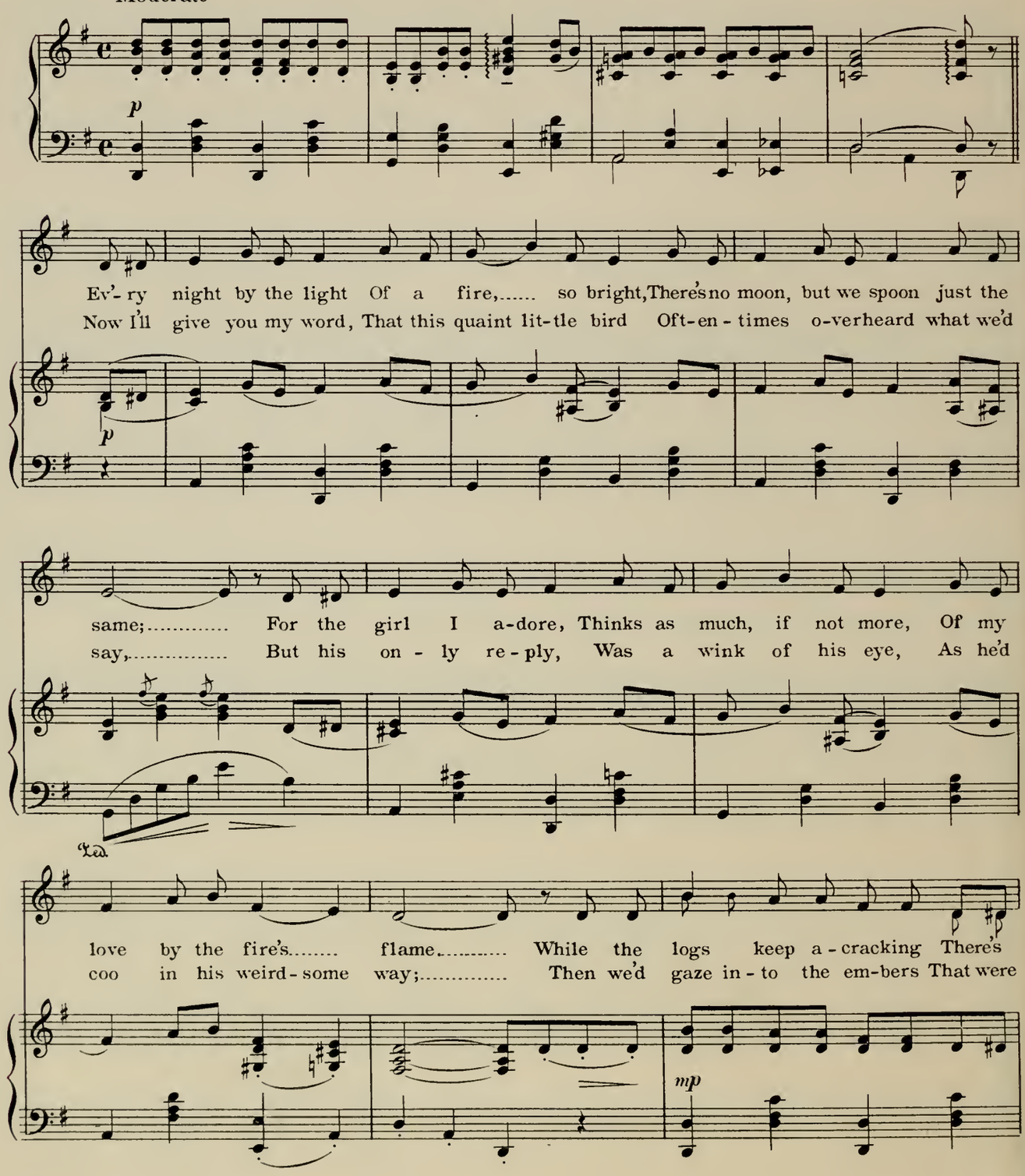
Words and Music by GEORGE SANFORD PARSONS

Andante Cantabile
The val - ley is
f
pp
pp
shroud-ed in night, my love, The sun is dead o'er the
hill; The twi - - light glow yet lin - -
gers, The birds in their nests are still;

Up in the sky the stars come out To light up the
ebb - - ing day, But bright-er than all, your
cresc.
love - - light shines Like a bea - - con on my way.
dim.
Shine on, Light of my life! Shine on, what -
pp

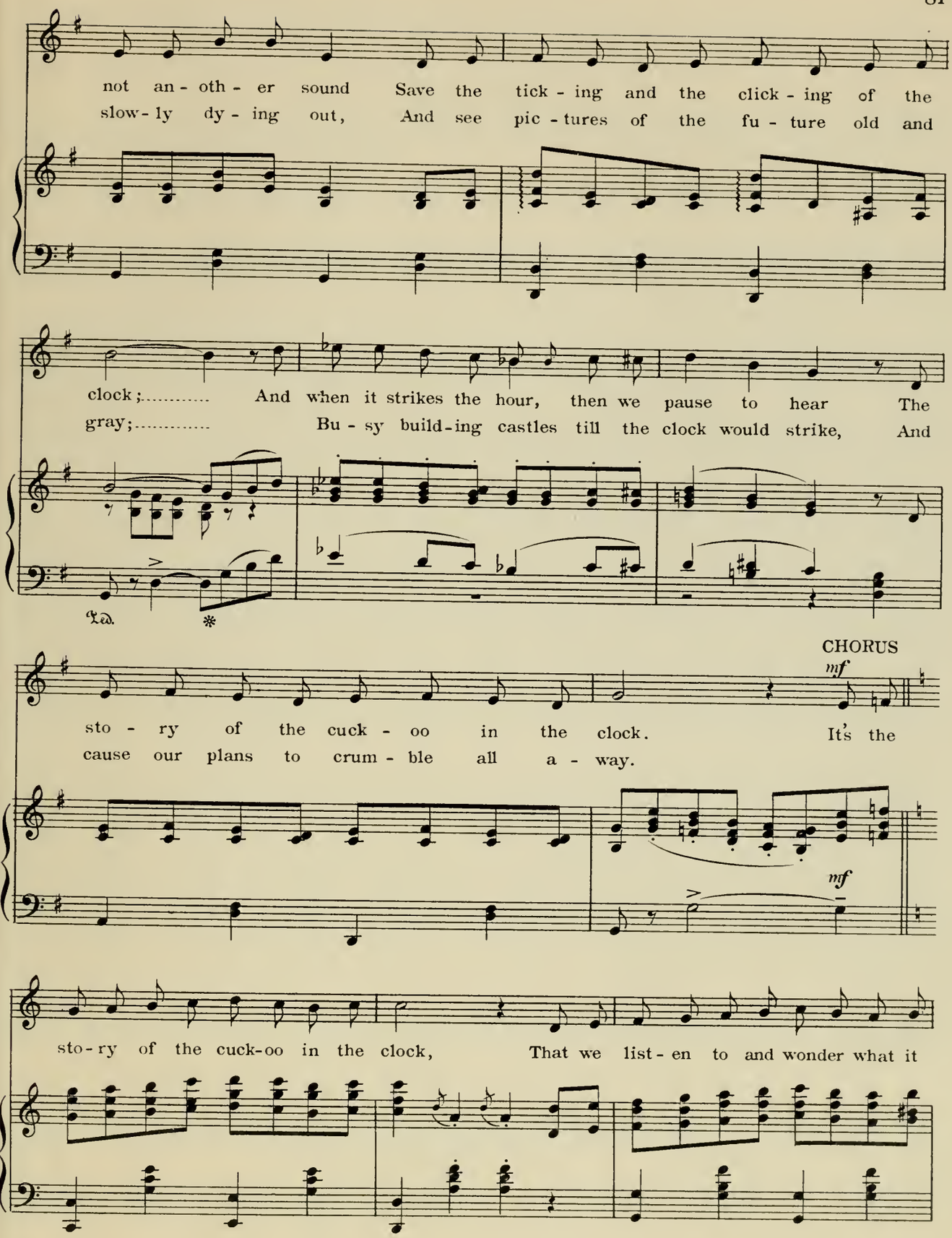

e'er be - - tide; Through dark - ness and..... thro' strife
To be my lov - ing bride, Till skies have blessed our
love, And hail'd thee as my bride! Shine on,
cresc.
Light of my life! Light of my life, shine on!
ff

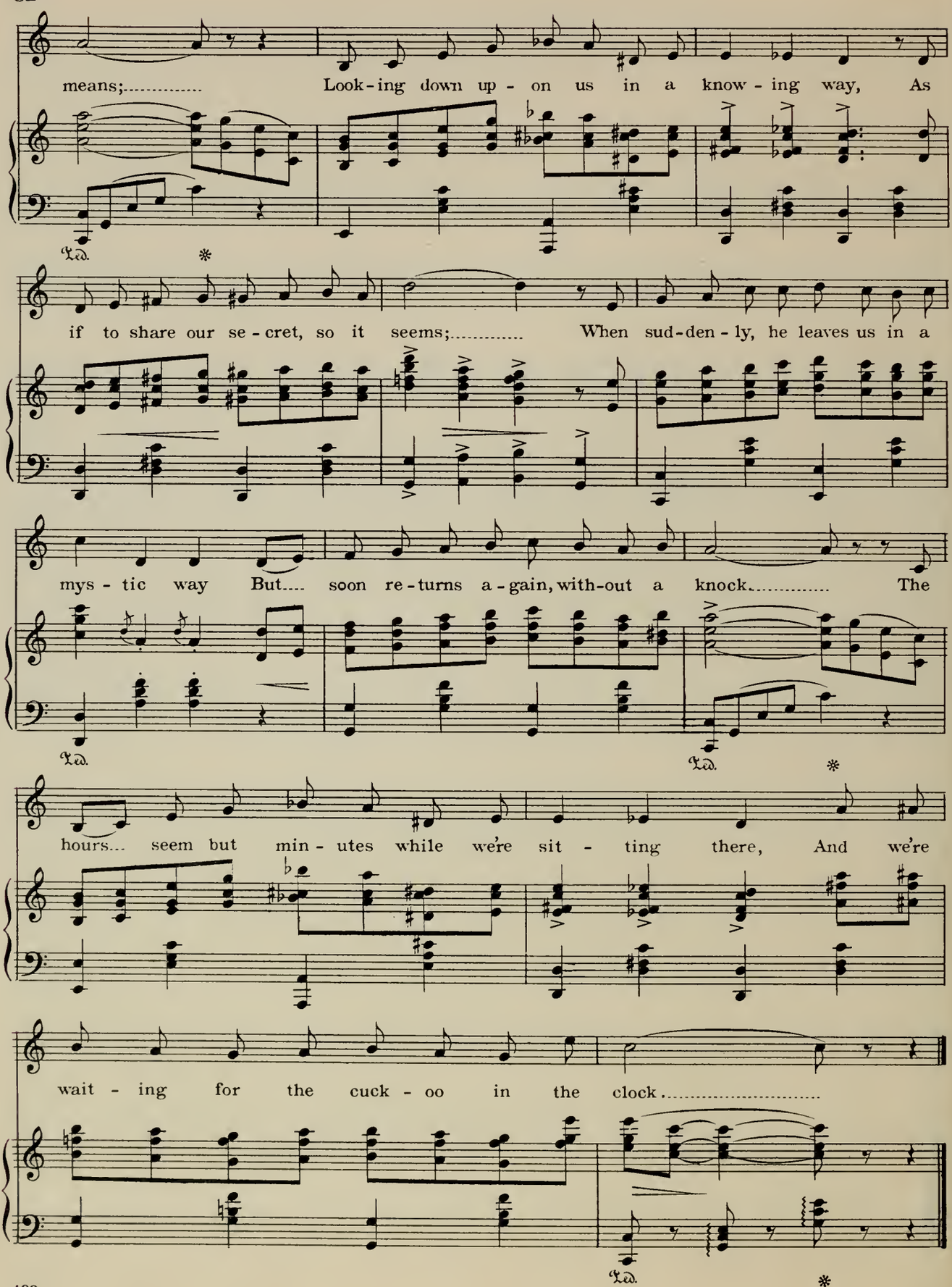
THE CUCKOO IN THE CLOCK

Words and Music by THEODORE R. MURRAY

Moderato


p
Ev'-ry night by the light Of a fire,..... so bright,There's no moon, but we spoon just the
Now I'll give you my word, That this quaint lit-tle bird Oft-en-times o-verheard what we'd
p
same;..... For the girl I a-dore, Thinks as much, if not more, Of my
say,..... But his on-ly re-ply, Was a wink of his eye, As he'd
love by the fire's..... flame..... While the logs keep a-cracking There's
coo in his weird-some way;..... Then we'd gaze in-to the em-bers That were
mp

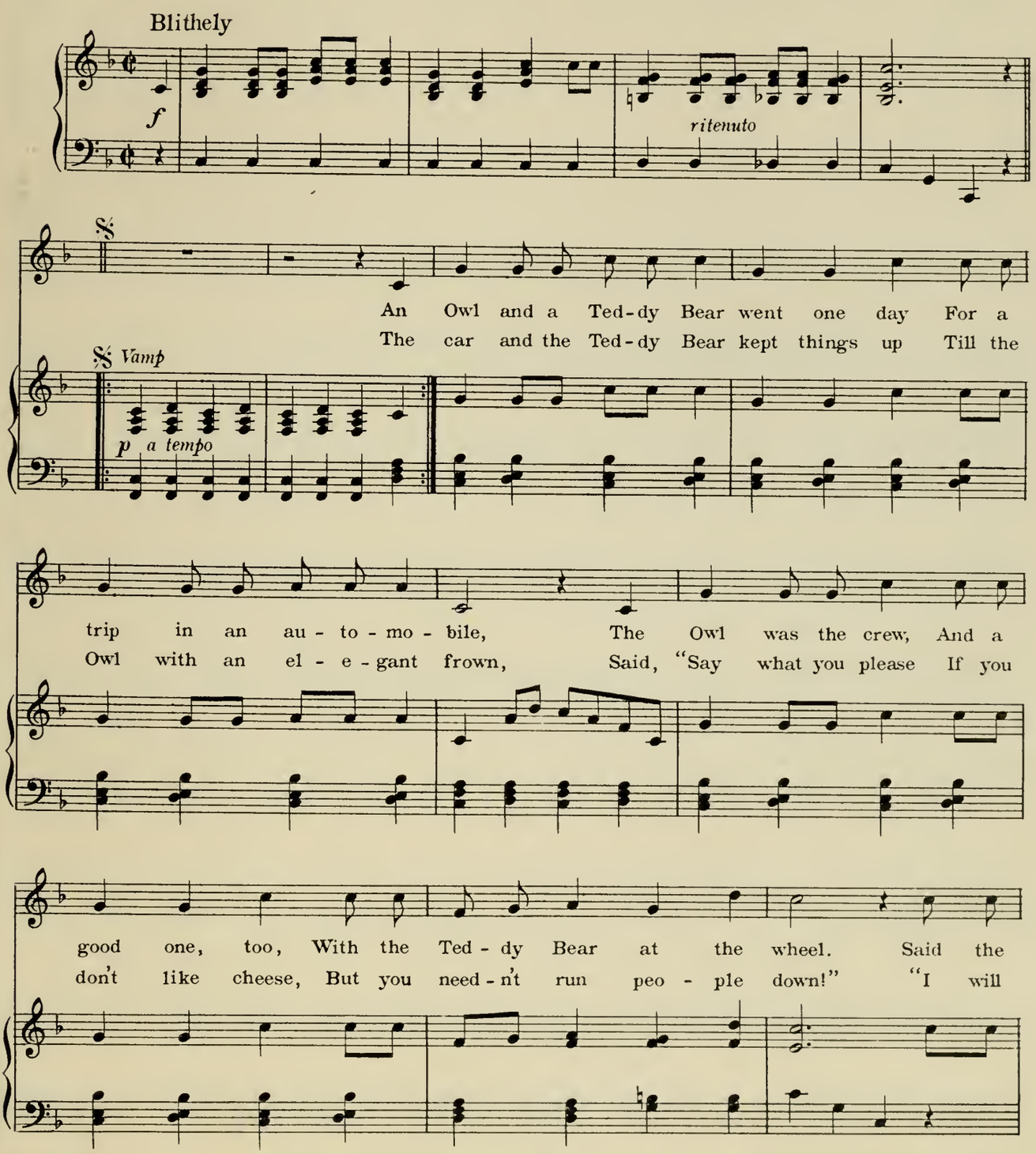

not an - oth - er sound Save the tick - ing and the click - ing of the
slow - ly dy - ing out, And see pic - tures of the fu - ture old and
clock;..... And when it strikes the hour, then we pause to hear The
gray;..... Bu - sy build - ing castles till the clock would strike, And
Ped.
*
CHORUS
mf
sto - ry of the cuck - oo in the clock. It's the
cause our plans to crum - ble all a - way.
mf
sto - ry of the cuck-oo in the clock, That we list - en to and wonder what it

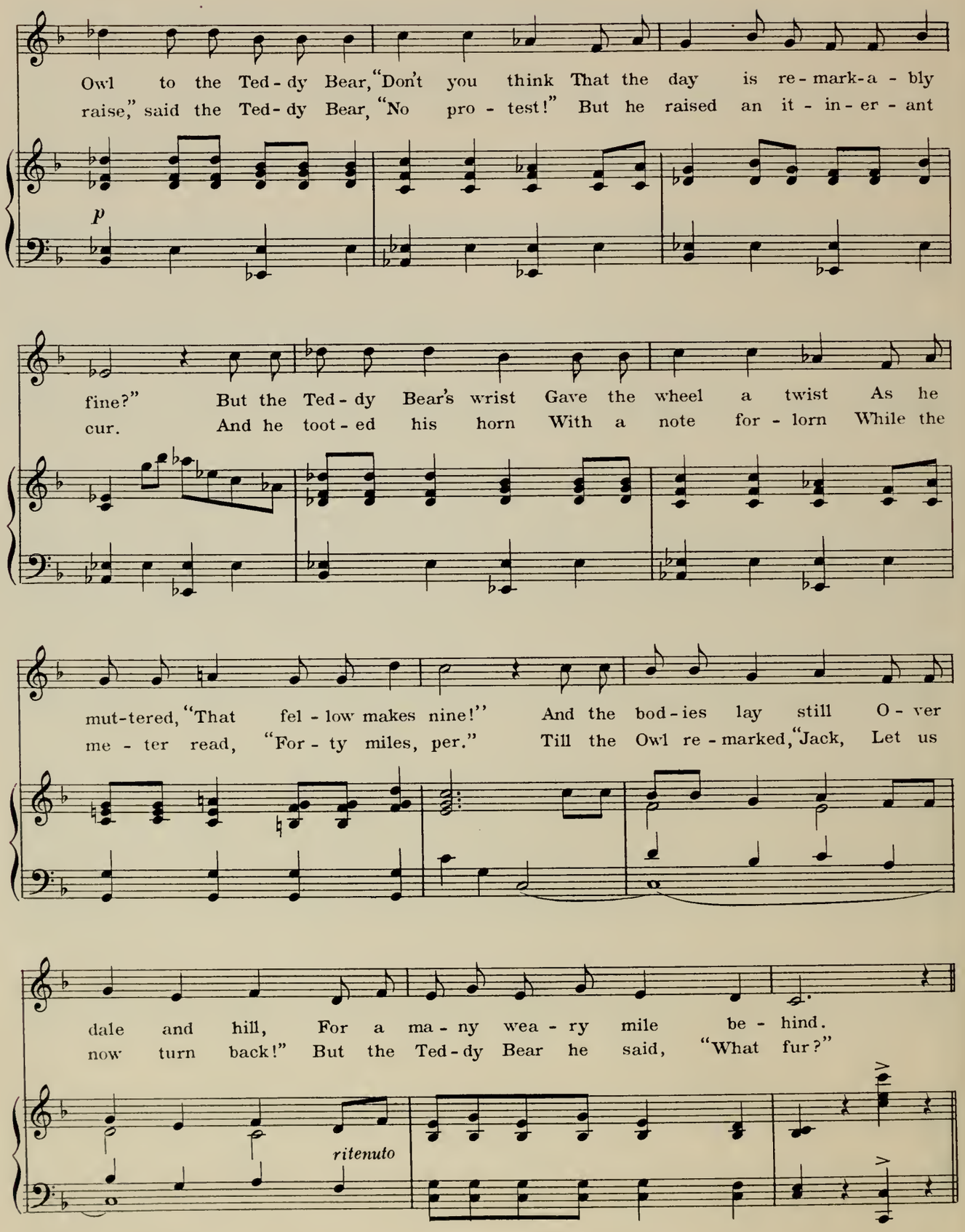

means;..... Look-ing down up-on us in a know-ing way, As
if to share our se-cret, so it seems;..... When sud-den-ly, he leaves us in a
mys-tic way But.... soon re-turns a-gain, with-out a knock..... The
hours... seem but min-utes while we're sit-ting there, And we're
wait-ing for the cuck-oo in the clock.....

THE OWL AND THE TEDDY BEAR

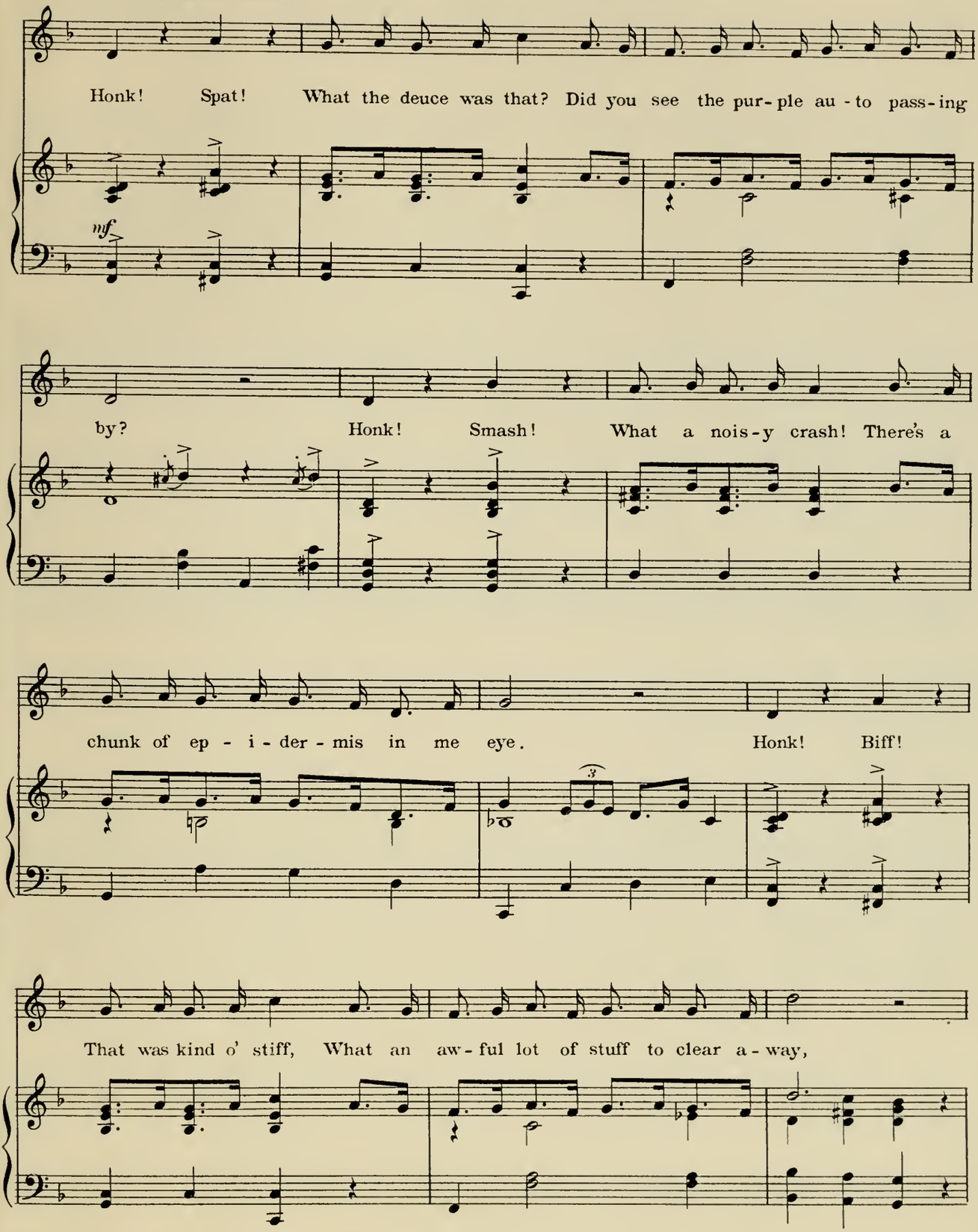
King and Gaston

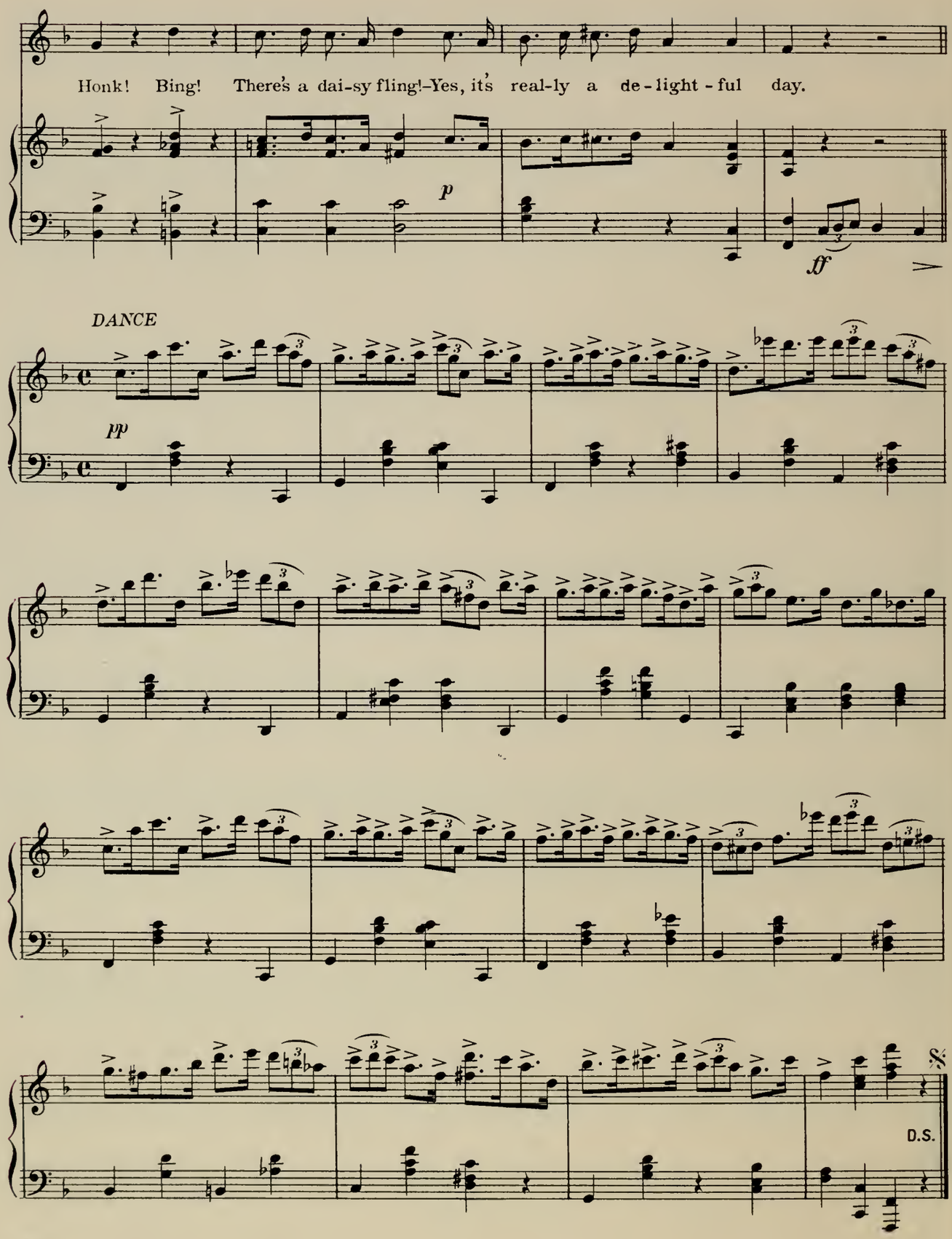
Words and Music by EMIL BREITENFELD


Blithely
f
ritenuto
An Owl and a Ted-dy Bear went one day For a
The car and the Ted-dy Bear kept things up Till the
Vamp
p a tempo
trip in an au - to - mo - bile, The Owl was the crew, And a
Owl with an el - e - gant frown, Said, "Say what you please If you
good one, too, With the Ted - dy Bear at the wheel. Said the
don't like cheese, But you need - n't run peo - ple down!" "I will


Owl to the Ted-dy Bear, "Don't you think That the day is re-mark-a-bly
raise," said the Ted-dy Bear, "No pro-test!" But he raised an it-in-er-ant
p
fine?" But the Ted-dy Bear's wrist Gave the wheel a twist As he
cur. And he toot-ed his horn With a note for-lorn While the
mut-tered, "That fel-low makes nine!" And the bod-ies lay still O-ver
me-ter read, "For-ty miles, per." Till the Owl re-marked, "Jack, Let us
dale and hill, For a ma-ny wea-ry mile be-hind.
now turn back!" But the Ted-dy Bear he said, "What fur?"
ritenuto

CHORUS. Meno mosso.

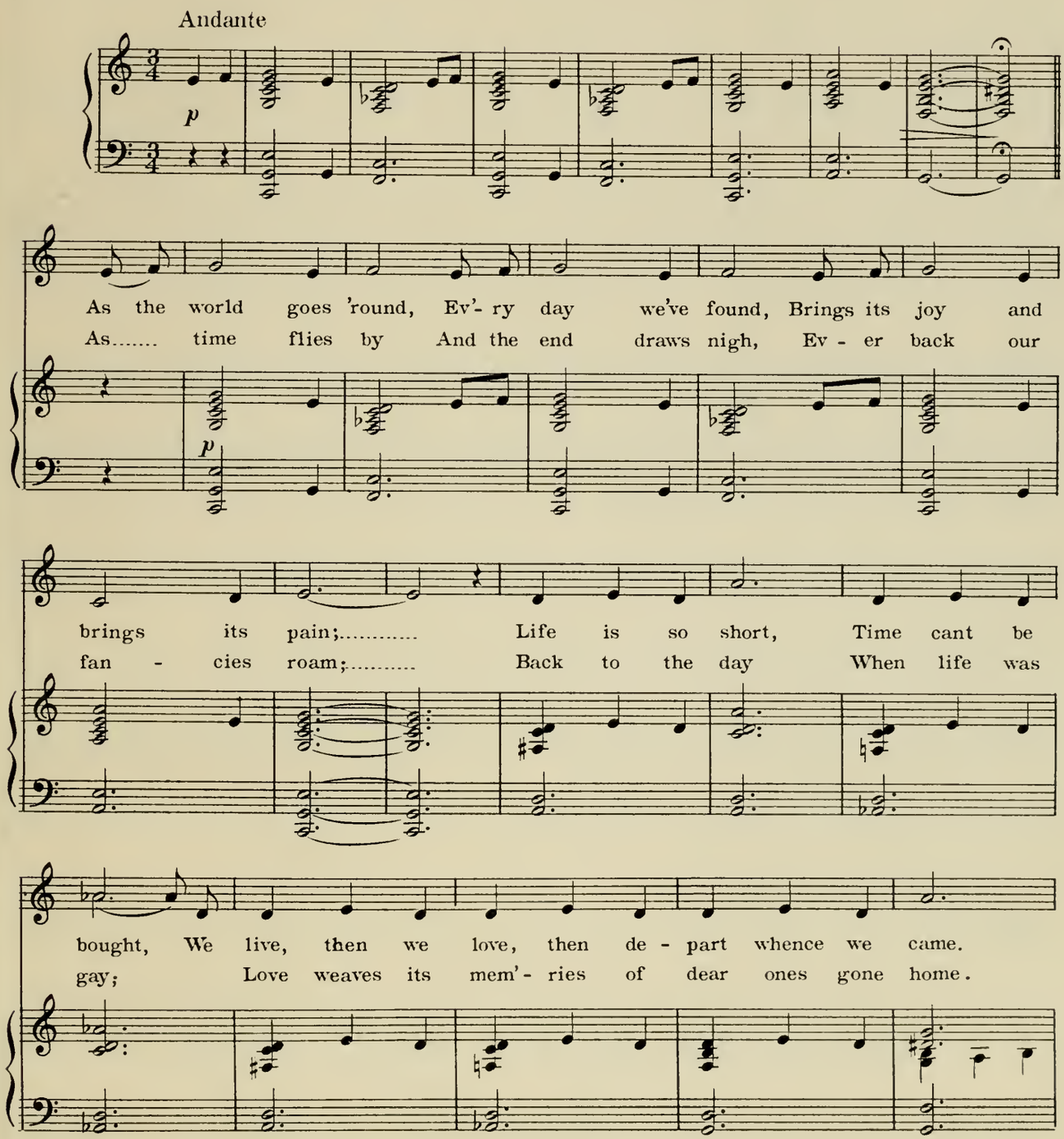

Honk! Spat! What the deuce was that? Did you see the pur-ple au-to pass-ing
mf
by? Honk! Smash! What a nois-y crash! There's a
chunk of ep - i - der - mis in me eye. Honk! Biff!
That was kind o' stiff, What an aw-ful lot of stuff to clear a-way,

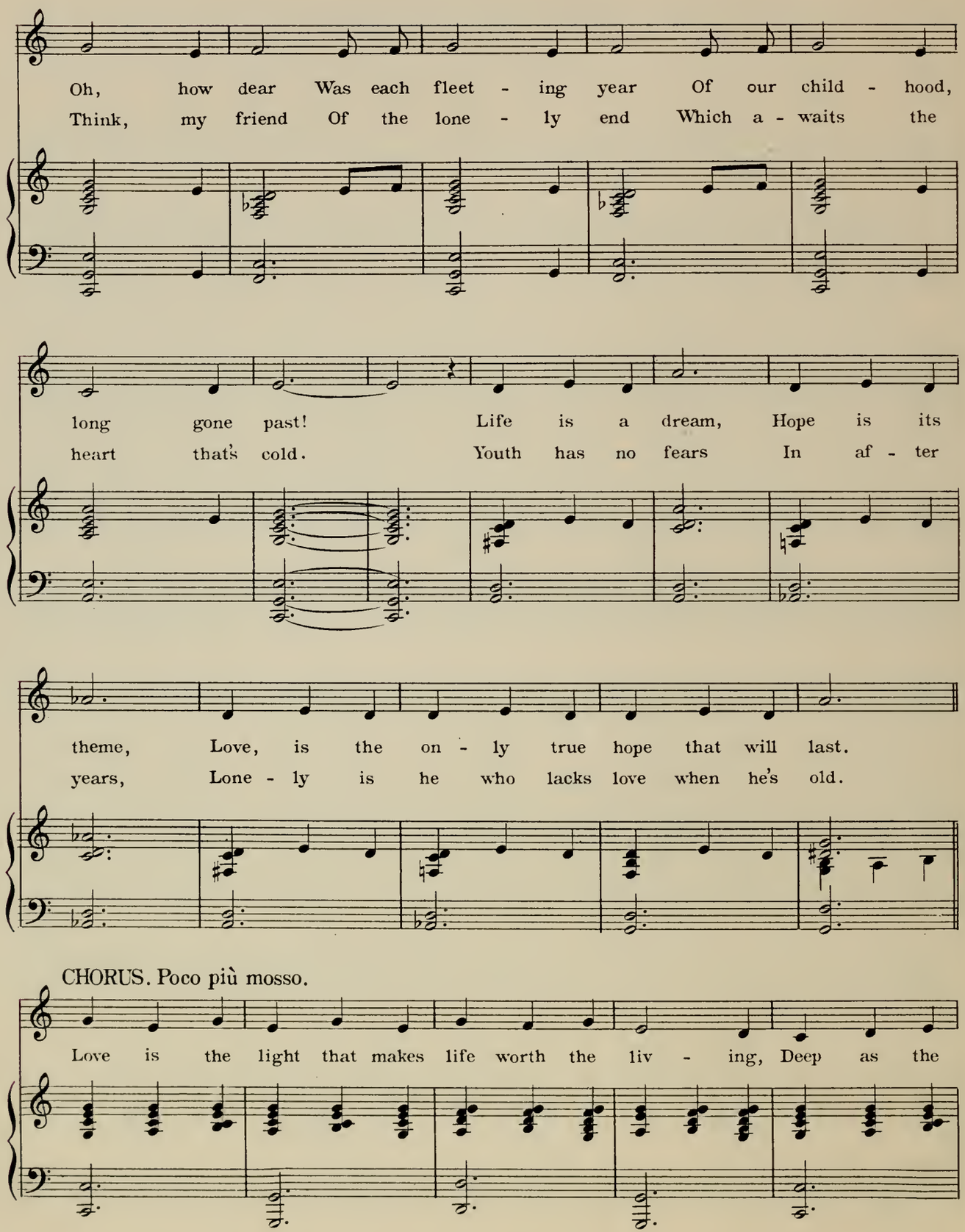

Honk! Bing! There's a dai-sy fling!-Yes, it's real-ly a de-light-ful day.
p
ff
DANCE
pp
D.S.

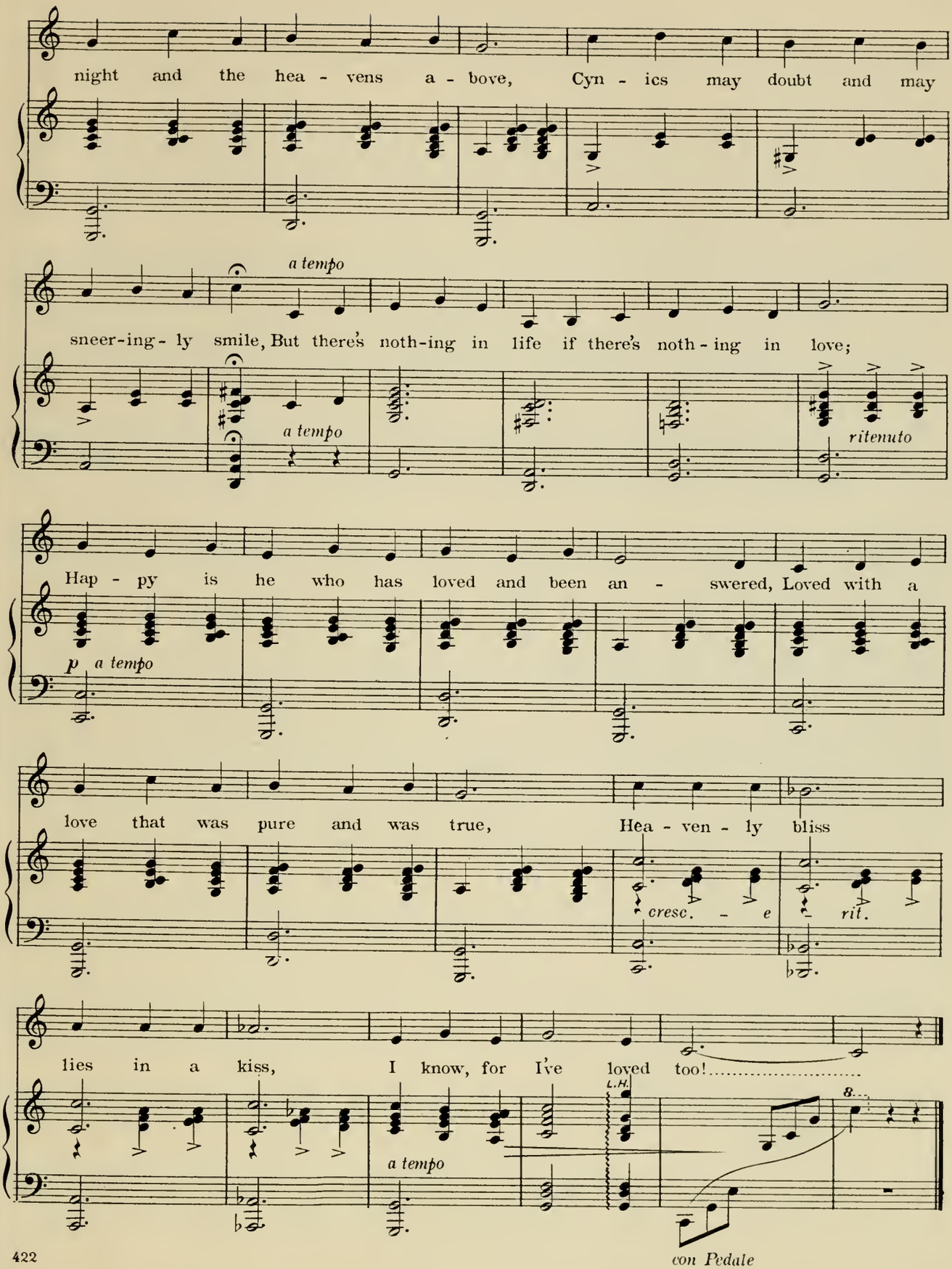
LOVE'S PHILOSOPHY

Words by ART. M. SWANSTROM

Music by W. B. DAVIDSON


Andante
p
As the world goes 'round, Ev'- ry day we've found, Brings its joy and
As..... time flies by And the end draws nigh, Ev - er back our
p
brings its pain;..... Life is so short, Time cant be
fan - cies roam;..... Back to the day When life was
bought, We live, then we love, then de - part whence we came.
gay; Love weaves its mem'- ries of dear ones gone home.

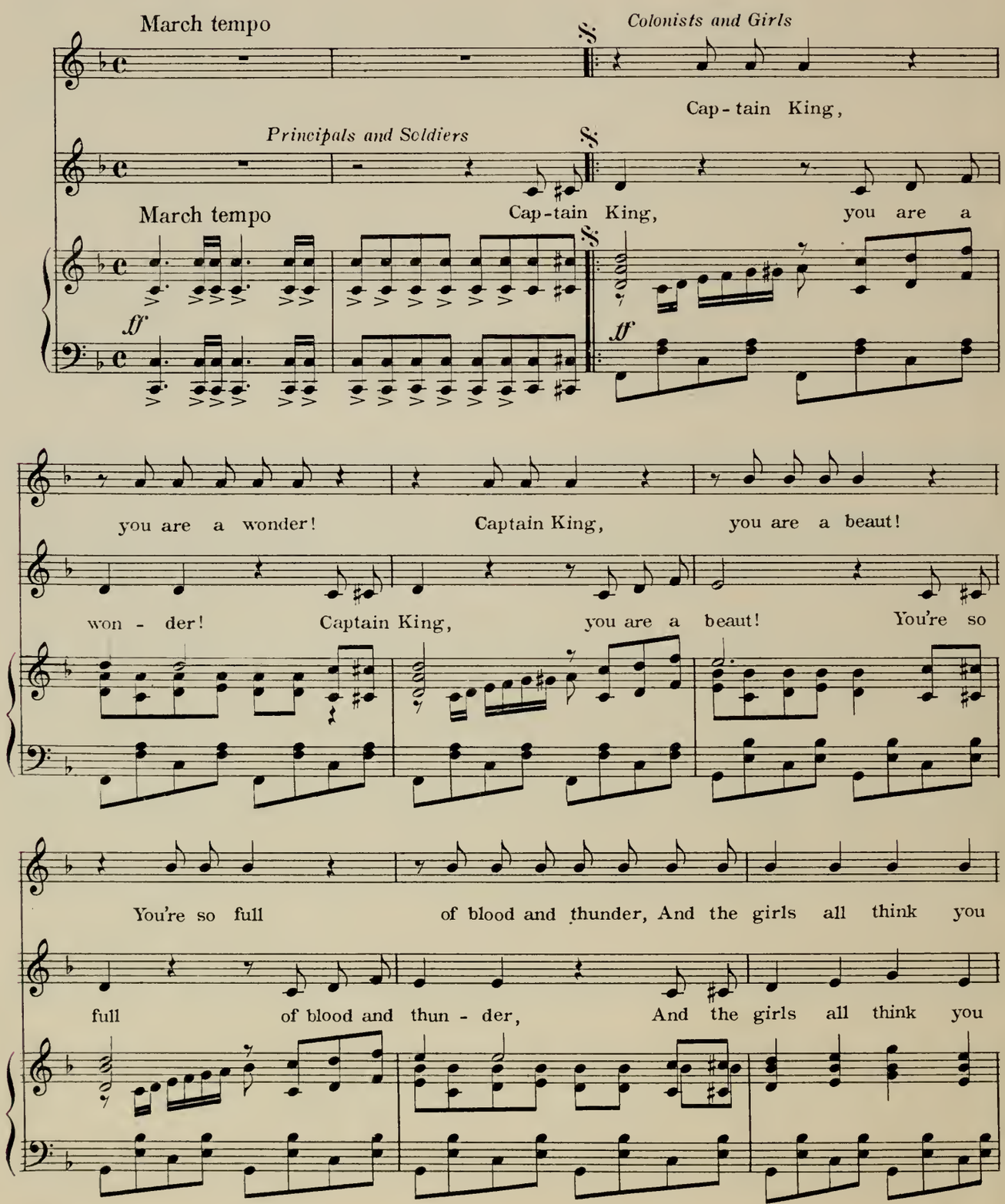

Oh, how dear Was each fleet - ing year Of our child - hood,
Think, my friend Of the lone - ly end Which a - waits the
long gone past! Life is a dream, Hope is its
heart that's cold. Youth has no fears In af - ter
theme, Love, is the on - ly true hope that will last.
years, Lone - ly is he who lacks love when he's old.
CHORUS. Poco più mosso.
Love is the light that makes life worth the liv - ing, Deep as the

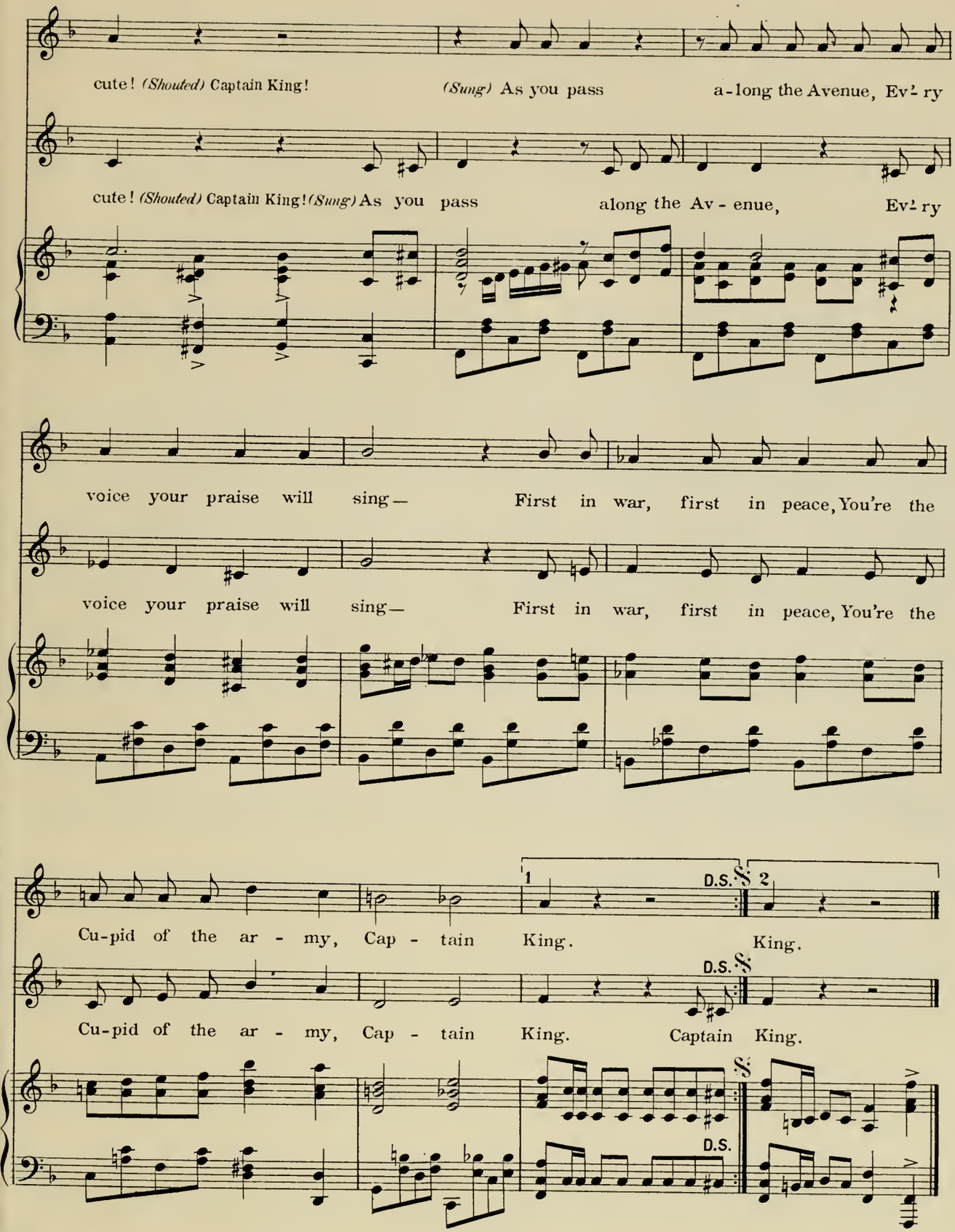

night and the hea - vens a - bove, Cyn - ics may doubt and may
a tempo
sneer-ing- ly smile, But there's noth-ing in life if there's noth - ing in love;
a tempo
ritenuto
Hap - py is he who has loved and been an - swered, Loved with a
p a tempo
love that was pure and was true, Hea - ven - ly bliss
cresc. - e rit.
lies in a kiss, I know, for I've loved too!
L.H.
8
a tempo
con Pedale

FINALE – Act II.

(Ensemble)

Words and Music by EMIL BREITENFELD


March tempo
Colonists and Girls
Cap - tain King,
Principals and Soldiers
March tempo
Cap-tain King, you are a
ff
ff
you are a wonder! Captain King, you are a beaut!
won - der! Captain King, you are a beaut! You're so
You're so full of blood and thunder, And the girls all think you
full of blood and thun - der, And the girls all think you

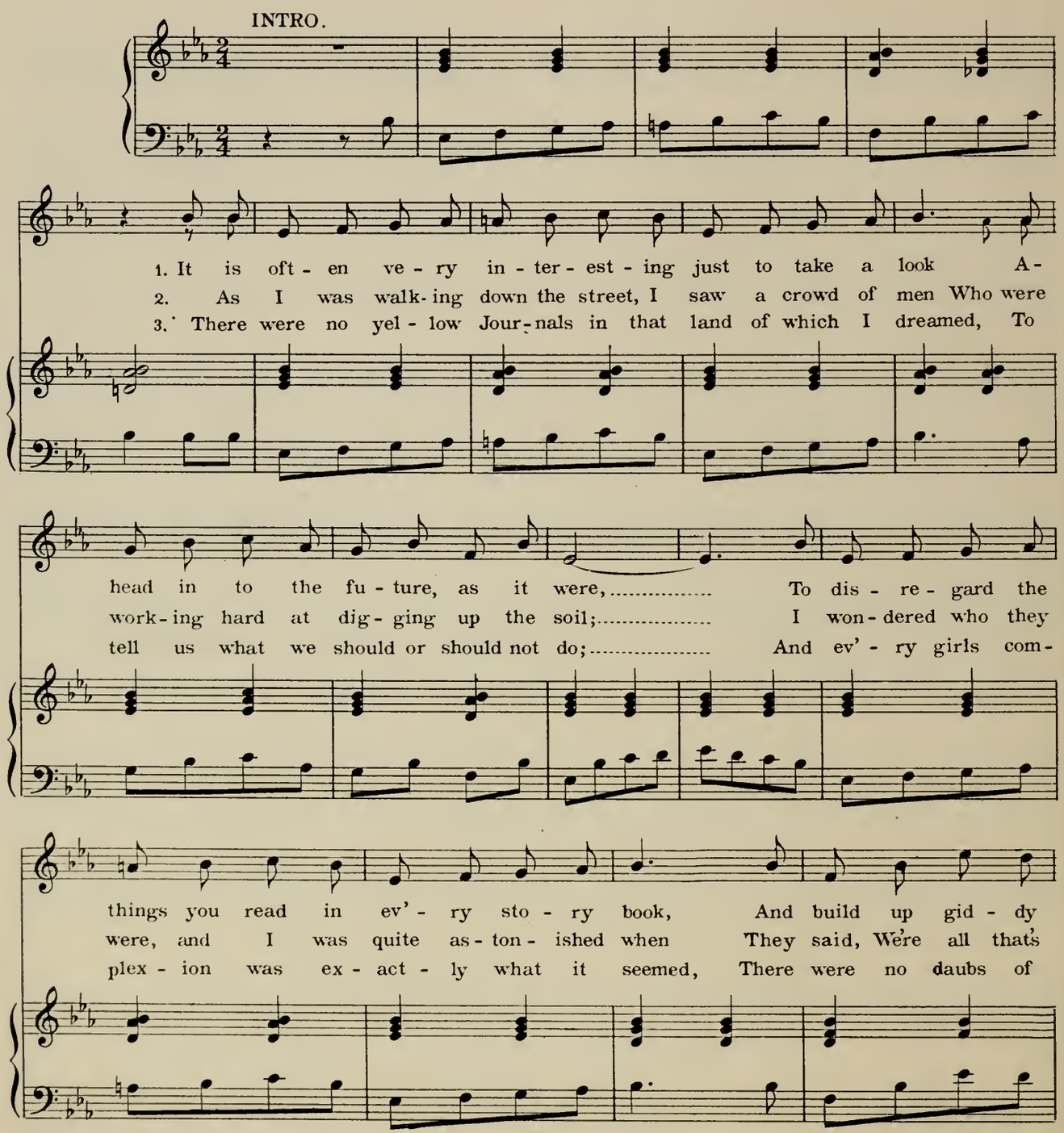
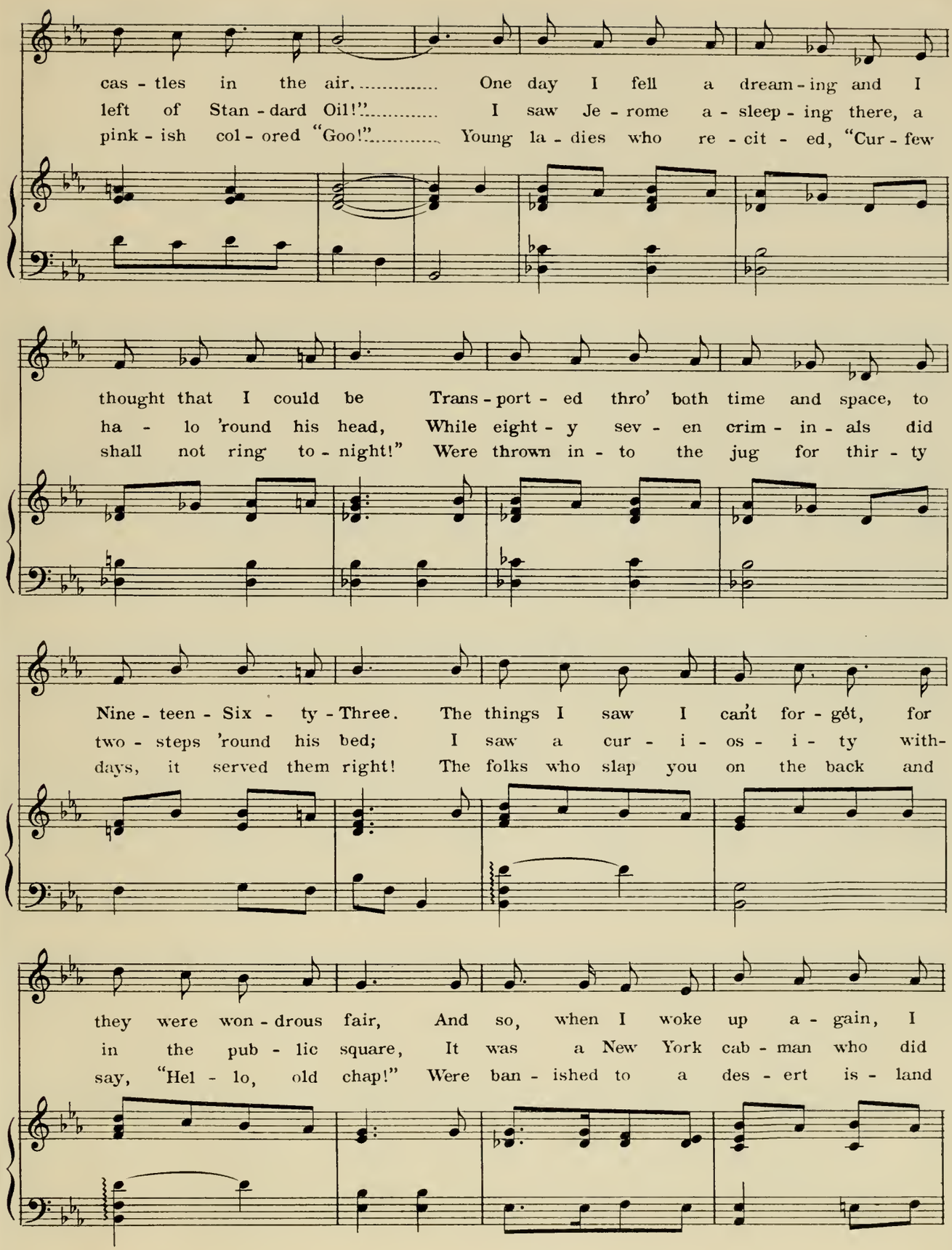

cute! (Shouted) Captain King! (Sung) As you pass a-long the Avenue, Ev'-ry
cute! (Shouted) Captain King! (Sung) As you pass along the Av - enue, Ev'-ry
voice your praise will sing— First in war, first in peace, You're the
voice your praise will sing— First in war, first in peace, You're the
Cu-pid of the ar - my, Cap - tain King. King.
Cu-pid of the ar - my, Cap - tain King. Captain King.
1
2
D.S.
D.S.
D.S.

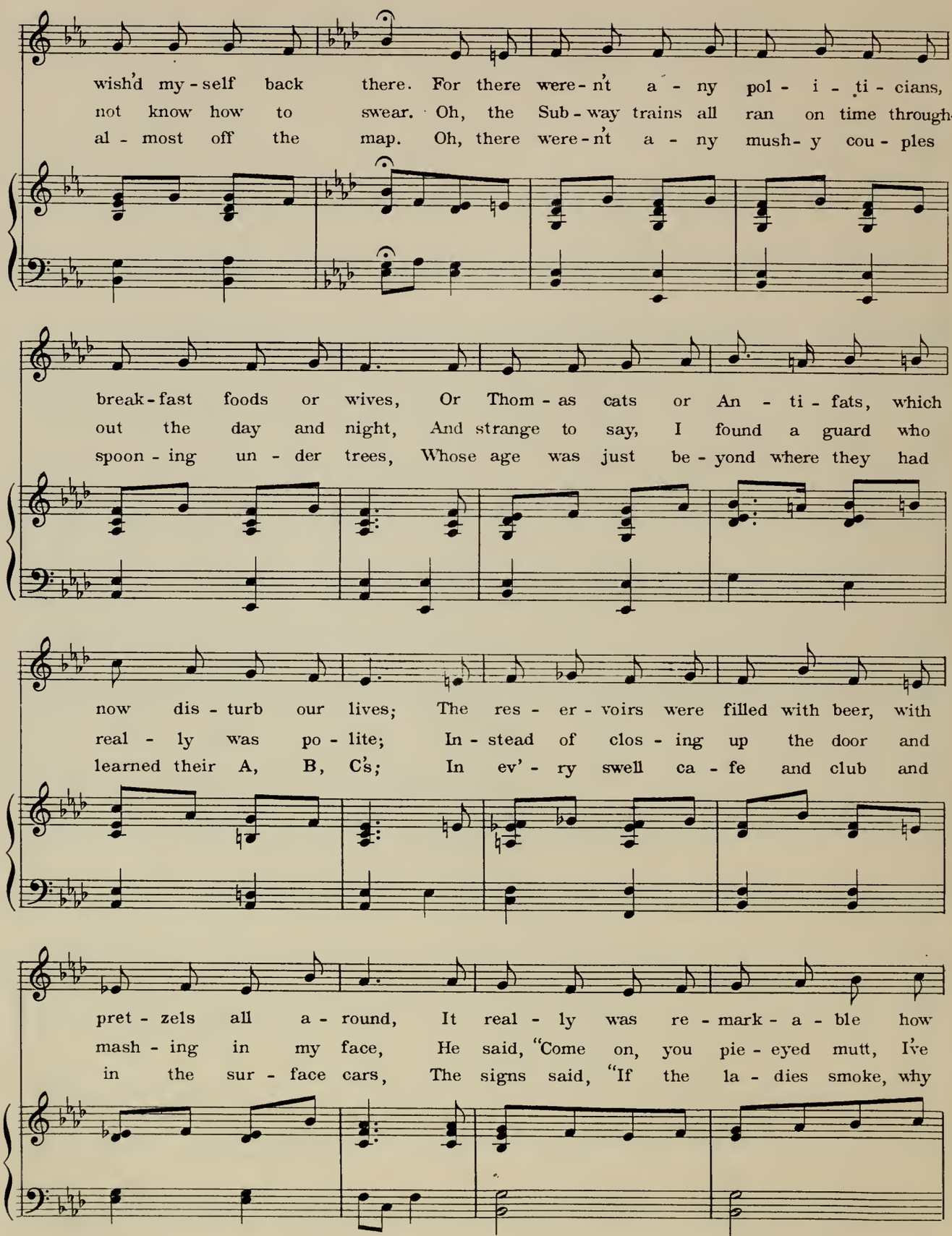
End of Opera

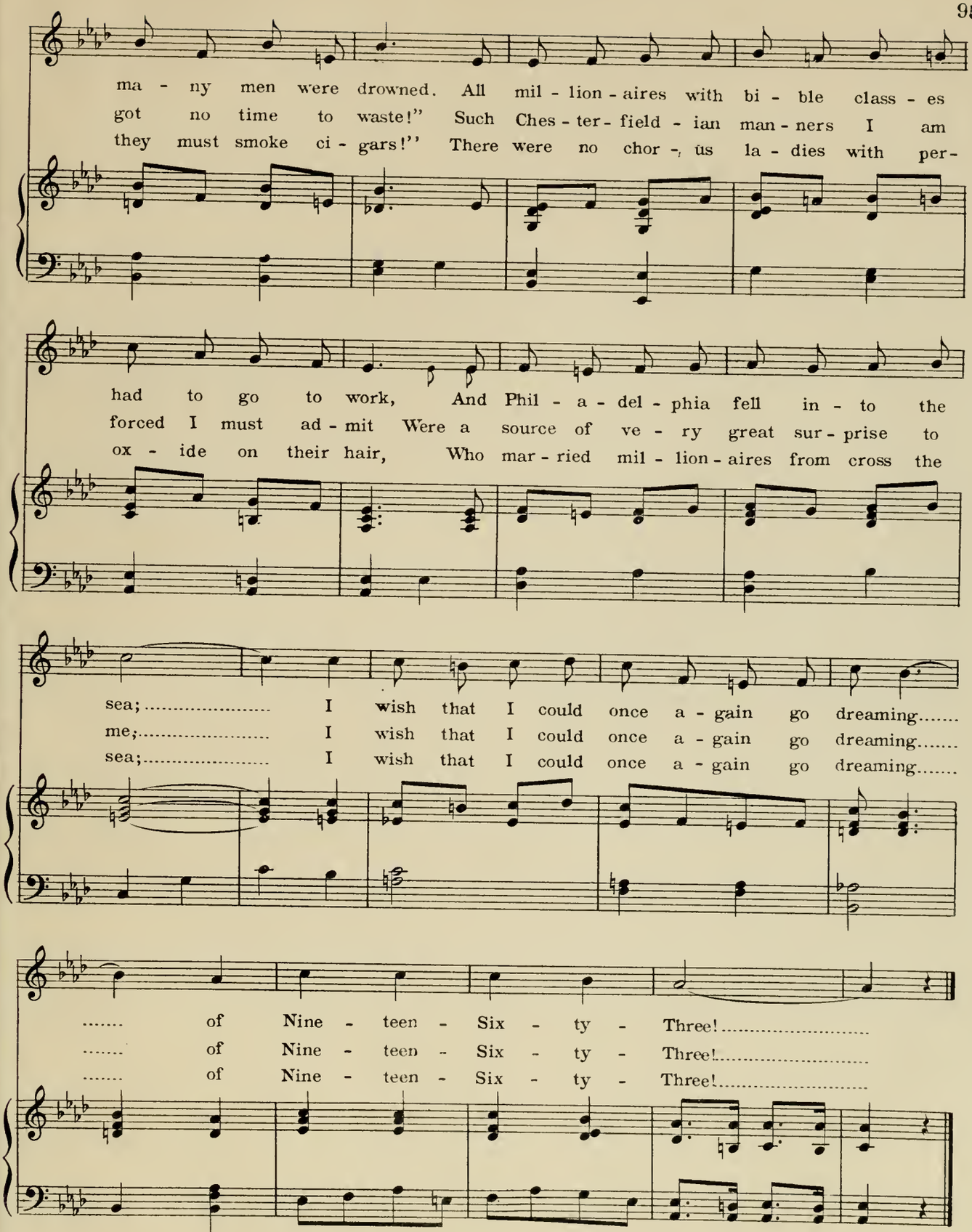
HOUNSLOW N.Y.

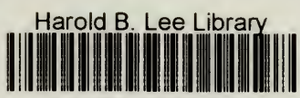
NINETEEN-SIXTY-THREE.

Words and Music by WALTER E. KELLEY


INTRO.
1. It is oft - en ve - ry in - ter - est - ing just to take a look A-
2. As I was walk-ing down the street, I saw a crowd of men Who were
3. There were no yel - low Jour-nals in that land of which I dreamed, To
head in to the fu - ture, as it were, ... To dis - re - gard the
work-ing hard at dig-ging up the soil; ..... I won-dered who they
tell us what we should or should not do; ..... And ev' - ry girls com-
things you read in ev' - ry sto - ry book, And build up gid - dy
were, and I was quite as-ton - ished when They said, We're all that's
plex - ion was ex - act - ly what it seemed, There were no daubs of

cas - tles in the air. ..... One day I fell a dream - ing and I
left of Stan - dard Oil!" ..... I saw Je - rome a - sleep - ing there, a
pink - ish col - ored "Goo!" ..... Young la - dies who re - cit - ed, "Cur - few
thought that I could be Trans - port - ed thro' both time and space, to
ha - lo 'round his head, While eight - y sev - en crim - in - als did
shall not ring to - night!" Were thrown in - to the jug for thir - ty
Nine - teen - Six - ty - Three. The things I saw I can't for - get, for
two - steps 'round his bed; I saw a cur - i - os - i - ty with -
days, it served them right! The folks who slap you on the back and
they were won - drous fair, And so, when I woke up a - gain, I
in the pub - lic square, It was a New York cab - man who did
say, "Hel - lo, old chap!" Were ban - ished to a des - ert is - land


wish'd my-self back there. For there were-n't a-ny pol-i-ti-cians,
not know how to swear. Oh, the Sub-way trains all ran on time through-
al-most off the map. Oh, there were-n't a-ny mush-y cou-ples
break-fast foods or wives, Or Thom-as cats or An-ti-fats, which
out the day and night, And strange to say, I found a guard who
spoon-ing un-der trees, Whose age was just be-yond where they had
now dis-turb our lives; The res-er-voirs were filled with beer, with
real-ly was po-lite; In-stead of clos-ing up the door and
learned their A, B, C's; In ev'-ry swell ca-fe and club and
pret-zels all a-round, It real-ly was re-mark-a-ble how
mash-ing in my face, He said, "Come on, you pie-eyed mutt, I've
in the sur-face cars, The signs said, "If the la-dies smoke, why


ma - ny men were drowned. All mil - lion - aires with bi - ble class - es
got no time to waste!" Such Ches - ter - field - ian man - ners I am
they must smoke ci - gars!" There were no chor - us la - dies with per -
had to go to work, And Phil - a - del - phia fell in - to the
forced I must ad - mit Were a source of ve - ry great sur - prise to
ox - ide on their hair, Who mar - ried mil - lion - aires from cross the
sea; ..... I wish that I could once a - gain go dreaming.....
me; ..... I wish that I could once a - gain go dreaming.....
sea; ..... I wish that I could once a - gain go dreaming.....
..... of Nine - teen - Six - ty - Three! .....
..... of Nine - teen - Six - ty - Three! .....
..... of Nine - teen - Six - ty - Three! .....

Harold B. Lee Library

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